



EIGHT DRAMAS  
OF  
CALDERON



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TORONTO

EIGHT DRAMAS  
OF  
CALDERON

FREELY TRANSLATED  
BY  
EDWARD FITZGERALD

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## ADVERTISEMENT

IN apologizing for the publication of so free translations of so famous a poet as Calderon, I must plead, first, that I have not meddled with any of his more famous plays; not one of those on my list being mentioned with any praise, or included in any selection that I know of, except the homely Mayor of Zalamea. Four of these six indeed, as many others in Calderon, may be lookt on as a better kind of what we call melodramas. Such plays as the *Magico Prodigioso* and the *Vida es Sueño* (I cannot rank the *Principe Constante* among them) require another translator, and, I think, form of translation.

Secondly, I do not believe an exact translation of this poet can be very successful; retaining so much that, whether real or dramatic Spanish passion, is still bombast to English ears, and confounds otherwise distinct outlines of character; Conceits that were a fashion of the day; or idioms that, true and intelligible to one nation, check the current of sympathy in others to which they are unfamiliar; violations of the probable, nay *possible*, that shock even healthy romantic licence; repetitions of thoughts and images that Calderon used (and smiled at) as so much stage properties—so much, in short, that is not Calderon's own better self, but concession to private haste or

public taste by one who so often relied upon some striking dramatic crisis for success with a not very accurate audience, and who, for whatever reason, was ever averse from any of his dramas being printed.

Choosing therefore such less famous plays as still seemed to me suited to English taste, and to that form of verse in which our dramatic passion prefers to run, I have, while faithfully trying to retain what was fine and efficient, sunk, reduced, altered, and replaced, much that seemed not; simplified some perplexities, and curtailed or omitted scenes that seemed to mar the breadth of general effect, supplying such omissions by some lines of after-narrative; and in some measure have tried to compensate for the fulness of sonorous Spanish, which Saxon English at least must forgo, by a compression which has its own charm to Saxon ears.

That this, if proper to be done at all, might be better done by others, I do not doubt. Nay, on looking back over these pages, I see where in some cases the Spanish individuality might better have been retained, and northern idiom spared; and doubtless there are many inaccuracies I am not yet aware of. But if these plays prove interesting to the English reader, I and he may be very sure that, whatever of Spain and Calderon be lost, there must be a good deal retained; and I think he should excuse the licence of my version till some other interests him as well at less expense of fidelity.

I hope my *Graciosos* will not be blamed for occasional anachronisms not uncharacteristic of their vocation.

THE PAINTER  
OF HIS OWN DISHONOUR

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FEDERIGO	.	.	.	.	<i>Prince of Orsino.</i>
CELIO	.	.	.	.	<i>his Friend.</i>
DON LUIS	.	.	.	.	<i>Governor of Naples.</i>
PORCIA	.	.	.	.	<i>his Daughter.</i>
ALVARO,	.	.	.	.	<i>his Son.</i>
FABIO	}	.	.	.	<i>their Servants.</i>
BELARDO					
JULIA					
DON JUAN ROCA					
SERAFINA	.	.	.	.	<i>his Wife.</i>
DON PEDRO	.	.	.	.	<i>his Father-in-law.</i>
LEONELO	}	.	.	.	<i>their Servants.</i>
FLORA					

MASKERS, MUSICIANS, SAILORS, etc.

# THE PAINTER OF HIS OWN DISHONOUR

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room in DON LUIS' palace at Naples.*  
*Enter DON LUIS and DON JUAN meeting.*

*Luis.* Once more, a thousand times once more,  
Don Juan,  
Come to my heart.

*Juan.* And every fresh embrace  
Rivet our ancient friendship faster yet!

*Luis.* Amen to that! Come, let me look at  
you—

Why, you seem well—

*Juan.* So well, so young, so nimble,  
I will not try to say how well, so much  
My words and your conception must fall short  
Of my full satisfaction.

*Luis.* How glad am I  
To have you back in Naples!

*Juan.* Ah, Don Luis,  
Happier so much than when I last was here,  
Nay, than I ever thought that I could be.

*Luis.* How so?



*Juan.* Why, when I came this way before,  
I told you (do you not remember it?)  
How teased I was by relatives and friends  
To marry—little then disposed to love—  
Marriage perhaps the last thing in my thoughts—  
Liking to spend the spring time of my youth  
In lonely study.

*Luis.* Ay, ay, I remember :  
Nothing but books, books, books—still day and  
night  
Nothing but books ; or, fairly drowsed by them,  
By way of respite to that melancholy,  
The palette and the pencil—  
In which you got to such a mastery  
As smote the senseless canvas into life.  
O, I remember all—not only, Juan,  
When you were here, but I with you in Spain,  
What fights we had about it !

*Juan.* So it was—  
However, partly wearied, partly moved  
By pity at my friends' anxieties,  
Who press'd upon me what a shame it were  
If such a title and estate as mine  
Should lack a lineal inheritor,  
At length I yielded—  
Fanned from the embers of my later years  
A passion which had slept in those of youth,  
And took to wife my cousin Serafina,  
The daughter of Don Pedro Castellano.

*Luis.* I know ; you show'd me when you last  
were here  
The portrait of your wife that was to be,  
And I congratulated you.

*Juan.* Well now  
Still more congratulate me—as much more

As she is fairer than the miniature  
We both enamoured of. At the first glance  
I knew myself no more myself, but hers,  
Another (and how much a happier!) man.

*Luis.* Had I the thousand tongues, and those of  
brass,  
That Homer wished for, they should utter all  
Congratulation. Witty too, I hear,  
As beautiful?

*Juan.* Yourself shall judge of all,  
For even now my lady comes; awhile  
To walk the Flora of your shores, and then  
Over your seas float Venus-like away.

*Luis.* Not *that*, till she have graced our gardens  
long,  
If once we get her here. But is she here?

*Juan.* Close by — she and her father, who  
would needs  
See her aboard; and I push'd on before  
To apprise you of our numbers—so much more  
Than when I first proposed to be your guest,  
That I entreat you—

*Luis.* What?

*Juan.* —to let us go,  
And find our inn at once—not over-load  
Your house.

*Luis.* Don Juan, you do me an affront—  
What if all Naples came along with you?—  
My heart—yes, and my house—should welcome  
them.

*Juan.* I know. But yet—

*Luis.* But yet, no more 'but yet'—  
Come to my house, or else my heart shall  
close  
Its doors upon you.

*Juan.* Nay, I dare not peril  
A friendship—

*Luis.* Why, weren't not a great affront  
To such a friendship—when you learn besides,  
I have but held this government till now  
Only to do you such a courtesy.

*Juan.* But how is this?

*Luis.* Sickness and age on-coming,  
I had determined to retire on what  
Estate I had—no need of other wealth—  
Beside, Alvaro's death—my only son—

*Juan.* Nay, you have so felicitated me,  
I needs must *you*, Don Luis, whose last letter  
Told of a gleam of hope in that dark quarter.

*Luis.* A sickly gleam—you know the ship he  
sail'd in  
Was by another vessel, just escaped  
The selfsame storm, seen to go down—it seem'd  
With all her souls on board.

*Juan.* But how assured  
'Twas your son's ship?—

*Luis.* Alas, so many friends  
Were on the watch for him at Barcelona,  
Whither his ship was bound, but never came—  
Beside the very messenger that brought  
The gleam of hope, premised the tragedy—  
A little piece of wreck,  
That floated to the coast of Spain, and thence  
Sent to my hands, with these words scratcht upon't—  
'*Escaped alive, Alvaro.*'

*Juan.* When was this?

*Luis.* Oh, months ago, and since no tidings heard,  
In spite of all inquiry. But we will hope.  
Meanwhile, Serafina—when will she be here?

*Juan.* She must be close to Naples now.

*Luis.* Go then,  
Tell her from me—  
I go not forth to bid her welcome, only  
That I may make that welcome sure at home.

*Juan.* I'll tell her so. But—

*Luis.* What! another 'But'?  
No more of that. Away with you.—Porcia!  
[*Exit* JUAN.]

*Enter* PORCIA.

Daughter, you know (I have repeated it  
A thousand times, I think) the obligation  
I owe Don Juan Roca.

*Porcia.* Sir, indeed  
I've often heard you talk of him.

*Luis.* Then listen.  
He and his wife are coming' here to-day—  
Directly.

*Por.* Serafina!

*Luis.* Yes.  
To be our guests, till they set sail for Spain;  
I trust long first—

*Por.* And I. How glad I am!

*Luis.* You! what should make you glad?

*Por.* That Serafina,  
So long my playmate, shall be now my guest.

*Luis.* Ay! I forgot—that's well, too—  
Let us be rivals in their entertainment.  
See that the servants, Porcia, dress their rooms  
As speedily and handsomely as may be.

*Por.* What haste can do (which brings its own  
excuse)  
I'll do—'tis long a proverb hereabout  
That you are Entertainer-general,  
Rather than Governor, of Naples.

*Luis.* Ay,  
I like to honour all who come this way.

*Enter LEONELO.*

*Leonelo.* Peace to this house!—and not only that, but a story beside.—A company of soldiers coming to a certain village, a fellow of the place calls out for *two* to be billeted on him. ‘What!’ says a neighbour, ‘you want a double share of what every one else tries to shirk altogether?’ ‘Yes,’ says he, ‘for the more nuisance they are while they stay, the more glad one is of their going.’ In illustration of which, and also of my master’s orders, I crave your Lordship’s hand, and your Ladyship’s foot, to kiss.

*Luis.* Welcome, good Leonelo. I was afraid I had overlooked you in receiving your master.

*Por.* And how does marriage agree with you, Leonelo?

*Leon.* One gentleman asked another to dine: but such an ill-ordered dinner that the capon was cold, and the wine hot. Finding which, the guest dips a leg of the capon into the wine. And when his host asks him what he’s about—‘Only making the wine heat the capon, and the capon cool the wine,’ says he. Now just this happened in my marriage. My wife was rather too young, and I rather too old; so, as it is hoped—

*Por.* Foolery, foolery, always!—tell me how Serafina is—

*Leon.* In a coach.

*Por.* What answer is that?

*Leon.* A very sufficient one—since a coach includes happiness, pride, and (a modern author says) respectability.

*Por.* How so?

*Leon.* Why, a certain lady died lately, and for some reason or other, they got leave to carry her to the grave in a coach. Directly they got her in,—the body, I mean,—it began to fidget—and when they called out to the coachman—‘Drive to St. Sepulchre’s!’—‘No!’ screams she,—‘I won’t go there yet. Drive to the Prado first; and when I have had a turn there, they may bury me where they please.’

*Luis.* How can you let your tongue run on so!

*Leon.* I’ll tell you. A certain man in Barcelona had five or six children: and he gave them each to eat—

(*Voices within.*) ‘Way there! way!’

*Por.* They are coming.

*Leon.* And in so doing, take that story out of my mouth.

*Enter JULIA.*

*Julia.* Signor, your guests are just alighting.

*Luis.* Come, Porcia—

*Leon.* (No, no, stop you and listen to me about those dear children.)

*Por.* They are coming upstairs—at the door—

*Enter DON JUAN leading SERAFINA, DON PEDRO  
and FLORA—all in travelling dress.*

*Luis.* Your hand, fair Serafina, whose bright eyes  
Seem to have drawn his lustre from the sun,  
To fill my house withal;—a poor receptacle  
Of such a visitor.

*Por.* Nay, ’tis for me

To blush for that, in quality of hostess ;  
Yet, though you come to shame my house-keeping,  
Thrice welcome, Serafina.

*Serafina.* How answer both,  
Being too poor in compliment for either !  
I'll not attempt it.

*Pedro.* I am vext, Don Luis,  
My son-in-law should put this burden on you.

*Luis.* Nay, vex not me by saying so.—What  
burden ?

The having such an honour as to be  
Your servant ?—

*Leon.* Here's a dish of compliments !

*Flora.* Better than you can feed your mistress  
with.

(*Guns heard without.*)

*Juan.* What guns are those ?

*Enter FABIO.*

*Fabio.* The citadel, my lord,  
Makes signal of two galleys in full sail  
Coming to port.

*Luis.* More guests ! the more the merrier !

*Ped.* The merrier for them, but scarce for you,  
Don Luis.

*Luis.* Nay, good fortune comes like bad,  
All of a heap. What think you, should it be,  
As I suspect it is, the Prince Orsino  
Returning ; whom, in love and duty bound,  
I shall receive and welcome—

*Juan.* Once again,  
Don Luis, give me leave—

*Luis.* And once again,  
And once for all, I shall *not* give you leave.

Prithee, no more—

All will be easily arranged. Porcia,  
You know your guest's apartments—show her thither:  
I'll soon be back with you.

*Ped.* Permit us, sir,  
To attend you to the port, and wait upon  
His Highness.

*Luis.* I dare not refuse that trouble,  
Seeing what honour in the prince's eyes  
Your company will lend me.

*Leon.* And methinks  
I will go with you too.

*Juan.* What, for that purpose?

*Leon.* Yes—and because perhaps among the crowd  
I shall find some to whom I may relate  
That story of the children and their meat.

[*Exeunt* DON LUIS, PEDRO, JUAN,  
LEONELO, FABIO, etc.]

*Ser.* Porcia, are they gone?

*Por.* They are.

*Ser.* Then I may weep.

*Por.* Tears, Serafina!

*Ser.* Nay, they would not stay  
Longer unshed. I would not if I could  
Hide them from you, Porcia. Why should I,  
Who know too well the fount from which they flow?

*Por.* I only know you weep—no more than that.

*Ser.* Yet 'tis the seeing you again, again  
Unlocks them—is it that you do resent  
The discontinuance of our early love,  
And that you *will* not understand me?

*Por.* Nay,—  
What can I say?

*Ser.* Let us be *quite* alone.

*Por.* Julia, leave us.



*Ser.* Flora, go with her.

*Julia.* Come, shall we go up to the gallery,  
And see the ships come in?

*Flora.* Madam, so please you.

[*Exeunt FLORA and JULIA.*]

*Ser.* Well, are we quite alone?

*Por.* Yes, quite.

*Ser.* All gone,

And none to overhear us?

*Por.* None.

*Ser.* Porcia,

You knew me once when I was happy!

*Por.* Yes,

Or thought you so—

*Ser.* But now most miserable!

*Por.* How so, my Serafina?

*Ser.* You shall hear.

Yes, my Porcia, you remember it,—

That happy, happy time when you and I

Were so united that, our hearts attuned

To perfect unison, one might believe

That but one soul within two bodies lodged.

This you remember?

*Por.* Oh, how could I forget!

*Ser.* Think it not strange that so far back I  
trace

The first beginnings of *another* love,

Whose last sigh having now to breathe, whose last

Farewell to sigh, and whose deceased hopes

In one last obsequy to commemorate,

I tell it over to you point by point

From first to last—by such full utterance

My pent up soul perchance may find relief.

*Por.* Speak, Serafina.

*Ser.* You have not forgot

Neither, how that close intimacy of ours  
Brought with it of necessity some courtesies  
Between me and your brother, Don Alvaro—  
Whose very name, oh wretched that I am !  
Makes memory, like a trodden viper, turn,  
And fix a fang in me not sharp enough  
To slay at once, but with a lingering death  
Infect my life—

*Por.* Nay, calm yourself.

*Ser.* We met,

Porcia—and from those idle meetings love  
Sprang up between us both—for though 'tis true  
That at the first I laugh'd at his advances,  
And turn'd his boyish suit into disdain,  
Yet true it also is that in my heart  
There lurk'd a lingering feeling yet behind,  
Which if not wholly love, at least was liking,  
In the sweet twilight of whose unris'n sun  
My soul as yet walk'd hesitatingly.  
For, my Porcia, there is not a woman,  
Say what she will, and virtuous as you please,  
Who, being loved, resents it : and could he,  
Who most his mistress's disfavour mourns,  
Look deeply down enough into her heart,  
He'd see, however high she carries it,  
Some grateful recognition lurking there  
Under the muffle of affected scorn.  
You know how I repell'd your brother's suit :  
How ever when he wrote to me I tore  
His letters—would not listen when he spoke—  
And when, relying on my love for you,  
Through you he tried to whisper his for me,  
I quarrell'd with yourself—quarrell'd the more  
The more you spoke for him. He wept—I laugh'd ;  
Knelt in my path—I turn'd another way ;

Though who had seen deep down into my heart,  
Had also seen love struggling hard with pride.  
Enough—at last one evening as I sat  
Beside a window looking on the sea,  
Wrapt in the gathering night he stole unseen  
Beside me. After whispering all those vows  
Of love which lovers use, and I pass by,  
He press'd me to be his. Touch'd by the hour,  
The mask of scorn fell from my heart, and Love  
Reveal'd himself, and from that very time  
Grew unconceal'd between us—yet, Porcia,  
Upon mine honour, (for I tell thee *all*,)  
Always in honour bounded. At that time  
In an ill hour my father plann'd a marriage  
Between me and Don Juan—yours, you know,  
Came here to Naples, whence he sent your brother,  
I know not on what business, into Spain ;  
And we agreed, I mean Alvaro and I,  
Rather than vex two fathers at one time  
By any declaration of our vows,  
'Twere best to keep them secret—at the least,  
Till his return from Spain. Ah, Porcia,  
When yet did love not thrive by secrecy ?  
\*We parted—he relying on my promise,  
I on his quick return. Oh, mad are those  
Who, knowing that a storm is up, will yet  
Put out to sea. Alvaro went—my father  
Urged on this marriage with my cousin. Oh !—

*Por.* You are ill, Serafina !

*Ser.* Nothing—nothing—  
I reason'd—wept—implored—excused—delay'd—  
In vain—O mercy, Heaven !

*Por.* Tell me no more :  
It is too much for you.

*Ser.* Then suddenly

We heard that he was dead—your brother—  
drown'd—

They married me—and now perhaps he lives  
They say—Porcia, can it be?—I know not  
Whether to hope or dread if that be true :—  
And every wind that blows your father hope  
Makes my blood cold ; I know that I shall meet  
him,

Here or upon the seas—dead or alive—  
Methinks I see him now !—Help ! help ! [Swoons.

*Por.*

Serafina !—

She has fainted !—Julia ! Flora !—

*Enter ALVARO.*

*Alvaro.*

My Porcia !

*Por.* Alvaro ! (*They embrace.*)

*Alv.* I have outrun the shower of compliment  
On my escapes—which you shall hear anon—  
To catch you to my heart.

*Por.*

Oh joy and terror !

Look there !—

*Alv.*

Serafina !

And sleeping too !

*Por.*

Oh, swooning ! see to her

Till I get help.

[*Exit.*

*Ser. (in her swoon).* Mercy, mercy !

Alvaro, slay me not !—I am not guilty !—

Indeed I am not !—

*Alv.* She dreams—and dreams of me—but  
very strangely—

Serafina !—

*Ser. (waking).* Dead !—or return'd alive to curse  
and slay me !—

But I am innocent !—I could not help—

They told me you were dead—and are you not?—  
And I must marry him—

*Alv.* Must marry?—whom?—  
Why, you are dreaming still—  
Awake!—'tis your Alvaro—

(*Offers to embrace her.*)

*Ser.* No, no, no—  
I dare not—

*Alv.* Dare not!

*Enter PORCIA, FLORA, JULIA.*

*Por.* Quick, quick!

*Flora.* My lady!

*Julia.* My lord alive again!

*Alv.* Porcia, come hither—I am not alive,  
Till I have heard the truth—nay, if't be true  
That she has hinted and my heart forebodes,  
I shall be worse than dead—

[*Retires with PORCIA to back of Stage.*]

*Enter JUAN and PEDRO.*

*Juan.* What is the matter?—  
My Serafina!

*Pedro.* We have hurried back,  
Told of your sudden seizure—What is it?

*Ser.* The very heart within me turn'd to ice.

*Juan.* But you are better now?—

*Ser.* Yes—better—pray,  
Be not uneasy for me.

*Alv.* (*to PORCIA in the rear.*) This is true then!

*Por.* Nay, nay, be not so desperate, Alvaro,  
Hearing but half the story—no fault of hers—

I'll tell you all anon. \* Come, Serafina,  
I'll see you to your chamber.

*Pedro.* She will be better soon—

*Juan.* Lean upon me, my love—so—so.

*Alv.* Oh, fury!

*Ser.* Oh, would to heaven these steps should be  
my last,

Leading not to my chamber, but my grave!

*Por.* (to ALVARO). Wait here—compose yourself—I shall be back

Directly. [*Exeunt PORCIA, SERAFINA, and JUAN.*]

*Alv.* She is married—broke her troth—

And I escape from death and slavery

To find her—but the prince!—Oh weariness!

*Enter the PRINCE ORSINO, CELIO, DON LUIS,  
and Train.*

*Prince.* Each day, Don Luis, I become your  
debtor

For some new courtesy.

*Luis.* My lord, 'tis I

Who by such small instalments of my duty

Strive to pay back in part the many favours

You shower upon your servant. And this last,

Of bringing back Alvaro to my arms,

Not all my life, nor life itself, could pay.

*Prince.* Small thanks to me, Don Luis; but  
indeed

The strangest chance—two chances—two escapes—

First from the sinking ship upon a spar,

Then from the Algerine who pick'd him up,

Carried him captive off—

He first adroitly through their fingers slipping

That little harbinger of hope to you,

And then, at last, himself escaping back  
To Barcelona, where you know I was—  
If glad to welcome, house, and entertain  
Any distress Italian, how much more,  
Both for his own sake and for yours, your son,  
So making him, I trust, a friend for life.

*Alv.* Rather a humble follower, my lord.

*Luis.* I have no words to thank you—we shall  
hear

The whole tale from Alvaro by and by—  
To make us merry—once so sad to him.  
Meanwhile, Alvaro, thou hast seen thy sister?

*Alv.* Yes, sir—

*Luis.* Oh what a joy 'tis to see thee!

*Prince.* A day of general joy.

*Alv. (aside).* Indeed!—

*Prince.* Especially

To her, Alvaro—

*Alv.* Sir?

*Prince.* I mean your sister.

*Alv.* Yes, my lord—no—I am not sure, my lord—  
A friend of hers is suddenly so ill,  
My sister is uneasy—

*Luis.* Serafina!

Indeed!—I know your Highness will forgive  
My seeing to her straight. [*Exit.*

*Alv.* And I, my lord,  
Would fain see some old faces once again  
As soon as may be.

*Prince.* Nay, no more excuse—  
Follow your pleasure.

*Alv. (aside).* 'Tis no friend I seek,  
But my one deadliest enemy—myself. [*Exit.*

*Prince.* Celio, I think we have well nigh exhausted  
The world of compliment, and wasted it:

For I begin to doubt that word and deed  
Are wasted all in vain.

*Celio.* How so, my lord ?

*Prince.* Why, if I never am to see Porcia,  
Whom I have come so far and fast to see—

*Cel.* *Never*, my lord ! her father's guest is ill,  
And she for a few minutes—

*Prince.* *Minutes*, Celio !  
Knowest thou not minutes are years to lovers ?

*Cel.* I know that lovers are strange animals.

*Prince.* Ah, you have never loved.

*Cel.* No, good my lord,  
I'm but a looker-on ; or in the market  
Just give and take the current coin of love—  
Love her that loves me ; and, if she forget,  
Forget her too.

*Prince.* Ah, then I cannot wonder  
You wonder so at my impatience ;  
For he that cannot love, can be no judge  
Of him that does.

*Cel.* How so ?

*Prince.* I'll tell thee, Celio.  
He who far off beholds another dancing,  
Even one who dances best, and all the time  
Hears not the music that he dances to,  
Thinks him a madman, apprehending not  
The law that rules his else eccentric action.  
So he that's in himself insensible  
Of love's sweet influence, misjudges him  
Who moves according to love's melody :  
And knowing not that all these sighs and tears,  
Ejaculations, and impatiences,  
Are necessary changes of a measure,  
Which the divine musician plays, may call  
The lover crazy ; which he would not do



Did he within his own heart hear the tune  
Play'd by the great musician of the world.

*Cel.* Well, I might answer, that, far off or near,  
Hearing or not the melody you tell of,  
'The man is mad who dances to it. But  
Here is your music.

*Enter PORCIA.*

*Porcia.* I left my brother here but now.

*Prince.*

But now,

Sweet Porcia, you see he is not here—  
By that so seeming earnest search for him  
Scarce recognising me, if you would hint  
At any seeming slight of mine toward you,  
I plead not guilty—

*Por.*

You mistake, my lord—

Did I believe my recognition  
Of any moment to your Excellency,  
I might perhaps evince it in complaint,  
But not in slight.

*Prince.*

Complaint!—

*Por.*

Yes, sir—complaint.

*Prince.* Complaint of what? I knowing, Porcia,  
And you too knowing well, the constant love  
That I have borne you since the happy day  
When first we met in Naples—

*Por.*

No, my lord—

You mean my love to you, not yours to me—  
Unwearied through your long forgetful absence.

*Prince.* How easily, Porcia, would my love  
Prove to you its unchanged integrity,  
Were it not that our friends—

*Por.*

Your friends indeed,  
Who stop a lame apology at the outset.

*Enter SERAFINA.*

*Serafina.* I cannot rest, Porcia, and am come  
To seek it in your arms—but who is this?

*Por.* The Prince Orsino.

*Ser.* Pardon me, my lord—  
I knew you not—coming so hurriedly,  
And in much perturbation.

*Prince.* Nay, lady,  
I owe you thanks for an embarrassment  
Which hides my own.

*Ser.* Let it excuse beside  
What other courtesies I owe your Highness,  
But scarce have words to pay. Heaven guard your  
Highness—  
Suffer me to retire. [*Exit.*

*Por.* I needs must after her, my lord. But tell  
me,  
When shall I hear your vindication?—  
To-night?

*Prince.* Ay, my Porcia, if you will.

*Por.* Till night farewell, then. [*Exit.*

*Prince.* Farewell.—Celio,  
Didst ever see so fair an apparition,  
As her who came and went so suddenly?

*Cel.* Indeed, so sweetly manner'd when surprised,  
She must be exquisite in her composure.

*Prince.* Who is she?

*Cel.* Nay, my lord, just come with you,  
I know as little—  
What! a new tune to dance to?—

*Prince.* In good time,  
Here comes Alvaro.

*Enter* ALVARO.

*Alvaro.* How restless is the sickness of the soul !  
I scarce had got me from this fatal place,  
And back again—

*Prince.* Alvaro !

*Alv.* My lord—

*Prince.* Who is the lady that was here anon ?

*Alv.* Lady, my lord—what lady ?—

*Prince.* She that went  
A moment hence—I mean your sister's guest.

*Alv.* (This drop was wanting !)  
My lord, the daughter of a nobleman  
Of very ancient blood—  
Don Pedro Castellano.

*Prince.* And her name ?

*Alv.* Serafina.

*Prince.* And a most seraphic lady !

*Alv.* You never saw her, sir, before ?

*Prince.* No, surely.

*Alv. (aside).* Would I had never done so !

*Prince.* And in the hasty glimpse I had,  
I guess her mistress of as fair a mind  
As face.

*Alv.* Yes, sir—

*Prince.* She lives in Naples, eh ?

*Alv.* No—on her way  
To Spain, I think—

*Prince.* Indeed !—To Spain. Why that ?

*Alv.* (How much more will he ask ?)  
My lord, her husband—

*Prince.* She is married then ?—

*Alv.* Torture !

*Prince.* And who so blest to call her his,  
Alvaro ?

*Alv.* Sir, Don Juan Roca, her cousin.

*Prince.* Roca? Don Juan Roca? Do I know him?

*Alv.* I think you must; he came, sir, with my father

To wait upon your Grace.

*Prince.* Don Juan Roca!

No; I do not remember him—should not  
Know him again.

*Enter DON LUIS.*

*Luis.* My lord, if my old love  
And service for your Highness may deserve  
A favour at your hands—

*Prince.* They only wait  
Until your tongue has named it.

*Luis.* This it is then—  
The captain of the galleys, good my lord,  
In which your Highness came,  
Tells me that, having landed you, he lies  
Under strict orders to return again  
Within an hour.

*Prince.* 'Tis true.

*Luis.* Now, good my lord,  
The ships, when they go back, must carry with them  
Some friends who, long time look'd for, just are come,  
And whom I fain—

*Prince.* Nay, utter not a wish  
I know I must unwillingly deny.

*Alvaro.* Confusion on confusion!

*Prince.* I have pledg'd  
My word to Don Garcia of Toledo,  
The galleys should not pass an hour at Naples.  
I feel for you,—and for myself, alas!

So sweet a freight they carry with them. But  
I dare not—and what folly to adore  
A Beauty lost to me before I found it!

[*Exeunt* PRINCE and CELIO.]

*Luis.* And those I so had long'd for, to avenge  
Their long estrangement by as long a welcome,  
Snatcht from me almost ere we'd shaken hands!—  
Is not this ill, Alvaro?

*Alv.* Ill indeed.

*Luis.* And, as they needs must go, my hospitality,  
Foild in its spring, must turn to wound myself  
By speeding their departure. (*Going.*)

*Alv.* Sir, a moment.

Although his Highness would not, or could not,  
Grant you the boon your services deserved,  
Let not that, I beseech you, indispose you  
From granting one to me.

*Luis.* What is't, Alvaro?  
'Twere strange could I refuse you anything.

*Alv.* You sent me, sir, on state affairs to Spain,  
But being wreckt and captured, as you know,  
All went undone.

Another opportunity now offers;  
The ships are ready, let me go and do  
That which perforce I left undone before.

*Luis.* What else could'st thou have askt,  
In all the category of my means,  
Which I, methinks, had grudged thee! No, Alvaro,  
The treacherous sea must not again be trusted  
With the dear promise of my only son.

*Alv.* Nay, for that very reason, I entreat you  
To let me go, sir. Let it not be thought  
The blood that I inherited of you  
Quail'd at a common danger.

*Luis.* I admire

Your resolution, but you must not go,  
At least not now.  
Beside, the business you were sent upon  
Is done by other hands, or let go by  
For ever.

*Alv.* Nay, sir—

*Luis.* Nay, Alvaro. [*Exit.*

*Alv.* He is resolved. And Serafina,  
To whose divinity I offer'd up  
My heart of hearts, a purer sacrifice  
Than ever yet on pagan altar blazed,  
Has play'd me false, is married to another,  
And now will fly away on winds and seas,  
As fleeting as herself.  
Then what remains but that I die? My death  
The necessary shadow of that marriage!  
Comfort!—what boots it looking after that  
Which never can be found? The worst is come,  
Which 'twere a blind and childish waste of hope  
To front with any visage but despair.  
Ev'n that one single solace, were there one,  
Of ringing my despair into her ears,  
Fails me. Time presses; the accursed breeze  
Blows foully fair. The vessel flaps her sails  
That is to bear her from me. Look, she comes—  
And from before her dawning beauty all  
I had to say fades from my swimming brain,  
And chokes upon my tongue.

*Enter SERAFINA, drest as at first, and PORCIA.*

*Porcia.* And must we part so quickly?—

*Serafina.* When does happiness

Last longer?

*Alv.* Never!—who best can answer that?

I standing by, why ask it of another ?  
At least when speaking of such happiness  
As, perjured woman, thy false presence brings !

*Ser.* Alvaro, for Heaven's sake spare me the pang  
Of these unjust reproaches.

*Alv.* What ! unjust !

*Ser.* Why, is it not unjust, condemning one  
Without defence ?

*Alv.* Without defence indeed !

*Ser.* Not that I have not a most just defence,  
But that you will not listen.

*Alv.* Serafina,

I listen'd ; but what wholly satisfies  
The criminal may ill suffice the judge ;  
And in love's court especially, a word  
Has quite a different meaning to the soul  
Of speaker and of hearer. Yet once more,  
Speak.

*Ser.* To what purpose ? I can but repeat  
What I have told your sister, and she you,—  
What on the sudden waking from my swoon,  
I, who had thought you dead so long, Alvaro,  
Spoke in my terror, suddenly seeing you  
Alive, before me.

*Alv.* I were better, then,  
Dead than alive ?

*Ser.* I know not—were you dead  
I might in honour weep for you, Alvaro ;  
Living, I must not.

*Alv.* Nay then, whether you  
Forswear me living or lament me dead,  
Now you must hear me ; if you strike the wound,  
Is it not just that you should hear the cry ?

*Ser.* I must not.

*Alv.* But I say you must.

*Ser.* Porcia,  
Will you not help me when my life and honour  
Are thus at stake?

*Alv.* Porcia's duty lies  
In keeping watch that no one interrupt us.

*Porcia.* Between the two confused, I yield at last  
To him, both as my brother, Serafina,  
And for his love to you. Compose yourself;  
I shall be close at hand, no harm can happen.  
And let him weep at least who has lost all. [*Exit.*

*Ser.* If I am forced to hear you then, Alvaro,  
You shall hear me too, once more, once for all,  
Freely confessing that I loved you once;  
Ay, long and truly loved you. When all hope  
Of being yours with your reported death  
Had died, then, yielding to my father's wish,  
I wed another, and am—what I am.  
So help me Heaven, Alvaro, this is all!

*Alv.* How can I answer if you weep?

*Ser.* No, no  
I do not weep, or, if I do, 'tis but  
My eyes,—no more, no deeper.

*Alv.* Is't possible you can so readily  
Turn warm compassion into cold disdain!  
And are your better pulses so controll'd  
By a cold heart, that, to enhance the triumph  
Over the wretched victim of your eyes,  
You make the fount of tears to stop or flow  
Just as you please? If so, teach me the trick,  
As the last courtesy you will vouchsafe me.

*Ser.* Alvaro, when I think of what I was,  
My tears will forth; but when of what I am,  
My honour bids them cease.

*Alv.* You *do* feel then—

*Ser.* Nay, I'll deny it not.



*Alv.* That, being another's—

*Ser.* Nay, no argument—

*Alv.* These tears—

*Ser.* What tears?

*Alv.* Are the relenting rain

On which the Iris of my hope may ride ;

Or a sweet dew—

*Ser.* Alvaro—

*Alv.* That foretells

That better day when in these arms again—

*Ser.* Those arms! Alvaro, when that day shall come  
May heaven's thunder strike me dead at once!

*(Cannon within.)*

Mercy, what's that?

*Enter PORCIA.*

*Porcia.* A signal from the ship,  
'Tis time : your father and Don Juan now  
Are coming for you.

*Alv.* O heavens!

*Por.* Compose yourself,  
And you, Alvaro—*(Motions him back.)*

*Enter DON JUAN, LUIS, PEDRO, LEONELO, etc.*

*Luis.* Lady, believe how sadly I am come  
To do you this last office.

*Juan.* Trembling still?—  
But come, perhaps the sea-breeze, in requital  
Of bearing us away from those we love,  
May yet revive you.

*Luis.* Well, if it must be so,  
Lady, your hand. Porcia, come with us.

*[Exeunt all but ALVARO.]*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A room in DON JUAN'S house at Barcelona :  
he is discovered painting SERAFINA. It gradually  
grows dusk.*

*Juan.* Are you not wearied sitting?

*Serafina.*

Surely not

Till you be wearied painting.

*Juan.*

Oh, so much

As I have wish'd to have that divine face

Painted, and by myself, I now begin

To wish I had not wish'd it.

*Ser.*

But why so?

*Juan.* Because I must be worsted in the trial  
I have brought on myself.

*Ser.*

You to despair,

Who never are outdone but by yourself!

*Juan.* Even so.

*Ser.*

But *why* so?

*Juan.*

Shall I tell you why?

Painters, you know, (just turn your head a little,)

Are nature's apes, whose uglier semblances,

Made up of disproportion and excess,

Like apes, they easily can imitate :

But whose more gracious aspect, the result

Of subtlest symmetries, they only outrage,

Turning true beauty into caricature.

The perfecter her beauty, the more complex

And hard to follow ; but her perfection

Impossible.

*Ser.*

That I dare say is true,

But surely not in point with me, whose face  
Is surely far from perfect.

*Juan.* Far indeed  
From what is perfect call'd, but far beyond,  
Not short of it; so that indeed my reason  
Was none at all.

*Ser.* Well now then the true reason  
Of your disgust.

*Juan.* Yet scarcely my disgust,  
When you continue still the cause of it.  
Well then, to take the matter up again—  
The object of this act, (pray, look at me,  
And do not laugh, Serafina,) is to seize  
Those subtlest symmetries that, as I said,  
Are subtlest in the loveliest; and though  
It has been half the study of my life  
To recognise and represent true beauty,  
I had not dreamt of such excess of it  
As yours; nor can I, when before my eyes,  
Take the clear image in my trembling soul;  
And therefore if that face of yours exceed  
Imagination, and imagination  
(As it must do) the pencil; then my picture  
Can be but the poor shadow of a shade.  
Besides,—

*Ser.* Can there be any thing besides?

*Juan.* 'Tis said that fire and light, and air and  
snow,

Cannot be painted; how much less a face  
Where they are so distinct, yet so compounded,  
As needs must drive the artist to despair!  
I'll give it up.—(*Throws away his brushes, etc.*)

The light begins to fail too.

And Serafina, pray remember this,  
If, tempted ever by your loveliness,

And fresh presumption that forgets defeat,  
I'd have you sit again, allow me not,—  
It does but vex me.

*Ser.* Nay, if it do that  
I will not, Juan, or let me die for it,—  
Come, there's an oath upon't.

*Juan.* A proper curse  
On that rebellious face.

*Enter LEONELO.*

*Leonelo.* And here comes in a story :—

A man got suddenly deaf, and seeing the people about him moving their lips, quoth he, 'What the devil makes you all dumb?' never thinking for a moment the fault might be in himself. So it is with you, who lay the blame on a face that all the world is praising, and not on your own want of skill to paint it.

*Juan.* Not a very apt illustration, Leonelo, as you would admit if you heard what I was saying before you came in. But, whose soever the fault, I am the sufferer. I will no more of it, however. Come, I will abroad.

*Ser.* Whither, my lord?

*Juan.* Down to the pier, with the sea and the fresh air, to dispel my vexation.

*Ser.* By quitting me?

*Juan.* I might indeed say so, since the sight of you is the perpetual trophy of my defeat. But what if I leave you in order to return with a double zest?

*Ser.* Nay, nay, with no such pretty speeches hope to delude me; I know what it is. The carnival with its fair masks.

*Juan.* A mask abroad when I have that face at home!

*Ser.* Nay, nay, I know you.

*Juan.* Better than I do myself?

*Ser.* What wife does not?

*Leon.* Just so. A German and the priest of his village coming to high words one day, because the man blew his swine's horn under the priest's window, the priest calls out in a rage, 'I'll denounce your horns to the parish, I will!' which the man's wife overhearing in the scullery, she cries out, 'Halloa, neighbour, here is the priest revealing my confession!'

*Ser.* What impertinence, Leonelo!

*Leon.* Very well then, listen to this; a certain man in Barcelona had five or six children, and one day—

*Juan.* Peace, foolish fellow.

*Leon.* Those poor children will never get the meat well into their mouths.

*Juan.* Farewell, my love, awhile.

[*Exeunt* JUAN and LEONELO.]

*Ser.*

Farewell, my lord.

Thou little wicked Cupid,  
I am amused to find how by degrees  
The wound your arrows in my bosom made,  
And made to run so fast with tears, is healing.  
Yea, how those very arrows and the bow  
That did such mischief, being snapt asunder—  
Thyself art tamed to a good household child.

*Enter* FLORA, out of breath.

*Flora.* O madam!

*Ser.* Well, Flora, what now?

*Flora.* O madam, there is a man down-stairs!

*Ser.* Well?

*Flora.* Drest sailor-like.

*Ser.* Well?

*Flora.* He will not go away unless I give this letter into your hands.

*Ser.* Into my hands? from whom?

*Flora.* From the lady Porcia he says, madam.

*Ser.* From Porcia, well, and what frightens you?

*Flora.* Nothing, madam, and yet—

*Ser.* And yet there is something.

*Flora.* O, my lady, if this should be Don Alvaro!

*Ser.* Don Alvaro! what makes you think that?

*Flora.* I am sure it is he.

*Ser.* But did you tell him you knew him?

*Flora.* I could not help, madam, in my surprise.

*Ser.* And what said he then?

*Flora.* That I must tell you he was here.

*Ser.* Alvaro!—

Flora, go back, tell him you dared not tell me,  
Fearful of my rebuke, and say beside,  
As of your own advice, that it is fit,  
Both for himself and me,  
That he depart immediately.

*Flora.* Yes, madam.

*As she is going, enter ALVARO, as a Sailor.*

*Alvaro.* No need. Seeing Don Juan leave his house,

I have made bold to enter, and have heard  
What Flora need not to repeat.

*Ser.* Nay, sir,

Rather it seems as if you had not heard;  
Seeing the most emphatic errand was  
To bid you hence.

*Alv.* So might it seem perhaps,

Inexorable beauty : but you know  
How one delinquency another breeds :  
And having come so far, and thus disguised,  
Only to worship at your shrine, Serafina,  
(I dare not talk of love,) I do beseech you  
Do not so frown at my temerity,  
As to reject the homage that it brings.

*Ser.* Don Alvaro,  
If thus far I have listen'd, think it not  
Warrant of further importunity.  
I could not help it—'tis with dread and terror  
That I have heard thus much ; I now beseech  
you,  
Since you profess you came to honour me,  
Show that you did so truly by an act  
That shall become your honour well as mine.

*Alv.* Speak, Serafina.

*Ser.* Leave me so at once,  
And without further parley,  
That I may be assured *you* are assured  
That lapse of time, my duty as a wife,  
My husband's love for me, and mine for him,  
My station and my name, all have so changed me,  
That winds and waves might sooner overturn  
Not the oak only,  
But the eternal rock on which it grows,  
Than you my heart, though sea and sky themselves  
Join'd in the tempest of your sighs and tears.

*Alv.* But what if I remember other times  
When Serafina was no stubborn oak,  
Resisting wind and wave, but a fair flower  
That open'd to the sun of early love,  
And follow'd him along the golden day :  
No barren heartless rock,  
But a fair temple in whose sanctuary

Love was the idol, daily and nightly fed  
With sacrifice of one whole human heart.

*Ser.* I do not say 'twas not so ;  
But, sir, to carry back the metaphor  
Your ingenuity has turn'd against me,  
That tender flower, transplanted it may be  
'To other skies and soil, might in good time  
Strike down such roots and strengthen such a stem  
As were not to be shook : the temple, too,  
Though seeming slight to look on, being yet  
Of nature's fundamental marble built,  
When once that foolish idol was dethroned,  
And the true God set up into his place,  
Might stand unscathed in sanctity and worship;  
For ages and for ages.

*Alv.* Serafina,  
Why talk to me of ages, when the account  
Of my misfortune and your cruelty  
Measures itself by hours, and not by years !  
It was but yesterday you loved me, yes,  
Loved me, and (let the metaphor run on)  
I never will believe it ever was,  
Or is, or ever can be possible  
That the fair flower so soon forgot the sun  
To which so long she owed and turn'd her beauty,  
'To love the baser mould in which she grew :  
Or that the temple could so soon renounce  
Her old god, true god too while he was there,  
For any cold and sober deity  
Which you may venerate, but cannot love,  
Newly set up.

*Ser.* I must leave metaphor,  
And take to sober sense ; nor is it right,  
Alvaro, that you strive  
To choke the virtuous present with the past,



Which, when it was the past, was virtuous too,  
But would be guilty if reiterate.  
Nor is it right, nor courteous, certainly,  
Doubting what I declare of my own heart ;  
Nay, you who do yourself affirm, Alvaro,  
How well I loved you when such love was lawful,  
Are bound to credit me when I declare  
That love is now another's.

*Alv.* Serafina—

*Juan (speaking within).* Light, light, there !

*Enter FLORA hurriedly.*

*Flora.* Madam, my lord, my lord.

*Alv.* Confusion !

*Ser.* O ye heavens !

*Flora.* The old lover's story.

Brother or husband sure to interrupt.

*Juan (within).* A light there, Flora ! Serafina !  
night

Set in, and not a lamp lit in the house ?

*Alv.* He comes.

*Ser.* And I am lost !

*Flora.* Quick, Don Alvaro,

Into this closet, till my lord be gone

Into his chamber ; in, in, in !

*Alv.* My fears

Are all for you, not for myself.

[*Hides in the closet.*

*Flora.* In, in ! [*Exit.*

*Juan (entering).* How is it there's no light ?

*Ser.* She had forgot—

But here it comes.

*Enter FLORA with lights.*

'Twas kind of you, my lord,—

So quickly back again—

Sooner than I expected.

*Juan.*

Yes, a friend

Caught hold of me just as I reach'd the pier,

And told me to get home again.

*Ser. (aside).*

My heart !

*Juan.* And wherefore do you think ?

*Ser.*

Nay, I know not.

*Juan.* To tell you of a festival, Serafina,  
Preparing in your honour.

*Ser. (aside).*

I breathe again.

*Juan.* The story's this. It is the carnival,  
You know, and, by a very ancient usage,  
To-morrow all the folk of Barcelona,  
Highest as well as lowest, men and women,  
Go abroad mask'd to dance and see the shows.  
And you being newly come, they have devised  
A dance and banquet for you, to be held  
In Don Diego's palace, looking forth  
So pleasantly (do you remember it ?)  
Upon the sea. And therefore for their sakes,  
And mine, my Serafina, you must for once  
Eclipse that fair face with the ugly mask ;  
I'll find you fitting dress,—what say you ?

*Ser.*

Nay,

What should I say but that your will is mine,  
In this as evermore ?

And now you speak of dress, there are ev'n now  
Some patterns brought me in the nick of time  
To choose from, in my chamber ; prithee come,  
And help me judge.

*Juan.* I would that not your robe  
Only, but all the ground on which you walk  
Were laced with diamond.

*Ser.* What, not done yet  
With compliment? Come—come.

*(She takes a light.)*

*Juan.* But wherefore this?

*Ser.* My duty is to wait upon you.

*Juan.* No.

Take the lamp, Flora.

*Ser.* Flora waits on me,  
And I on you.

*Juan.* What humour's this?  
But be it as you will.

*[Exeunt JUAN and SERAFINA.]*

*Flora (letting out ALVARO).* Now is the time,  
Signor Alvaro! hush!  
The coast is clear, but silently and swiftly—  
Follow—but, hush! stop! wait!

*Alv.* What now?

*Flora.* A moment!  
Back, back, 'tis Leonelo.

*Alv.* Put out the light, I can slip past him.

*Flora (falls putting out light).* No sooner said  
than done.  
O Lord, Lord, Lord!

*Enter LEONELO.*

*Leonelo.* What is the matter?

*Flora.* The matter is, I have fallen.

*Leon.* Into temptation?

*Flora.* It is well, sir, if I have not broken my  
leg; here, sir, cease your gibing, and get this lamp  
lighted directly.

*Leon.* (*stumbling over* ALVARO). Halloa !

*Flora.* What now ?

*Leon.* I've fallen now, and on your temptation I think, for it has got a beard.

*Alv.* (*groping his way*). The fool ! but I can find the door. [*Exit.*

*Leon.* There goes some one !

*Flora.* The man's mad !

*Leon.* Am I ? Halloa ! halloa, there !

*Enter* JUAN *with light.*

*Juan.* What is the matter ?

*Flora.* Nothing, nothing, my lord.

*Leon.* Nothing ? I say it is something, a great—

*Flora.* My lord, going to shut the door, I stumbled, fell, and put out the light, that's all.

*Leon.* And I stumbled too.

*Juan.* Well ?

*Leon.* Over a man.

*Juan.* In this chamber ?

*Leon.* Yes, and—

*Flora.* Nonsense ! my lord, he stumbled against me, as we both floundered in the dark.

*Leon.* You ! What have you done with your beard then ?

*Juan.* Are you mad ? or is this some foolery ?

*Leon.* My lord, I swear I stumbled over a fellow here.

*Juan* (*aside*). And she so anxious to light me to her chamber ! what is all this ? Take the lamp, Leonelo. Though partly I think you have been dreaming, I will yet search the house ; come with me. I will draw the sting of suspicion at once, come what come may. [*Draws sword and exit.*

*Flora* (to *LEON*.). All of your work. A murrain  
on your head,  
Making this pother.

*Leon*. Minx! what is said, is said.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*The garden of DON LUIS' palace at Naples;  
a window with a balcony on one side, or in front:  
—night.*

*Enter the PRINCE and CELIO muffled up.*

*Celio*. Still sighing? pardon me, your Highness, but  
This melancholy is a riddle to me.

*Prince*. Ah, Celio, so strange a thing is love,  
The sighs you think are melancholy sighs,  
Yet are not so; I have indeed drunk poison,  
But love the taste of it.

*Cel*. I used to think  
'Twas all of being away from your Porcia;  
But now when better starr'd, her brother absent,  
Her father unsuspecting, at her bidding  
Night after night you come beneath her lattice,  
And yet—

*Prince*. If Porcia be not the cause  
Of my complaint she cannot be the cure:  
Yet (such is love's pathology) she serves  
To soothe the wound another made.

*Cel*. Who then was she, my lord, for whose fair  
sake  
You cannot either love this loving lady,  
Nor leave her?

*Prince*. I would tell you, Celio,  
But you would laugh at me.

*Cel.* Tell me, however.

*Prince.* Rememberest not the lady whom we saw  
For a few minutes, like some lovely vision,  
In this same house a little while ago,  
Not Porcia, but her diviner guest?

*Cel.* Oh, I remember; is it then to be  
The speciality of your Highness' love,  
'That, whereas other men's dies off by absence,  
Yours quickens—if it can be love at all  
Caught from one transitory glance?

*Prince.* Nay, Celio;  
Because a cloud may cover up the sun  
At his first step into the firmament,  
Are we to say he never rose at all?  
Are we to say the lightning did not flash  
Because it did but flash, or that the fountain  
Never ran fresh because it ran so fast  
Into its briny cradle and its grave?  
My love, if 'twere but of one moment born,  
And but a moment living, yet was love;  
And love it *is*, now living with my life. (*A harp*  
*heard.*)

*Cel.* O fine comparisons! but hark, I hear  
The widow'd turtle in the leaves away  
Calling her faithless mate.

*Prince.* Yes, Celio, 'tis  
Porcia—if she sings to me of *love*,  
I am to approach the window; but if *jealousy*,  
I am to keep aloof. Listen!

*Porcia (singing within).*

Of all the shafts to Cupid's bow,  
The first is tipt with fire;  
All bare their bosoms to the blow,  
And call the wound Desire.

(*She appears at the window.*)

*Prince.* Ah ! I was waiting, lovely Porcia,  
Till your voice drew me by the notes of love,  
Or distanced me by those of jealousy.

*Por.* Which needs not music, prince, to signify,  
Being love's plain, prose history.

*Prince.* Not always ;

For instance, I know one,  
Who, to refute your theory, Porcia,  
Attracts men by her jealousy as much  
As she repels them by her love.

*Por.* Nay, then  
Men must be stranger beings than I thought.

*Prince.* I know not how that is, I only know  
That in love's empire, as in other empires,  
Rebellion sometimes prospers.

*Por.* That the night  
Would give us leave to argue out their point !  
Which yet I fear it will not.

*Prince.* Why ?

*Por.* My father,  
Who frets about my brother's sudden absence,  
Sits up enditing letters after him ;  
And therefore I have brought my harp, that while  
We talk together I may touch the strings,  
So as he, hearing me so occupied,  
May not suspect or ask for me. Besides,  
We can talk under cover of the music.

*Prince.* Not the first time that love has found  
himself  
Fretted, Porcia.

*Por.* Oh, the wretched jest !  
But listen—

'The music is for him, the words for you,  
For I have much to tell you underneath  
This mask of music. *(Plays on the harp.)*

You know my father has been long resolved  
To quit this government, and to return  
To his own country place—which resolution,  
First taken on my brother's supposed death,  
My brother's sudden absence has revived ;  
And brought to a head—so much so, that to-morrow,  
To-morrow, he has settled to depart  
To Bellaflor—I scarce can say the words—  
But let my tears—

*Prince.* 'Tis well that you should mask  
Ill news under sweet music : though, indeed,  
A treason to make sweet the poison'd cup.

*Por.* Who more than I—

*Enter JULIA within, hurried.*

*Julia.* Madam, madam, your father  
Is gone into the garden—I hear his steps.

*Por.* Nay then—(*Sings*)

Love's second is a poison'd dart,  
And Jealousy is named :  
Which carries poison to the heart  
Desire had first inflamed.

*Prince.* She sings of jealousy—we must retire ;  
Hist, Celio ! [*CELIO and PRINCE retreat.*]

*Enter LUIS.*

*Julia.* Who's there ?

*Por.* Speak !

*Luis.* Oh, I, Porcia,  
Who writing in my study, and much troubled  
About your brother, was seduced away  
By your harp's pleasant sound and the cool night,  
To take a turn in the garden.



*Por.* Yes, sir, here  
I sit, enjoying the cool air that blows  
Up from the shore among the whispering leaves.

*Luis.* What better? but, Porcia, it grows late,  
And chilly, I think: and though I'd have you here  
Singing like a nightingale the whole night through,  
It must not be. Will you come in? [*Exit.*]

*Por.* Directly—  
I've but a moment.

*Prince (entering).* And you shall not need  
Repeat the love call, for I heard—

*Por. (playing as she speaks).* Nay, listen,  
And that attentively. To-morrow, then,  
We go to Bellaflor, (you know the place,)—  
There in the hill-top, hid among the trees,  
Is an old castle; ours, but scarcely used,  
And kept by an old man who loves me well,  
And can be secret. And if you should come  
That way by chance, as hunting it may be,  
I think we yet may meet.

*Luis (within).* Porcia!

*Por.* Sir!

*Luis (within).* It's time, indeed, to shut your  
window.

*Por.* Hark,  
I dare no longer.

*Prince.* Then farewell!

*Por.* Farewell!  
Remember Bellaflor: while you retreat  
Among the trees, I still shall sing to you  
Of love; not that dark shape of jealousy,  
But in the weeds of absence.

*Prince.* A descant  
That suits us both,—(*aside*) but on a different  
theme.

*Por. (singing).*

The last of Cupid's arrows all  
With heavy lead is set ;  
That vainly weeping lovers call  
Repentance or Regret.

[*As she retires still singing from the window within, the PRINCE and CELIO retire back into the garden.*

SCENE III.—*A street before DON DIEGO'S house in Barcelona.*

*Enter ALVARO and FABIO, masked: other Masks pass across, and into DIEGO'S house.*

*Alv.* This is the place ; here will I wait till she comes by. I know her dress, but I dared not follow her till myself disguised.

*Fab.* And no doubt, sir, you will find good opportunity of talking to her. 'Tis the old and acknowledged usage of this season, that any one may accost any one so long as both are masked, and so neither supposed to know the other.

*Alv.* Oh, a brave usage, and a brave invention, that of the Carnival ! One may accost whom one pleases, and whisper what one will, under the very ears of husband, father, or duenna !

*Fab.* So received a custom, that even among this hot-headed jealous people of Spain, no mortal quarrel has yet arisen on these occasions, though plenty to provoke it.

*Alv.* Look ! the Masks are coming ; I hear the

music within. She must soon be here. Let us withdraw round this corner till she come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A garden leading down to the sea ; on one side a Portico. Masks singing and dancing ; in the course of which enter and mix with them, JUAN, SERAFINA, LEONELO, and FLORA, and afterwards ALVARO ; all masked.*

CHORUS.

Tantara, tantara, come follow me all,  
Carnival, Carnival, Carnivāl.  
Follow me, follow me, nobody ask ;  
Crazy is Carnival under the mask.  
Follow me, follow me, nobody knows ;  
Under the mask is under the rose.  
Tantara, tantara, etc.

*Juan.* How like you all this uproar ?

*Ser.*

O quite well.

*Juan (aside).* And so should I,  
Did not a shadow from that darken'd room  
Trail after me. But why torment myself !

*Leon.* My lord, the dancers wait.

*Juan (to the musicians).* Pardon me. Strike up !

*Voices.* Strike up ! strike up !

*A Voice.* The castanets !

*Voices.* The castanets ! the castanets !

*Musician.* What will you have ?

*Voices.* The Tarazana ! the Tarazana !

[*A dance, during which ALVARO observes*

SERAFINA.

*Fab.* You recognise her ?

*Alv.*

Yes, Fabio, my heart

Would recognise her under any dress,  
And under any mask.

*Fab.* Now is your time.

*Alv.* (to SERAFINA). Mask, will you dance with me?

*Ser.* No, Cavalier ;

You come too late.

*Alv.* Too late?

*Ser.* I am engaged.

*Alv.* Nevertheless—

*Ser.* Nay, sir, I am not apt

To change my mind.

*Alv.* I hoped that in my favour

You might perhaps.

*Ser.* 'Twas a delusion.

*Alv.* But,

Fair Mask, didst never change thy mind before?

*Ser.* Perhaps once—to such purpose that that *once*  
Forbids all other.

*Juan.* Serafina, the Mask  
Has askt your hand to dance. On these occasions  
You must permit him, whether known or not.  
Unknown, the usage of the time allows ;  
If known, 'twere more discourteous to refuse.

*Ser.* My lord, 'twas chiefly upon your account  
That I refused to dance with him ; if you  
Desire it, I am ready.

*Juan.* How, my love,  
On my account?

*Ser.* Liking your company  
Much better.

*Juan.* Nay, take the humour of the time,  
And dance with him. (*Aside.*) I marvel who it is  
That follows Serafina, and to whom,  
The very indisposition that she shows,  
Argues a kind of secret inclination.

*Alv.* Well, do you still reject me?

*Ser.* I am bidden

To dance with you; what measure will you call?

*Alv.* Play 'Love lies bleeding!'

*Ser.* But why that?

*Alv.* Because

The spirit of the tune and of the words

Moves with my heart, and gives me leave beside

Amid its soft and slow divisions

To gaze on you and whisper in your ear.

*(A minuet by the Masks: during which ALVARO constantly whispers SERAFINA, who seems distressed; after some time, they return in the figure to the front of the Stage.)*

*Ser.* I've heard enough, sir; save for courtesy,  
Too much. No more.

*Alv.* Brief as the happiness  
That once was mine! But—

*Ser.* Stay, sir, I will hear  
No more. I had not danced with you at all,  
But that I wish'd to tell you once for all  
How hopeless is your passion—the great danger  
Your coming hither put and puts me to,  
And that not my honour only, but my life,  
Depends upon your quitting me at once,  
Now and for ever.

*Alv.* Serafina!

*Ser. (aloud).* I am tired;  
Pardon me, friends, I cannot dance.

*Juan.* My love,  
What is't? Unwell?

*Ser.* I know not.

*A Woman.* Stop the ball!

*Another.* All in her honour too!

*Another.* What is the matter?

*Juan.* You are but tired with dancing.

*Ser.*

No, no, no,

Let us go home.

*Juan.* Pardon us, friends,  
Continue you your revels ; we will go  
Into the house awhile, and rest ; I think  
The heat and dancing have distress her much,  
But she'll be better. To your dance again.  
Come, Serafina. (*Aside.*) Leonelo ! hither !  
Find out the Mask that with your lady danced. •

*Leon.* I'll watch him to the world's end—or beyond,  
If need be.

*Juan.* Good—Come, Serafina.

[*Exeunt* JUAN and SERAFINA.]

*Alv.* So end my hopes for ever. Fool ! who  
seeking

For what once lost could never more be found  
Like to a child after a rainbow running—  
Leaving my father, who had only just  
Recover'd me to his old heart again,  
Without adieu—equipp'd this Brigantine  
(Down to the bottom may she go with me !)  
In chase of this—not Serafina—no—  
But this false Siren,  
Who draws me with the music of her beauty,  
To leave me in destruction.

*Leon.* (*watching him*). This must be some monk,  
who knows of some better entertainment elsewhere.

*Alv.* And after all,  
Not one kind word of welcome or of thanks,  
But that her life depended on my leaving her,  
Who would for her have sacrificed my own  
In any way but that. But it is done !  
Henceforward I renounce all hope ; henceforth—  
And why not all despair?—the world is wide,

Eh, Fabio? and the good old saw says well  
That fortune at the worst must surely mend.  
Let us to sea, the ship is ready; come,  
Away with all this foolery. (*Throws off mask, etc.*)

*Leon.* Here is a harlequin sailor!

*Fabio.*

Well resolved.

*Alv.* Wear them what other fool may list,  
I'll straight aboard, and if the wind and sea  
Can rise as they were wont, I'll stretch all sail  
Toward the perdition she consigns me to.  
Halloa there! (*Whistles.*)

*Enter SAILORS.*

*Sail.* Captain?

*Alv.* How is't for a cruise?

*Sail.* Oh, never better; just a breeze to keep  
The ship from looking in her glass too long.

*Alv.* Aboard, aboard then! Farewell all my hopes;  
My love, farewell for ever!

*Voices (within).*

Fire! fire! fire!

*All.* What's this?

*Voices.*

Fire! fire! in Don Diego's palace!  
Help! help!

*Alv.* She there! my life shall save the life  
She said it jeopardied.

*As he is going out, enter JUAN with SERAFINA  
fainted in his arms.*

*Juan.* Friends! Gentlemen! if you would help in  
this calamity, take charge for a moment of this most  
precious thing of all, till I return.

*Alv. (taking SERAFINA in his arms).* Trust me,  
sir. [JUAN rushes off.

*Leon.* Stop, my lord, stop a moment—he is gone, and this man—

*Alv.* Serafina in my arms! my ship at hand!  
O love, O destiny!—aboard, aboard—  
O 'tis the merriest proverb of them all,  
How one man rises by his neighbour's fall.

[*Exit, carrying off SERAFINA.*

*Leon.* Halloa! stop him! stop him! it is my mistress; Don Juan! my lord! my lord! the rascal has carried her off! my lord! my lord!

[*Runs after ALVARO.*

*1st Voice in the crowd.* The fire is getting under.

*2nd Voice.* No lives lost?

*3rd Voice.* Only, they say, one poor girl of the lady Serafina's.

*Enter DON JUAN hurriedly.*

*Juan.* I thought I heard Leonelo calling me—But where is Serafina? This is the place—yes—Serafina! I left them here—taken her perhaps fainting as she was for help. Gentlemen, have you seen any here with a lady, fainted, in their charge—a sailor, I think?

*1st Man.* Not I, sir.

*2nd Man.* Nor I.

*3rd Man.* Stay, I think there were some sailors with a lady in their arms.

*Juan.* And where—

*Enter LEONELO breathless.*

*Leon.* Oh, my lord, my lord!

*Juan.* Speak!

*Leon.* The Mask who danced with my lady—

*Juan.* Where is she?



*Leon.* Was the sailor you gave her in charge to—  
He has carried her off.

*Juan.* The Mask! the sailor!

*Leon.* I saw him throw off his disguise, and now  
he has carried her off—to the shore—to sea—to the  
ship there now spreading her sails in the harbour.

*Juan.* Man! beware lest I blast thee!

*Leon.* As if I were the sailor! I tell you I ran  
after them, shouted, struggled, but was pushed aside,  
knocked down—

*Juan.* To the shore, to the shore! follow me!

*Voices.* What is the matter?

*Juan.* What I dare not name till it be avenged;  
Pirate!—Ruffian! Oh fool, I might have guessed—  
but I will find them through water and fire too. To  
the shore!

[*Exit JUAN, LEONELO after him; confusion, etc.*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*A room in DON LUIS' country-house near  
Naples.*

*Enter DON LUIS reading a letter.*

*Luis.* 'You bid me tell you why it is Don Juan  
Roca has not written to you so long: and though it  
be pain to do so, I dare no longer defer answering  
you. At a carnival dance here, the palace of Don  
Diego de Cordona, in which the festival was held,  
took fire so suddenly, as people had much ado to  
escape with their lives. Don Juan's wife fainting  
from terror, he carried her out, and gave her in

charge to a sailor standing near, while he himself returned to help at the fire. No doubt this sailor was a pirate: for he carried her off to his ship and set sail immediately. Don Juan returning and finding her gone rushes madly after; casts himself into the sea in his rage and desperation; is rescued half drowned, and taken to his house, from which he was missed—he and his servant Leonelo—some days ago, taking scarce any thing with him, and leaving no hint of whither he is gone. And since that hour we have heard nothing of him, or of Serafina.'

My heart prevents my eyes from reading more.  
O heavens! to what chance and danger is  
The fortune of the happiest, and still more  
The honour of the noblest, liable!  
Ill fortune we may bear, and, if we choose,  
Sit folded in despair with dignity;  
But honour needs must wince before a straw,  
And never rest until it be avenged.  
To know where Juan is, and by his side  
To put myself, and run all risk with him  
Till he were righted, and the offender too,  
I'd give my life and all I'm worth; no corner  
In the wide earth but we would ferret it,  
Until—Porcia!

*Enter PORCIA.*

*Por.* Pray, sir, pardon me,  
But I would know what vexes you, you stand  
Angrily talking to yourself alone:  
This letter in your hand—What is it, sir?

*Luis.* Nothing, nothing, Porcia; (for Juan's sake  
I must dissemble)—Nay, I have received  
A letter upon business that annoys me.

*Por.* I'm sorry, sir, for that, for I had come  
To ask a favour of you.

*Luis.* Well, why not?

*Por.* They say that those who ask unseasonably  
Must be content with a refusal.

*Luis.* Nay,  
Between us two no season's out of season.

*Por.* So? then I'll ask. Alvaro—

*Luis.* All but that!  
Ask me not that way.

*Por.* Then 'tis *not* the season.

*Luis.* The season for all else but that which  
never  
Can be in season. How often have I told you  
Never to speak to me again of him!

*Por.* What has my brother done, sir, after all,  
To make you so inveterate?

*Luis.* What done!  
To leave my house, to which I only just  
Had welcomed him as only a father can,  
Without adieu, or word of when or where,  
And then as suddenly come back, forsooth,  
Knock at my door, as if he had but made  
A morning call, and think to find it open—  
It and my heart—open to him as ever.

*Por.* But may not, sir, the thoughtlessness of  
youth

Be some excuse? Pray you remember, sir,  
How on a sudden you yourself determined  
To leave the cheerful city and come here,  
Among dull woods and fields, and savage people;  
And surely 'twas no wonder that my brother  
Should, ill advised, no doubt, but naturally,  
Slip for a month back to the busy world  
To which his very dangers had endear'd him.

And now to prove  
How much he feels your anger and his fault,  
Since his return he has lived quietly,  
I might say almost *eremitically*,  
Up in the mountain, yet more solitary  
And still than this is, doing penance there.  
Let me plead for him, sir ; let him come down,  
To kiss your hand and see you once again.

*Luis.* He should be grateful to you, Porcia—  
Well, let him come.

*Por.* Bless you for saying so !  
I'll go myself to him this evening,  
And tell him this good news.

*Luis.* Do so. Ah me !  
That all were settled thus ! Did I but know  
Where Juan is, and where his enemy ! [*Exit.*

*Julia (entering).* Well, madam, you have gain'd  
your point.

*Por.* Yes, Julia,  
*Two* points ; for, first, my brother will come back ;  
And, secondly, so doing, leave the old castle  
At my disposal, where the Prince and I  
May meet together in security.  
I'll write to Alvaro now, and do you tell  
The messenger who brought his letter hither,  
I'll go this evening up the mountain. So  
Belardo, the old porter,  
Who knows and loves me well, will look for me,  
And understand the purpose of my going.

*Julia.* Ah, now I see, beside his bow and arrows,  
Love arms himself with trick and stratagem.

*Por.* And something else ; give me my arque-  
buss ;  
So, Love and I perchance, as says the song,  
May hit a hart, as we shall go along.

SCENE II.—*A room in DON LUIS' castle in the hills.*

*Enter ALVARO and FABIO.*

*Alv.* How is't with Serafina?

*Fab.*

Nay, you know.

Ever the same.

*Alv.* You mean still weeping?

*Fab.*

Ay.

*Alv.* Yes, from the hour when, fainting in my arms,  
She pass'd from raging flame to the wild seas,  
And opening those heavenly eyes again,  
Still with the hue of death upon her cheek,  
She saw herself in my ship—in my power,—  
She has not ceased to weep; all my caresses  
Unable to console her.  
I fondly hoped that she—

*Enter SERAFINA.*

*Ser.*

Good Fabio, [*Exit FABIO.*

Leave us awhile. 'You fondly hoped,' Alvaro—  
So much I heard, connected with my name;  
And I perhaps have something on that text  
Would clear the matter up to both of us.  
'You fondly hoped'—was't not that I might be  
So frail, so lost to shame, and so inconstant,  
That for the loss of husband, home, and honour,  
Lost in one day, I might console myself  
With being in his arms, who robb'd me of all!  
Was't this you hoped?

*Alv.*

No, Serafina, but—

*Ser.* But what?

*Alv.*

And yet perhaps 'twas that I hoped—

The very desperation of my act  
Bringing its pardon with it, soon or late,  
Seeing the very element of love  
Is rashness, that he finds his best excuse  
In having none at all. Ah, Serafina,  
How greatly must he love, who all for love  
Perils the hope of being loved at all!

*Ser.* Poor argument! I rather draw that he  
Who ventures on such desperate acts can have  
No true respect for her he outrages,  
And therefore no true love. No, daring traitor—  
But I'll not strive to break the heart of flint,  
But wear it with my tears. Hear me, Alvaro,  
In pity—in mercy—hear me.  
This thing is done, there is no remedy,  
Let us not waste the time in arguing  
What better had been done; the stars so ruled it—  
Yea, providence that rules the stars. Well then,  
What next? Alvaro, I would speak of this;  
And if't be right I owe you any thing,  
Be it for this one boon, a patient hearing.  
Listen to me—

I never draw a breath but 'tis on fire  
With Juan's vengeance; never move a step  
But think I see his fierce eyes glaring at me  
From some dark corner of this desolate house  
In which my youth is buried. And what gain *you*  
By all this crime and misery? My body,  
But not my soul; without possessing which,  
Beauty itself is but a breathing corpse,  
But a cold marble statue, unsuffused  
With the responsive hue of sympathy,  
Possess'd but not enjoy'd.  
Oh, ill betide that villain love, not love,  
That all its object and affection finds

In the mere contact of encircling arms !  
But if this move you not—consider, Alvaro—  
Don Juan is a nobleman—as such  
Bound to avenge his honour ; he must know  
'Twas you who did this monstrous act, for Flora  
Would tell him all. There is one remedy :  
'Tis this, that you, despairing of my love,  
Which you can never gain—forgo me quite,  
And give me up to some cold convent's cloister,  
Where buried I may wear away—

*Alv.*

No more,

Rather than give you up again, Serafina,

Pray heaven's thunder—

*(Shot within.)*

*Ser.*

Again, this dreadful omen !

'Tis for my death !

*Alv.*

Fear not—Belardo ! ho !

What shot was that ?

*Enter BELARDO.*

*Bel.*

Your sister Porcia

Is coming up the mountain ; nay, is now

At the very gate.

*Ser.*

Oh, whither must I go !

*Alv.* Belardo, lead her hence.

*Bel.*

Not that way, sir,

By which your sister enters.

*Alv.*

In here then.

I'll go and meet Porcia.

*Ser.*

Mercy, heaven !

*[She goes in at one door, as*

*PORCIA enters by another.*

*Alv.* How now, Porcia, you look pleased to-day !

*Por.* And well I may—for two reasons, Alvaro.

*Alv.* Well, what are they?

*Por.* First, I have got my father to relax in his humour against you.

*Alv.* My good sister!

*Por.* So as he will see you at Bellaflor this very evening.

*Alv.* Good! and your second reason?

*Por.* That coming up the pass, I made the crowning shot of my life with this arquebuss—a hare at full speed—flying, I might say.

*Alv.* Give you joy of both your hits, Porcia.

*Por.* I am so proud of the last (though glad of the first, Alvaro) that I shall try my luck and skill a little longer about the castle this evening.

*Alv.* So—

*Por.* You will not wait for me, but go down at once to Bellaflor, and show my father you value his forgiveness by your haste to acknowledge it.

*Alv.* You say well; but you will go with me?

*Por.* Fear not, I shall soon be after you.

*Alv.* Well, if so, then—(*apart to BELARDO*.) Belardo, remember you get the lady to her room directly my sister is gone out.

*Por.* Our roads lie together as far as the gate at least. (*Aside to BELARDO*.) If the Prince happen to come hither, tell him to wait for me, Belardo; I shall be back directly. Come, brother.

[*Exeunt ALVARO and PORCIA.*]

*Bel.* They say a Pander is a good business; and yet here am I ministering both to brother and sister with very little profit at the year's end.

*Ser.* (*entering cautiously*). Porcia's gone?

*Bel.* Yes, she is gone.

*Ser.* Had she resolved on going into the room where I was she could have done it; there was



neither key nor bolt within. But she is gone and I can get to my own.

*Bel.* No.

*Ser.* Belardo! why?

*Bel.* Some one coming.

*Ser.* Again! *[She hides as before]*

*Enter PRINCE.*

*Prince.* How now, Belardo, where is your mistress? she advised me her brother would be away, and she here this evening.

*Bel.* Your Highness comes in good time. She went with him, but will be back directly. She is here.

*Enter PORCIA.*

*Por.* Not far behind, you see. Scarce had he taken the turn to Bellaflor, when I turn'd back.

*Prince.* How shall I thank you for this favour?

*Por.* My brother's living here has been the reason of our not meeting before: but that is remedied for the future.

*Prince.* And how?

*Por.* He is at last reconciled to my father, and is even now gone home, to Bellaflor.

*Prince (aside).* My heart thanks you but little, being away with another; but if I cannot avenge memory, I will thus try and deceive or amuse it. My lovely Porcia!

*Bel. (aside).* She hears every word they say!

*Por.* Ah, you flatter still.

*Prince.* Flatter!

*Por.* Do I not know there is a Siren at Naples—

*Prince.* Porcia, to prove to you how unfounded that suspicion is, I have these many days wholly quitted Naples, and, out of a melancholy that has taken hold of me, now live retired in a little Villa hard by this: you may imagine at least one reason for my doing so. And so enchanted am I with my solitude, that till this evening (when you broke it as I could wish) I have not once stirred abroad; my only occupation being to watch some pictures that I am having done, by the best masters of Italy and of Spain too; one of which country I have happened on, who might compete with Apelles. As I told you, I have spent whole days in watching them at work.

*Por.* My jealousy whispered—

*Enter* BELARDO.

*Bel.* Unlucky to be sure.

*Por.* What now?

*Bel.* What can make your brother return so suddenly?

*Por.* My brother!

*Bel.* He is now at the gate.

*Por.* He must suspect the Prince! O, my lord, hide yourself.

*Prince.* Where?

*Por.* Any where!—quick! here.

[*She puts him where* SERAFINA *is.*]

*Prince.* For your sake, Porcia.

*Enter* ALVARO.

*Alv.* I cannot be easy till I am assured that Serafina——Porcia here?

*Por.* Alvaro !

*Alv.* You left me on a sudden ?

*Por.* I was tired, and came back for rest.

*Alv.* So—

*Por.* But you ?

*Alv.* I bethought me that, considering my father's late indisposition toward me, it were better you were at my side when I went to him.

*Por.* So—

*Alv.* So that if he should relapse into ill-humour, you know how to direct him.

*Por.* Well, shall we start again together ?

*Alv.* Is not that best ?

*Por.* As you please.

*Alv.* (*aside*). She will not then stumble on Serafina.

*Por.* (*aside*). I shall so get him out of the Prince's way.

[*Exeunt PORCIA and ALVARO.*]

*Bcl.* Now then the two imprisoned ones get out.

*Enter the PRINCE, and SERAFINA, her hand before her face.*

*Ser.* In vain—you shall not know me.

*Prince.*

Nay, in vain

You try to be unknown.

*Ser.*

Consider—

*Prince.*

Nay,

Down with that little hand, too small a cloud

To hide the heaven of your beauty from me.

Lady, I know you—but one such. And know

That love himself has wrought a miracle,

To this unlikeliest place, by means unlikeliest,

Bringing us here together.

*Bel.* Only this was wanting to the plot! The sister's gallant in love with the brother's mistress!

*Ser.* Generous Orsino! if I try in vain  
To hide me from you—wretched that I am  
To have to hide at all—but the less wretched  
Being unmaskt by your nobility—  
I ask this mercy at your feet; betray not  
The secret chance has now betray'd to you.  
I am a wretched woman, you a Prince.  
Grant me this boon; and yet one more, to leave me  
To weep my miseries in solitude.

*Prince.* Madam, your prayer is not in vain.

Your name,  
Upon the word and honour of a Prince,  
Shall never pass my lips.  
And for that second wish, hardest of all,  
I yet will pay for one delicious glance  
The greatest price I can, by leaving you.  
Farewell—you owe me more anxiety  
Than you believe.

*Ser.* I shall not be ashamed  
To own the debt, though hopeless to repay it.  
But heav'n shall do that for me. Farewell, my lord.

*Prince.* Farewell.

[*Exeunt PRINCE and SERAFINA.*]

*Bel.* I wonder if they know the ancient line,  
'I'll keep your secret, only you keep mine.'

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The PRINCE'S Villa.*

*Enter DON JUAN in poor apparel; and CELIO.*

*Cel.* Your business with the Prince, sir?

*Juan.* Only to speak  
About a picture I have finish'd for him.

*Cel.* He is not here at present ; not, I think,  
Return'd from hunting.

*Juan.* Will he soon be home ?

*Cel.* I cannot speak to that, sir.

[*Exit CELIO.*

*Juan.* Why, what a fate is mine !  
All of a sudden—but I dare not say it ;  
Scarce could I of myself believe it, if  
I told it to myself ; so with some things  
'Tis easier to bear, than hear of them ;  
And how much happens daily in this strange world,  
Far easier to be done than be believed.  
Who could have thought that I, being what I was  
A few days back, am what I am ; to this  
Reduced by that name *Honour* ; whose nice laws,  
Accurst be he who framed !  
Little he knew the essence of the thing  
He legislated for, who put my honour  
Into another's hand ; made my free right  
Another's slave, for others to abuse,  
And then myself before the world arraign'd,  
To answer for a crime against myself !  
And one being vain enough to make the law,  
How came the silly world to follow it,  
Like sheep to their own slaughter ! And in all  
This silly world is there a greater victim  
To its accursed custom than myself !

*Enter LEONELO, poorly drest.*

*Leon.* Yes, one,  
Who follows your misfortunes, and picks up  
The crumbs of misery that fall from you ;  
My chief subsistence now.

*Juan.* And I have left

Country and home to chase this enemy,  
Of whom as yet no vestige—

*Leon.* And no wonder,  
Seeing he travels with you.

*Juan.* In these rags—

*Leon.* And very hungry ; and so we come at last  
To Naples ; for what purpose ?

*Juan.* Why, if't be  
Some former lover ; would he not return  
To his own country, and hers ?

*Leon.* In which meanwhile  
We starve, without a stiver in our pockets,  
While friends swarm round us, if you would, my  
lord,  
Reveal yourself.

*Juan.* Shorn of my honour ? No !

*Leon.* And I, not being shorn of appetite,  
Would publish my disgraceful want of food  
To all the world. There is Don Luis now,  
Your ancient friend.

*Juan.* What friend but, if he be  
True to himself and me, must be my enemy,  
And either wholly turn his face away,  
Or look at me with pity and contempt ?  
I will reveal myself to no one, nay,  
Reveal *myself* I cannot,—not myself  
Until I be avenged.

*Leon.* And so you make  
The painter's trade your stalking-horse  
To track your enemy, and in these rags  
Come to the Prince.

*Juan.* Oh let me die in rags,  
Rather than he should recognise me ! Once  
He saw me—

*Leon.* O my lord, fear not for that ;

Hunger, and rags, and sleeplessness, and anguish,  
Have changed you so your oldest friend would pass  
you.

*Juan.* They have that merit then. But see—the  
Prince.

*Enter PRINCE.*

I kiss your Highness' hand.

*Prince.*

Well, Spaniard,

What would you with me?

*Juan.*

I waited on your Highness,  
To tell you of a picture I had finisht.  
Thinking your Grace might like—

*Prince.*

I thank you, sir.

What is the subject?

*Juan.*

Hercules, my lord;  
Wherein (unless I do deceive myself)  
I think the fair and terrible are join'd  
With some success.

*Prince.*

As how?

*Juan.*

As thus, my lord.

The point I have chosen in that history  
Is where the faithless Centaur carries off  
Deianira, while beyond the river  
Stands Hercules with such a face and gesture  
As not a man, I think, who looks on it,  
But would exclaim, 'Jealousy and Revenge!'

*Prince.* I long to see it.

*Juan.*

That is the main group;  
But far away, among the tangled thicks  
Of a dark mountain gap, this Hercules  
Fires his own funeral pile to the smoky clouds.  
And I would have this motto for the whole,  
'So Jealousy in its own flames expires.'

*Prince.* Not only do I like the subject well,  
But now especially, being deeply scorcht,  
Not with the flame that burn'd up Hercules,  
But that for which the unlucky Centaur died.

*Juan.* Indeed, my lord.

*Prince.* Indeed—and, having done  
This picture for me, you shall set about  
One other.

*Juan.* At your pleasure.

*Prince.* You shall know then,  
That of a certain lady whom but once  
I saw, and for a moment, I became  
Infatuated so, her memory  
Every where and for ever, day and night,  
Pursues me. Hopeless of obtaining her,  
And ev'n of ever seeing her again,  
Chance has discover'd to me where she lives  
Conceal'd—I know not why, but so it is—  
And 'twould at least console my hopeless love,  
To have her picture. You are a foreigner  
Who know not nor are known by any here,  
So I can better trust you with a secret  
I dare not even to herself reveal.

*Juan.* I'll do my best to serve you ; but I fear,  
If she be such a creature as you say,  
That I shall fail to satisfy myself  
Or you.

*Prince.* Why so ?

*Juan.* I tried at such a face  
Once.

*Prince.* Nay, I know that beauty's subtlest essence  
Is most impossible to seize. But yet  
I shall commit this business to your hands  
Most confidently.

*Juan.* I'll do my best.



*Prince.* Come then,  
Remembering this business must be done  
With all despatch and secrecy. Yourself  
Must not be seen by her, nor I, who know not  
(I told you) how or why she should be there ;  
But my authority, and a little gold,  
(At least, I hope,) shall set the door ajar,  
That you may catch a sight of her. Myself  
Will be at hand, and ready to protect you  
Against all danger.

*Juan.* I will trust your Highness,  
And also (let me say so) trust myself,  
Although but a poor painter.

*Prince.* I believe it ;  
And each of us shall play his part, I think,  
That neither shall depart unsatisfied. [*Exit PRINCE.*]

*Juan.* Perhaps, but not as you suppose. Leonelo,  
Put up my brushes and my colours, and—  
My pistols with them.

*Leon.* Pistols ! Is't to paint  
In body colour ?

*Juan.* Put them up.

*Leon.* And whither  
Are we to carry them ?

*Juan.* I do not know.  
Whither the Prince shall carry me, I go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A room in DON LUIS' Villa.*

*Enter LUIS and ALVARO.*

*Alv.* Now, sir, that (thanks to Porcia) you have  
open'd  
Your arms to me once more, I cannot rest

(So favour ever calls for favour) till  
You tell me what the inward trouble is  
That mars your outward feature. I was cause  
Of so much trouble to you, that I dread  
Lest of this also, which with troubled looks  
You still keep speaking to yourself apart,  
Like people in a play.

*Luis.* Alvaro, no.

Thank God, this trouble lies not at your door.  
Let that suffice.

*Alv.* You will not trust me, sir?

*Luis.* Why will you press me? since you must be  
told,

It is about my friend—Don Juan Roca.

*Alv.* Don Juan!

*Luis.* Yes, Don Juan.

*Alv.* What of him?

(I'll drink the cup at once!) (*aside*).

*Luis.* What evil star

Made him my friend!

*Alv.* Too true! (*aside*). But what  
has happen'd?

*Luis.* Why will you know? and should I dare to tell  
My friend's dishonour? Well, no more than this—  
Some wretch—some villain—some accursed—but  
Be there bad name enough to brand him by,  
I have not breath for it—nor is it well  
For you or for myself—has ravisht from him  
His wife, his Serafina.

And I, O God! not able to avenge him!

*Alv. (aside).* Does he know all? and knowing  
whose the crime,

Cannot, he says, avenge it on his son?  
Shall I then tell, and gain at least the grace  
Of a confession? Hear me, sir.

*Luis.* Nay, nay,  
I know what you would say, how vain it is  
To vex myself who cannot help my friend—  
We neither knowing who the villain is,  
Nor whither both are fled : heaven ! if we did,  
I should not now be idly moaning here.

*Alv.* All's safe ! (*aside*). Nor I, sir ; give me but  
a clue,  
(Not only for Don Juan's sake, but yours,) I'll track the villain through the world.

*Luis.* Alvaro,  
Your words are music to me.

*Alv.* Still, my father,  
I will say what to say you said was vain.  
Until some clue be found, let not this grief  
Consume you so.

*Luis.* Such wounds are hard to heal.  
Yet, quicken'd by your courage, and to show  
How well I like your counsel—come, Alvaro,  
I will with you to your hill castle there ;  
That which has been your banishment so long,  
Shall witness now our reconciliation.  
We'll go this evening—now—together.

*Alv.* Good, sir.  
But pardon me, let me go on before  
To apprise Belardo of your going thither—  
And also Serafina ! (*apart*). [*Exit.*

*Luis.* Be it so !  
*Julia* (*entering*). My lord, Don Pedro is without,  
and fain  
Would speak to you.

*Luis.* Admit him, Julia.  
The wound re-opens—Serafina's father !  
No doubt upon what errand.

*Enter DON PEDRO.*

*Ped.* Ah, Don Luis,  
Your arms ! (*They embrace.*)

*Luis.* Don Pedro, I must surely thank  
The cause to which my poor retirement owes  
This honour.

*Ped.* Yet a thankless cause, Don Luis.  
These many days I have heard nothing of  
Don Juan and my daughter ; they neither write  
Themselves, nor any one to whom I write  
To ask about them answers to the purpose.  
What may this mean ? I have come hither thinking  
That you, who are the model of all friends,  
May deal more clearly with me. You may think  
What I endure from this suspense. In mercy  
Relieve me from it quickly.

*Luis (aside).* Poor old man ;  
What shall I say ? tell his grey hairs at once  
The ruin of his honour and his love ?

*Ped.* You pause, my lord !

*Luis.* And yet I need not wonder,  
I nothing hear of them if you do not.

*Ped.* And you know nothing of them ?

*Enter PORCIA hurriedly.*

*Por.* Sir, I hear  
You are going (are you not ?) this evening  
To the castle, with my brother.  
But who is this ?

*Ped.* Ever your slave, sweet lady.

*Por.* Oh, pardon me, my lord.

*Luis.* Nay, pardon me

That I cut short your compliments, Porcia.  
(This interruption, come so opportune,  
Shall carry what ill news I have to tell  
Into the open air at least.) Don Pedro,  
I am going to the mountain, as she says;  
You to the city; for some way at least  
Our roads are one, and I would talk with you  
About this business without interruption.  
Will't please you come?

*Ped.* Your pleasure's mine. Adieu,  
Fair lady.

*Por.* Farewell, sir.

*Luis.* Porcia, you  
Will follow in the carriage.

[*Exeunt* LUIS and PEDRO.]

*Por.* And should go  
More gladly, were my lover there to meet me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The garden under ALVARO'S castle.*  
*A large grated door in the centre.*

*Enter* PRINCE, JUAN, LEONELO, and BELARDO.

*Prince* (to BELARDO). You know your office; take  
this diamond by way of thanks.

*Bel.* I know little of diamonds but that they sell  
for less than you give for them. But this [*to* JUAN]  
is to be your post.

*Juan.* I am ready.

*Prince.* Remember, Spaniard, it is for *me* you run  
this hazard, if there be any; I shall be close at hand  
to protect you. Be not frightened.

*Juan.* Your Highness does not know me: were

it otherwise, danger cannot well appal him whom sorrows like mine have left alive.

*Bel.* And, another time—doubloons, not diamonds.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE and LEONELO.

Here she mostly comes of an evening, poor lady, to soothe herself, walking and sitting here by the hour together. This is where you are to be. Go in; and mind you make no noise.

[*Puts* JUAN *into the grated door, and locks it.*

*Juan* (*through the grated window*). But what are you about?

*Bel.* Locking the door to make all sure.

*Juan.* But had it not better be unlockt in case—

*Bel.* Hush! she comes.

*Juan.* My palette then.

*Enter* SERAFINA.

*Ser.* How often and how often do I draw  
My resolution out upon one side,  
And all my armed sorrows on the other,  
To fight the self-same battle o'er again!

*Juan.* He stands in the way; I cannot see her  
face.

*Bel.* Still weeping, madam?

*Ser.* Wonder not, Belardo :  
The only balm I have. You pity me :  
Leave me alone then for a while, Belardo ;  
The breeze that creeps along the whispering trees  
Makes me feel drowsy.

*Juan* (*to* BELARDO, *whispering*). She turns her head  
away,  
I cannot see her still.

*Ser.*

What noise was that?

*Bel.* Madam?

*Ser.* I thought I heard a whisper.

*Bel.* Only

The breeze, I think. If you would turn this way,  
I think 'twould blow upon you cooler.

*Ser.* Perhaps it will.  
Thank you. I am very miserable and very weary.

*Bel.* She sleeps : that is the lady.  
Make most of time. [*Exit.*

*Juan.* Yes. Now then for my pencil.  
Serafina ! found at last ! Whose place is this ?  
The Prince ? no ! But the stray'd lamb being here,  
The wolf is not far off. She sleeps ! I thought  
The guilty never slept : and look, some tears  
Still lingering on the white rose of her cheek.  
Be those the drops, I wonder,  
Of guilty anguish, or of chaste despair ?  
This death-like image is the sculptor's task,  
Not mine.

Or is it I who sleep, and dream all this,  
And dream beside, that once before I tried  
To paint that face—the daylight drawing in  
As now—and when somehow the lamp was out,  
A man—I fail'd : and what love fail'd to do,  
Shall hate accomplish ? She said then, if ever  
She suffer'd me to draw her face again,  
Might she die for it. Into its inmost depth  
Heav'n drew that idle word, and it returns  
In thunder.

*Ser. (dreaming).* Juan ! Husband ! on my knees.  
Oh Juan—slay me not !

*Enter ALVARO ; she wakes and rushes to him.*

Alvaro,  
Save me, oh save me from him !

*Alv.* So the wretch  
Thrives by another's wretchedness. My love!

*Juan.* Alvaro, by the heavens!

*Alv.* Calm yourself;  
You must withdraw awhile. Come in with me.

*Juan.* Villain!

*Ser.* (*clinging to ALVARO*). What's that?

*Juan* (*shaking at the door*). The door is fast;  
Open it, I say!—

Then die, thou and thy paramour!

[*Shoots a pistol at each through the grating.—Both fall; SERAFINA into the arms of BELARDO, who has come in during the noise.—Then directly enter DON LUIS, PEDRO, PORCIA.*

*Luis.* What noise is this?

*Ser.* My father!—in your arms  
To die;—not by your hand—Forgive me—Oh!

[*Dies.*

*Ped.* (*taking her in his arms*). My Serafina?

*Luis.* And Alvaro!

*Alv.* Ay,

But do not curse me now! [*Dies.*

*Enter the PRINCE and LEONELO.*

*Leon.* They must have found him out.

*Prince.* Whoever dares  
Molest him, answers it to me. Open the door.  
But what is this? [*BELARDO unlocks the door*

*Juan* (*coming out*). A picture—  
Done by the Painter of his own Dishonour  
In blood.

I am Don Juan Roca. Such revenge



As each would have of me, now let him take,  
As far as one life holds. Don Pedro, who  
Gave me that lovely creature for a bride,  
And I return to him a bloody corpse ;  
Don Luis, who beholds his bosom's son  
Slain by his bosom friend ; and you, my lord,  
Who, for your favours, might expect a piece  
In some far other style of art than this :  
Deal with me as you list ; 'twill be a mercy  
To swell this complement of death with mine ;  
For all I had to do is done, and life  
Is worse than nothing now.

*Prince.* Get you to horse,  
And leave the wind behind you.

*Luis.* Nay, my lord,  
Whom should he fly from ? not from me at least,  
Who loved his honour as my own, and would  
Myself have help'd him in a just revenge,  
Ev'n on an only son.

*Ped.* I cannot speak,  
But I bow down these miserable gray hairs  
To other arbitration than the sword ;  
Ev'n to your Highness' justice.

*Prince,* Be it so.  
Meanwhile—

*Juan.* Meanwhile, my lord, let me depart ;  
Free, if you will, or not. But let me go,  
Nor wound these fathers with the sight of one,  
Who has cut off the blossom of their age :  
Yea, and his own, more miserable than all.  
They know me ; that I am a gentleman,  
Not cruel, nor without what seem'd due cause  
Put on this bloody business of my honour ;  
Which having done, I will be answerable  
Here and elsewhere, to all for all.

*Prince.* Depart  
In peace.

*Juan.* In peace ! Come, Leonelo.

[*He goes out slowly, followed by LEONELO :  
and the curtain falls.*

---

Some alterations of this play were made with a view to the English stage, where, spite of the slightness of many parts, I still think it might be tried.

Its companion play, the *Medico de su Honra*, is far more famous ; has some more terrible, perhaps some finer, situations ; but inferior, I think, in variety of scene, character, and incident.

It may add a little to the reader's interest, as it did to mine, to learn from Mr. Ticknor, that Calderon wrote a '*Tratado defendiendo la nobleza de la Pintura.*'



KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALEXANDER	.	.	.	<i>Prince of Parma.</i>
NISIDA	.	.	.	<i>his Sister.</i>
DON CESAR	.	.	.	<i>his Secretary.</i>
DON ARIAS	}	.	.	<i>Gentlemen of the Court.</i>
DON FELIX				
DONNA ANNA	.	.	.	<i>Sister to Don Felix.</i>
ELVIRA	.	.	.	<i>her Maid.</i>
LAZARO	.	.	.	<i>Don Cesar's Servant.</i>

# KEEP YOUR OWN SECRET

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the PRINCE ALEXANDER, and DON ARIAS.*

*Prince.* I saw her from her carriage, Arias,  
As from her East, alight, another sun  
New ris'n, or doubling him whose envious ray  
Seem'd as I watch'd her down the corridor,  
To swoon about her as she moved along ;  
Until, descending tow'rd my sister's room,  
She set, and left me hesitating like  
Some traveller who with the setting sun  
Doth fear to lose his way ; her image still,  
Lost from without, dazzling my inner eye—  
Can this be love, Don Arias ? if not,  
What is it ? something much akin to love.

*Ar.* But had you not, my lord, often before  
Seen Donna Anna ?

*Prince.* Often.

*Ar.* Yet till now  
Never thus smitten ! how comes that, my lord ?

*Prince.* Well askt—though ignorantly. Know you  
not

That not an atom in the universe  
Moves without some particular impulse  
Of heaven? What yesterday I might abhor,  
To-day I may delight in : what to-day  
Delight in, may as much to-morrow hate.  
All changes ; 'tis the element the world,  
And we who live there, move in. Thus with me ;  
This lady I have often seen before,  
And, as you say, was ne'er a sigh the worse,  
Until to-day ; when, whether she more fair,  
Or I less blind, I know not—only know  
That she has slain me ; though to you alone  
Of all my friends I would my passion own.

*Ar.* Much thanks ; yet I must wonder, good my lord,

First, that in all your commerce with Don Cupid  
You never, I think, dealt seriously till now.

*Prince.* Perhaps : but if Don Cupid, Arias,  
Never yet tempted me with such an offer?  
Besides, men alter ; princes who are born  
To greater things than love, nevertheless  
May at his feet their sovereignty lay down  
Once in their lives ; as said the ancient sage—  
' He were a fool who had not done so once,  
Though he who does so twice is twice a fool.'

*Ar.* So much for that. My second wonder is,  
That you commit this secret to *my* keeping ;  
An honour that, surpassing my desert,  
Yea, and ambition, frights me. Good my lord,  
Your secretary, Don Cesar,—  
To whom you almost trust the government  
Of your dominions,—whom you wholly love,  
I also love, and would not steal from him  
A confidence that is by right his own ;  
Call him, my lord : into his trusty heart

Pour out your own ; let not my loyalty  
To you endanger what I owe to him ;  
For if you lay't on me—

*Prince.* Don Arias,  
I love Don Cesar with as whole a heart  
As ever. He and I from infancy  
Have grown together ; as one single soul  
Our joys and sorrows shared ; till finding him  
So wise and true, as to another self  
Myself, and my dominion to boot,  
I did intrust : you are his friend, and surely  
In honouring you I honour him as well.  
Besides, Arias, I know not how it is,  
For some while past a change has come on him ;  
I know not what the cause : he is grown sad,  
Neglects his business—if I call to him,  
He hears me not, or answers from the purpose,  
Or in mid answer stops. And, by the way,  
We being on this subject, I would fain,  
Being so much his friend, for both our sakes,  
You would find out what ails and occupies him ;  
Tell him from me to use my power as ever,  
Absolute still : that, loving him so well,  
I'd know what makes him so unlike himself ;  
That, knowing what it is, I may at least,  
If not relieve his sorrow, share with him.

*Ar.* Oh, not unjustly do you bear the name  
Of Alexander, greater than the great  
In true deserts !

*Enter LAZARO (with a letter).*

*Laz.* Not here ? my usual luck ; had I bad news  
to tell my master, such as would earn me a broken  
head, I should find him fast enough ; but now when



I have such a letter for him as must bring me a handsome largess, oh, to be sure he's no where to be found. But I'll find him if I go to—

*Prince.* How now? Who's there?

*Laz.* The Prince!—Mum! (*hides the letter and turns to go*).

*Prince.* Who is it, I say?

*Ar.* A servant, my lord, of Don Cesar's, looking for his master, I suppose.

*Prince.* Call him back; perhaps he can tell us something of his master's melancholy.

*Ar.* True, my lord. Lazaro!

*Laz.* Eh?

*Ar.* His Highness would speak with you.

*Prince.* Come hither, sir.

*Laz.* Oh, my lord, I do well enough here: if I were once to kiss your Highness' feet, I could not endure common shoe-leather for a month to come.

*Ar.* His humour must excuse him.

*Prince.* You are Don Cesar's servant, are you?

*Laz.* Yes, one of your trinity; so please you.

*Prince.* Of my trinity, how so?

*Laz.* As thus; your Highness is one with Don Cesar; I am one with him; ergo—

*Prince.* Well, you are a droll knave. But stop, stop: whither away so fast?

*Laz.* Oh, my lord, I am sure you will have none of so poor an article as myself, who am already the property of another too.

*Prince.* Nay, I like your humour, so it be in season. But there is a time for all things. I want you now to answer me seriously and not in jest: and tell me the secret of your master's melancholy, which I feel as my own. But perhaps he is foolish who looks for truth in the well of a jester's mouth.

*Laz.* But not so foolish as he who should throw it there. And therefore since my master is no fool, it is unlikely he should have committed his mystery to me. However, in my capacity of *Criado*, whose first commandment it is, 'Thou shalt reveal thy master's weakness as thy own,' I will tell you what I have gathered from stray sighs and interjections of his on the subject. There has lately come over from Spain a certain game of great fashion and credit called Ombre. This game Don Cesar learned; and, playing at it one day, and happening to hold Basto, Malilla, Spadille, and Ace of Trumps in his hand, stood for the game; and lost. On which he calls out 'foul play,' leaves the party, and goes home. Well, at night, I being fast asleep in my room, comes he to me in his shirt, wakes me up, and, dealing cards as it were with his hands, says, 'If I let this trick go, I am embeasted for that, and besides put the lead into the enemy's hand; therefore I trump with one of my matadores, and then I have four hearts, of which the ten-ace *must* make, or else let them give me back my nine cards as I had them before discarding.' And this I take it is the cause of his dejection.<sup>1</sup>

*Prince.* The folly of asking you has been properly chastised by the folly of your answer. You are right; Don Cesar would never have intrusted with a grave secret one only fit for idle jest.

<sup>1</sup> I will not answer for the accuracy of my version of this dilemma at Ombre: neither perhaps could Lazaro for his: which, together with the indifference (I presume) of all present readers on the subject, has made me indifferent about it. Cesar, I see, starts with almost the same fine hand Belinda had, who also was

*'Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille,'*

as he was, but, unlike him, saved by that unseen king of hearts that

*'Lurk'd in her hand and mourn'd his captive queen.'*

*Laz.* Ah, they are always importing some nonsense or other from Spain. God keep your Highness ; I will take warning not to intrude my folly upon you any more (until you try again to worm some truth out of me). [*Aside and exit.*]

*Prince.* A droll fellow ! Were one in the humour, he might amuse.

*Ar.* Oh, you will always find him in the same, whenever you are in the mood. He cannot be sad.

*Prince.* He cannot be very wise then.

*Ar.* He is as God made him. Did you never hear any of his stories ?

*Prince.* I think not.

*Ar.* He will hardly tell you one of himself that yet might amuse you. He was one day playing at dice with me ; lost all his money ; and at last pawned his very sword, which I would not return him, wishing to see how he got on without. What does he but finds him up an old hilt, and clapping on a piece of lath to that, sticks it in the scabbard. And so wears it now.

*Prince.* We will have some amusement of him by and by.

Alas ! in vain I hope with idle jest  
To cool the flame that rages in my breast.  
Go to Don Cesar : get him to reveal  
The sorrows that he feeling I too feel.  
I'll to my sister ; since, whether away,  
Or present, Donna Anna needs must slay,  
I will not starve with absence, but e'en die  
Burn'd in the sovereign splendour of her eye.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in DON CESAR'S House.*

*Enter CESAR and LAZARO meeting.*

*Laz.* A letter, sir, Elvira just gave me.

*Ces.* A letter! Give it me. How long have you had it?

*Laz.* I looked for you first at the Prince's.

*Ces.* Where I was not?

*Laz.* You know it! I am always looking for what cannot be found in time. But if you like the letter I shall claim my largess for all that.

*Ces.* Ah! what does she say?

*Laz.* The folly, now, of a man with his watch in his hand asking other people for the time of day!

*Ces.* My heart fails me. Even if your news be good it comes late. [*He reads the letter.*]

*Laz.* So let my reward then—only let it come at last.

*Ces.* O Lazaro, half drunk with my success,  
I lose my wits when most I've need of them.  
She writes to me, my lady writes to me  
So sweetly, yea, so lovingly;  
Methinks I want to tear my bosom open,  
And lay this darling letter on my heart.  
Where shall I shrine it?

*Laz.* Oh, if that be all,  
Keep it to patch your shoe with; I did so once  
When some such loving lady writ to me,  
And it did excellently; keeping tight  
Her reputation, and my shoe together.

*Ces.* O Lazaro! good Lazaro! take for this  
The dress I wore at Florence.

*Laz.* Bless you, sir.

*Ces.* My letter ! oh my lady !

*Laz.*

I bethink me

Upon remembrance, sir, as I may say,  
The pockets of that dress were very large  
And empty.

*Ces.* They shall be well lined. Don Arias !

*Enter DON ARIAS.*

*Ar.* Ay, Cesar, Arias coming to complain  
On his own score, and that of one far greater.

*Ces.* A solemn preamble. But for the charge,  
And him who heads it.

*Ar.* The Prince, our common Lord,  
Who much perplexed and troubled too, Don Cesar,  
About the melancholy that of late  
(No need say more of that which best you know)  
Has clouded over you, has askt of me  
Whom he will have to be your bosom friend,  
The cause of it.—Alas, 'tis very plain  
I am not what he thinks.—Well, I am come,  
Say not as friend, but simple messenger,  
To ask it of yourself.

*Ces.* You do yourself  
And me wrong, Arias ; perchance the Prince—  
But yet say on.

*Ar.* His Highness bids me say  
That if your sadness rise from any sense  
Of straiten'd power, whatever residue  
Of princely rule he hitherto reserved,  
He gives into your hands ; as sov'reign lord  
To govern his dominions as your own.  
Thus far his Highness. For myself, Don Cesar,  
Having no other realm to lord you of  
Than a true heart, I'd have you think betimes,

That, deep as you are rooted in his love,  
Nay, may be all the more for that, he feels  
Your distaste to his service, and himself :  
I'd have you think that all a subject's merits,  
However highly heap'd, however long,  
Still are but heaps of sand, that some new tide  
Of royal favour may wash clean away,  
One little error cancelling perhaps  
The whole account of life-long services.  
Be warn'd by me ; clear up your heavy brow,  
And meet his kind looks with a look as kind,  
Whatever cloud be on the heart within :  
If not your friend, Don Cesar, as your servant  
Let me implore you.

*Ces.* Oh, Don Arias,  
I kiss his Highness' feet, and your kind hands  
That bring his favours to me : and to each  
Will answer separately. First, to him ;—  
Tell him I daily pray that Heav'n so keep  
His life, that Time, on which his years are strung,  
Forget the running count ; and, secondly,  
Assure him, Arias, the melancholy  
He speaks of not a jot abates my love  
Of him, nor my alacrity in his service ;  
Nay, that 'tis nothing but a little cloud  
In which my books have wrapt me so of late  
That, duty done, I scarce had time or spirit  
Left to enjoy his gracious company :  
Perhaps too, lest he surfeit of my love,  
I might desire by timely abstinence  
To whet his liking to a newer edge.  
Thus much for him. For you, Don Arias,  
Whose equal friendship claims to be repaid  
In other coin, I will reveal to you  
A secret scarcely to myself confest,

Which yet scarce needs your thanks, come at a  
moment

When my brimm'd heart had overflow'd in words,  
Whether I would or no. Oh, Arias,  
Wonder not then to see me in a moment  
Flying from melancholy to mere joy,  
Between whose poles he ever oscillates,  
Whose heart is set in the same sphere with mine :  
Which saying, all is said. I love, my friend ;  
How deeply, let this very reticence,  
That dare not tell what most I feel, declare.  
Yes, I have fixt my eyes upon a star ;  
Toward which to spread my wings ev'n against hope,  
Argues a kind of honour. I aspired,  
And (let not such a boast offend the ears,  
That of themselves have open'd to my story,)  
Not hopelessly : the heav'n to which I pray'd  
Answer'd in only listening to my vows ;  
Such daring not defeated not disdain'd.  
Two years I worshipp'd at a shrine of beauty,  
That modesty's cold hand kept stainless still ;  
Till wearied, if not moved by endless prayers,  
She grants them ; yea, on this most blessed day,  
With this thrice blessed letter. You must see it,  
That your felicitations by rebound  
Double my own ; the first victorious trophy  
That proud ambition has so humbly won.  
Oh Arias, 'tis much I have to tell,  
And tell you too at once ; being none of those  
Who overmuch entreaty make the price  
Of their unbosoming ; who would, if they knew  
In what the honour of their lady lies,  
Name her at once, or seal their lips for ever.  
But you are trusty and discreet : to you  
I may commit my heart ; beseeching you

To keep this love-song to yourself alone,  
Assigning to the Prince, remember this,  
My books sole cause of my abstraction.

Donna Anna de Castelvi—

(I can go on more freely now the name  
Of her I worship bars my lips no more,)  
Is she who so divides me from myself,  
That what I say I scarcely know, although  
I say but what I feel ; the melancholy  
You ask about, no gloomy sequestration  
Out of the common world into a darker,  
But into one a thousand times more bright ;  
And let no man believe he truly loves,  
Who lives, or moves, or thinks, or hath his being  
In any other atmosphere than Love's,  
Who is our absolute master ; to recount  
The endless bead-roll of whose smiles and tears  
I'd have each sleepless night a century,  
Much have I said—have much more yet to say !  
But read her letter, Arias, the first seal  
Of my success, the final one, I think,  
Of my sure trust in you ; come, share with me  
My joy, my glory, my anxiety ;  
And above all things, once more, Arias,  
Down to your secret'st heart this secret slip ;  
For every secret hangs in greater fear  
Between the speaker's mouth and hearer's ear  
Than any peril between cup and lip.

*Ar.* You have good cause for joy.

*Ces.*

You will say so

When you have read the letter.

*Ar.*

You desire it. (*Reads.*)

'To confess that one is loved is to confess that one  
loves too ; for there is no woman but loves to be  
loved. But alas, there is yet more. If to cover



my love I have pretended disdain, let the shame of now confessing it excuse me. Come to me this evening and I will tell you what I can scarce understand myself. Adieu, my love, adieu !'

Your hands are full indeed of happy business.

*Ces.* Enough : you know what you shall tell the Prince

In my behalf : if he be satisfied

I'll wait on him directly.

*Ar.* Trust to me.

*Ces.* Let my sighs help thee forward, O thou sun, What of thy race in heaven remains to run :

Oh do but think that Dafne in the west

Awaits thee, and anticipate thy rest !

[*Exeunt CESAR and LAZARO.*]

*Ar.* Charged with two secrets,  
One from my Prince, the other from my friend,  
Each binding equally to silence, each  
Equally the other's revelation needing,  
How shall I act, luckless embosomer  
Of others' bosoms ! how decide between  
Loyalty and love with least expense to both !  
The Prince's love is but this morning's flower,  
As yet unsunn'd on by his lady's favour ;  
Cesar's of two years' growth, expanded now  
Into full blossom by her smiles and tears ;  
The Prince too loves him whom his lady loves,  
And were he told, might uncontested leave  
The prize that one he loves already owns ;  
And so both reap the fruit, and make the excuse  
Of broken silence, if it needs must break.  
And yet I grope about, afraid to fall  
Where ill-advised good-will may ruin all.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A Corridor in the Palace.*

*Enter* PRINCE, DON FELIX, DONNA ANNA, *and train.*

*Prince.* I must show you the way.

*Anna.* Your Highness must not do yourself so great indignity.

*Prince.* To the bounds at least of my sister's territory.

*Anna.* Nay, my lord, that were undue courtesy.

*Prince.* What courtesy, madam, can be undue from any man to any lady?

*Anna.* When that lady is your subject, whom your very condescension dazzles to her own discomfiture.

*Prince.* What, as the morning star dazzles the sun whom he precedes as petty harbinger? If I obey you 'tis that I fear my own extinction in your rays. Adieu.

*Anna.* God keep your Highness. *[Exit.*

*Prince.* Don Felix, will you attend your sister?

*Felix.* I only stay to thank your Highness, (both as subject and as servant,) for all the honour that you do us; may Heaven so prolong your life that even oblivion herself—

*Prince.* Nay, truce to compliment: your sister will not of my company, unless under your proxy. So farewell. *[Exit FELIX.]* Is there a greater nuisance than to have such windy nonsense stuff'd into one's ears, when delight is vanished from the eyes!

*Enter* ARIAS.

But, Don Arias! You have seen Cesar?

*Ar.* Yes, my lord; but ere I tell you about him,

would know how far this last interview with Donna Anna has advanced your love.

• *Prince.* Oh Arias, Arias, my love for her  
So blends with my solicitude for him,  
I scarce can hold me clear between the two.  
Yet let me tell you. In my sister's room,  
Whither I went, you know, upon our parting,  
I saw my lady like a sovereign rose  
Among the common flowers ; or, if you will,  
A star among the roses ; or the star  
Of stars, the morning star : yea, say at once  
The sun himself among the host of heaven !  
My eyes and ears were rapt with her ; her lips  
Not fairer than the words that came from them.  
At length she rose to go : like the ev'ning star  
Went with the ev'ning ; which, how short, say love  
Who'd spin each golden moment to a year,  
Which year would then seem than a moment less.

*Ar.* Is then, my lord, this passion so deep fixt ?

*Prince.* Nay, but of one day's growth—

*Ar.* I come in time then.

My lord, in one word, if you love Don Cesar,  
Cease to love Donna Anna.

*Prince.* Arias,

He who begins to hint at any danger  
Is bound to tell it out—nothing, or all.  
Why do you hesitate ?

*Ar.* Because, my lord,  
But hinting this to you, I break the seal  
Of secrecy to him.

*Prince.* But it is broken ;  
And so—

*Ar.* Oh, Cesar, pardon him who fails  
His pledge to you to serve his Prince ! My lord,  
The cloud you long have seen on Cesar's brow,

Is not, as he would have you think it, born  
Of bookish studies only, but a cloud,  
All bright within, though dark to all without,  
Of love for one he has for two long years  
Silently worshipt.

*Prince.* Donna Anna !

*Ar.* Ay.

*Prince.* Cesar loves Donna Anna ! be it so—  
I love him, as you say, and would forgo  
Much for his sake. But tell me, Arias,  
Knows Anna of his passion ?

*Ar.* Yes, my lord,  
And answers it with hers.

*Prince.* Oh wretched fate !  
Desperate ere jealous—jealous ere in love !  
If Cesar but loved her, I could, methinks,  
Have pardon'd, even have advanced his suit  
By yielding up my own. But that *she* loves,  
Blows rivalry into full blaze again.  
And yet I will not be so poor a thing  
To whine for what is now beyond my reach,  
Nor must the princely blood of Parma  
Run jealous of a subject's happiness.  
'They love each other then ?

*Ar.* I even now  
Have seen a letter—

*Prince.* Well ?

*Ar.* That Donna Anna  
Has written him, and in such honey'd words—

*Prince.* Why, is it not enough to know she loves  
him ?

You told me so : my mind made up to that,  
Why should a foolish letter fright it back ?  
And yet—yet, what last spark of mortal love  
But must flame up before it dies for ever

To learn but what that foolish letter said !  
Know you ?

*Ar.* I saw it.

*Prince.* You saw it ! and what said it ?

*Ar.* After a chaste confession of her love,  
Bidding him be to-night under her lattice.

*Prince.* Under her lattice, while his Prince is left  
Abroad ; they two to whisper love together,  
While he gnaws hopeless jealousy alone.  
But why, forsooth, am I to be the victim ?  
If I can quench my love for Cesar's sake,  
Why not he his for me ? Tell me, Don Arias,  
Does Cesar know my passion ?

*Ar.* How should he,  
You having told the secret but to me ?

*Prince.* By the same means that I know his.

*Ar.* My lord,  
My loyalty might be spared that taunt.

*Prince.* Ah, Arias, pardon me, I am put out,  
But not with you, into whose faithful charge  
I vest my love and honour confidently.  
Enough, in what I am about to do  
I mean no malice or ill play to Cesar :  
'Tis but an idle curiosity :

And surely 'tis but fair, that if his Prince  
Leave him the lists to triumph in at leisure,  
I may at least look on the game he wins.  
You shall keep close to him, and tell me all  
That passes between him and her I love.

*Ar.* But having taunted me with my first step  
In your behalf, my lord—

*Prince.* Nay, sir, my will  
At once absolves and authorizes you,  
For what is told and what remains to tell.

*Ar.* But, sir—

*Prince.* No more—

*Ar.* I must obey your bidding,  
But yet—

*Prince.* I may divert my jealousy,  
If not avenge it.

*Ar.* Ah ! what straits do those  
Who cannot keep their counsel fall into !

*Prince.* All say so, and all blab, like me and you !  
Look where he comes ; let us retire awhile.

[*PRINCE and ARIAS retire.*]

*Enter CESAR and LAZARO.*

*Ces.* O Phœbus, swift across the skies  
Thy blazing carriage post away ;  
Oh, drag with thee benighted day,  
And let the dawning night arise !  
Another sun shall mount the throne  
When thou art sunk beneath the sea ;  
From whose effulgence, as thine own,  
The affrighted host of stars shall flee.

*Laz.* A pretty deal about your cares  
Does that same Phœbus care or know ;  
He has to mind his own affairs,  
Whether you shake your head or no.  
You talk of hastening on the day ?  
Why heaven's coachman is the Sun,  
Who can't be put out of his way  
For you, sir, or for any one.

*Ces.* The Prince ! and something in my bosom  
tells me

All is not well. My lord, though my repentance  
Does not, I trust, lag far behind my fault,  
I scarce had dared to approach your Highness' feet,

Had not my friend, Don Arias, been before  
As harbinger of my apology.

*Prince.* Cesar, indeed Don Arias has told me  
The story of your sadness : and so well,  
I feel it, and excuse it, as my own ;  
From like experience. I do not resent,  
But would divert you from it. Books, my friend,  
Truly are so seductive company,  
We are apt to sit too long and late with them,  
And drowse our minds in their society ;  
This must not be ; the cause of the disease  
Once known, the cure is easy ; if 'tis books  
Have hurt you, lay them by awhile, and try  
Other society—less learn'd perhaps,  
But cheerfuller—exchange the pent-up air  
Of a close study for the breathing world.  
Come, we'll begin to-night ;  
Visit in disguise (as I have wish'd to do)  
The city, its taverns, theatres, and streets,  
Where music, masque, and dancing may divert  
Your melancholy : what say you to this ?

*Ces.* Oh, my kind lord, whose single word of pardon  
Has turn'd all leaden grief to golden joy,  
Made me another man, or, if you will,  
The better self I was—

*Prince.* Why this is well ;  
To-night together then—

*Ces.* Yet pardon me.

*Prince.* How now ?

*Ces.* It almost would revive my pain  
That you should spend yourself upon a cure  
Your mere forgiveness has already wrought.  
Let this day's happiness suffice the day,  
And its night also : 'twill be doubly sweet,  
Unbought by your annoyance.

*Prince.* Nay, my Cesar,  
Fear not for that : after so long estrangement,  
My pain would be the losing sight of you -  
On this first night of your recovery.  
Lazaro !

*Laz.* My lord ?

*Prince.* You too shall go with us.

*Laz.* And not a trustier shall your Highness find  
To guard your steps.

*Prince.* What ! you are valiant ?

*Laz.* As ever girded sword.

*Prince.* Your weapon good too ?

*Laz.* He touches on the quick (*aside*). Yes, good  
enough,

My lord, for all my poor occasions.

Although when waiting on your Grace, indeed,  
A sword like yours were better.

*Prince.* You depreciate  
Your own to enhance its value. Sharp is't ?

*Laz.* Ay,  
Not a steel buckler but at the first blow  
'Twould splinter it in two. The sword I mean. (*Aside.*)

*Prince.* Well temper'd ?

*Laz.* As you bid it.

*Prince.* And the device  
Inscribed upon it ?

*Laz.* 'Thou shalt do no murder'—  
Having no love for homicide, *per se*,  
Save on occasion.

*Prince.* Your description  
Makes me desire to see that sword.

*Laz.* My lord !

*Prince.* Indeed it does. Show it me.

*Laz.* Oh, my lord,  
I have a vow.



*Ces. (aside).* Oh weariness !

*Prince.* A vow ?

*Laz.* Ay, register'd in heaven !

Never to draw this weapon from her sheath  
Except on mortal quarrel. If in such  
Your Highness' service challenge her, why, then  
She shall declare herself.

*Ces.* I'm desperate !

But yet one effort more. My lord, you see  
(You cannot fail) how your mere word of grace  
Has of itself brighten'd me up again ;  
I do beseech you—

*Prince.* Pardon me, my Cesar,  
Rather I see the cloud that 'gins to break  
Is not entirely gone ; nay, will return  
If you be left alone—which must not be :  
If not for your sake, Cesar, yet for mine,  
Who feel for your disquiet as my own ;  
And since our hearts are knit so close together,  
Yours cannot suffer but mine straightway feels  
A common pain ; seek we a common cure.  
To-night I shall expect you. Until then,  
Farewell.

[*Exit.*

*Ces.* Fortune ! to see a fair occasion  
So patiently pursued, so fairly won,  
Lost at the very moment of success !  
O Lazaro—what will my lady say ?

*Laz.* That I can't guess.

*Ces.* What will she do ?

*Laz.* Oh that

Is answer'd far more easily. She'll stand  
All night beside the window to no purpose.

*Ces.* Why she must say my love was all pretence,  
And her offended dignity vindicate,  
Rejecting me for ever ! Misery !

*Laz.* Dear me, sir, what is now become of all  
About, 'Thou dawning night, benighted day.'  
'Thou coachman sun!' etceteretera?

*Ces.* Wilt thou be ever fool?

*Laz.* If thou be not,  
Listen—fool's bolts, they say, are quickly shot—  
Who secrets have and cannot hold 'em,  
Shall surely rue the day they told 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Public Square in Parma. Night.*

*Enter* PRINCE, CESAR, FELIX, ARIAS, *and* LAZARO,  
*disguised.*

*Ar.* A lovely night!

*Prince.* As Night we choose to call,  
When Day's whole sun is but distributed  
Into ten thousand stars.

*Fel.* Beside the moon,  
Who lightly muffled like ourselves reveals  
Her trembling silver.

*Laz.* What! by way, you mean,  
Of making up the account?

*Ces. (aside).* To think, alas!  
The first sweet vintage of my love thus lost,  
And, as my lady must too surely think,  
By my forgetfulness. (*Aloud.*) My lord, indeed  
The night wears on. May not the chiller air  
That blows from the returning tide of day  
Affect you?

*Prince.* Nay, my state forbidding me  
Much to be seen about the streets by day,  
The night must serve my purpose.

*Ces. (aside).* Patience then !  
And I must try and draw my thoughts from her  
I cannot reach. (*Aloud.*) How does the lady Flora  
Please you, my lord ?

*Prince.* The lady Flora ? Oh,  
What she of Milan ? Too far off, I think,  
For one's regards to reach.

*Laz.* Ah true, my lord ;  
What is the use of a mistress in the moon,  
Unless one were the man there ?

*Ar.* Signora Laura  
Has a fair figure.

*Laz.* Yes, and asks a high one.

*Felix.* A handsome hand.

*Laz.* At scolding, yes.

*Ar.* I think  
She lives close by.

*Laz.* But don't you bid for her  
Without fair trial first, my lord. Your women  
Are like new plays, which self-complacent authors  
Offer at some eight hundred royals each,  
But which, when once they're tried, you purchase  
dear  
Eight hundred for a royal.

*Ces. (aside).* Now, methinks,  
Ev'n now my lady at the lattice stands  
Looking for me in vain, and murmuring  
'Why comes he not ? I doubted I was late,  
But he comes not at all !' And then—Ah me,  
I have forgotten to forget !—  
(*Aloud*) Celia sings well, my lord ?

*Laz.* A pretty woman  
Can no more sing amiss than a good horse  
Be a bad colour.

*Ces.* The old Roman law

To all the ugly women used to assign  
The fortunes of the handsome, thinking those  
Sufficiently endow'd with their good looks.

*Laz.* Ah ! and there Laura lives, the lass who said  
She'd sell her house and buy a coach withal ;  
And when they ask'd her, where she'd live, quoth  
she,

'Why *in* my coach !' 'But when night comes,' say  
they,  
'Where then ?'—'Why in the coach-house to be  
sure !'<sup>1</sup>

*Ces.* Indeed, indeed, my lord, the night wears on,  
And sure your sister lies awake foreboding  
Some danger to your person.  
Consider her anxiety !

*Prince (aside).* Nay, *yours*  
Lies nearer to my heart.

*Ces.* My lord ?

*Prince.* I said

No matter for my sister, that was all ;  
She knows not I'm abroad.

*Ces.* My hope is gone !

*Laz.* There, yonder in that little house, there lives  
A girl with whom it were impossible  
To deal straightforwardly.

*Prince.* But why ?

*Laz.* She's crooked.

*Ar.* And there a pretty girl enough, but guarded  
By an old dragon aunt.

*Laz.* O Lord, defend me  
From all old women !

<sup>1</sup> The ambition for a coach, so frequently laughed at by Calderon, is said to be in full force now ; not for the novelty of the invention, then, nor perhaps the dignity, so much as for the real comfort of easy and sheltered carriage in such a climate.

*Prince.* How so, Lazaro?

*Laz.* Oh, ever since the day I had to rue  
The conjurer's old woman.

*Prince.* Who was she?

*Laz.* Why, my lord, once upon a time  
I fell in love with one who would not have me  
Either for love or money : so at last  
I go to a certain witch—tell him my story :  
Whereon he bids me do this ; cut a lock  
From my love's head and bring it to him. Well,  
I watch'd my opportunity, and one day,  
When she was fast asleep, adroitly lopp'd  
A lovely forelock from what seem'd her hair,  
But was an hair-loom rather from her wig  
Descended from a head that once was young  
As I thought her. For, giving it the witch,  
To work his charm with, in the dead of night,  
When I was waiting for my love to come,  
Into my bed-room the dead woman stalk'd  
To whom the lock of hair had once belong'd,  
And claim'd me for her own. O Lord, how soon  
'Sweetheart' and 'Deary' chang'd to 'Apage !'  
And flesh and blood to ice.

*Ces. (aside).*\* Alas ! what boots it trying to forget  
That which the very effort makes remember ?  
Ev'n now, ev'n now, methinks once more I see her  
Turn to the window, not expecting me,  
But to abjure all expectation,  
And, as she moves away, saying, (methinks  
I hear her,) 'Cesar, come when come you may,  
You shall not find me here.' 'Nay, but my love,  
Anna ! my lady ! hear me !' Oh confusion,  
Did they observe ?

*Prince (aside to Arias).* How ill, Don Arias,  
Poor Cesar hides his heart—

*Ar.* Ev'n now he tries  
The mask again.

*Prince.* Indeed I pity him,  
Losing one golden opportunity ;  
But may not I be pitied too, who never  
Shall have so much as one to lose ?

*Ar.* Speak low ;  
You know her brother's by.

*Prince.* No matter ; true  
Nobility is slowest to suspect.

*Musician (sings within).*

Ah happy bird, who can fly with the wind,  
Leaving all anguish of absence behind ;  
Like thee could I fly,  
Leaving others to sigh,  
The lover I sigh for how soon would I find !<sup>1</sup>

*Ces.* Not an ill voice !

*Fel.* Nay, very good.

*Prince.* How sweetly  
Sweet words, sweet air, sweet voice, atone together !  
Arias, might we not on this sweet singer  
Try Lazaro's metal and mettle ? you shall see.  
Lazaro !

*Laz.* My lord !

*Prince.* I never go abroad  
But this musician dogs me.

*Laz.* Shall I tell him  
Upon your Highness's request, politely,  
To move away ?

*Prince.* I doubt me, Lazaro,  
He will not go for that, he's obstinate.

*Laz.* How then, my lord ?

*Prince.* Go up and strike him with your sword.

<sup>1</sup> This little song is from the *Desdicha de la Vos*.

*Laz.* But were it brave in me, back'd as I am,  
To draw my sword on one poor piping bird?  
If I must do it, let me challenge him  
Alone to-morrow.  
But let me warn him first.

*Prince.* Do as I bid you,  
Or I shall call you coward.

*Ces.* Lazaro,  
Obey his Highness.

*Laz.* O good providence,  
Temper the wind to a shorn lamb!

*Musician (within).*

Ah happy bird, whom the wind and the rain,  
And snare of the fowler, beset but in vain;

Oh, had I thy wing,  
Leaving others to sing,

How soon would I be with my lover again!

*Laz. (aloud within).* Pray God, poor man, if thou  
be innocent  
Of any ill intention in thy chirping,  
The blade I draw upon thee turn to wood!  
A miracle! A miracle! (*Rushing in.*)

*Prince.* How now?

*Laz.* The sword I lifted on an innocent man,  
Has turn'd to wood at his assailant's prayer!  
'Take it, my lord, lay't in your armoury  
Among the chiefest relics of our time.  
I freely give it you, upon condition  
You give me any plain but solid weapon  
To wear instead.

*Prince.* You are well out of it.  
It shall be so.

*Ces.* My lord, indeed the dawn  
Is almost breaking.

*Prince.* Let it find us here.  
But, my dear Cesar, tell me, are you the better  
For this diversion?

*Ces.* Oh, far cheerfuller.  
Though with some little effort.

*Prince.* And I too.  
So love is like all other evils known;  
With others' sorrow we beguile our own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Garden of DONNA ANNA'S House.*

DONNA ANNA and ELVIRA at a window. Dawn.

*Elv.* Yet once more to the window?

*Anna.* Oh Elvira,  
For the last time! now undeceived to know  
How much deceived I was!  
Alas, until I find myself despised,  
Methought I was desired, till hated, loved;  
Was't not enough to know himself beloved,  
Without insulting her who told him so?  
Was't not enough—  
Oh wonder not, Elvira, at my passion;  
Of all these men's enchantments, none more potent  
Than what might seem unlikeliest—their disdain.

*Elv.* Indeed you have good cause for anger,  
madam:  
But yet one trial more.

*Anna.* And to what end?  
I'll not play Tantalus again for him.  
Oh shameful insult! had I dream'd of it,  
Would I have written him so tenderly?  
Told my whole heart?—But, once in love, what  
woman  
Can trust herself, alâs, with pen and ink?



*Elv.* Were he to come now after all, how then?  
Would you reproach, or turn your back on him,  
Or—

*Anna.* Nay, I know not. Is't not possible,  
He is detain'd, Elvira, by the Prince  
Upon state business?

*Elv.* You excuse him then!

*Anna.* Oh, any thing to soothe me!

*Elv.* Who excuses  
Will quickly pardon.

*Anna.* Ay, if he came now,  
Now, as you say, Elvira,  
And make excuses which I knew were false,  
I *would* believe them still. Would he were come  
Only to try. Could I be so deceived!

*Enter CESAR and LAZARO, below.*

*Laz.* See you not day has dawn'd, sir?

*Ces.* Mine, I doubt,  
Is set for ever. Yet, in sheer despair,  
I come to gaze upon the empty east!  
But look!

*Laz.* Well, sir?

*Ces.* See you not through the twilight?

*Laz.* Yea, sir; a woman: and when I say a woman,  
I mean two women.

*Ces.* Oh see if it be she.

*Laz.* 'Twould make Elvira jealous, sir.

*Ces.* Oh lady,  
Is it you?

*Anna.* Yes I, Don Cesar: who all night  
Have waited on your pleasure, unsuspecting  
What now too well I know.  
My foolish passion, sir, is well revenged

By shamed repentance. Oh, you came at last,  
Thinking belike, sir, with the morning star  
Retrieve the waste of night ; oh, you loved me, sir,  
Or seem'd to do, till having won from me  
Confession of a love I feel no more,  
You turn it to disdain. Oh think not, sir,  
That by one little deed in love, like law,  
You gain the full possession of my heart  
For ever ; and for this idle interview,  
Do you so profit by it as to learn  
Courtesy to a lady ; which when learn'd  
Come and repeat to me. [*Retires from window.*]

*Ces.*

And having now

Arraign'd me of the crime, why do you leave me  
To plead my exculpation to the winds ?

O Donna Anna, I call Heav'n to witness

'Twas not my negligence, but my ill star

That envied me such ill-deserved delight.

If it be otherwise,

Or even you *suspect* it otherwise,

Spurn me, not only now, but ever, from you.

Since better were it with a conscience clear

Rejected, than suspiciously received.

The Prince has kept me all the night with him

About the city streets : your brother, who

Was with us, can bear witness. Yet if still

You think me guilty, but come back to say so,

And let me plead once more, and you once more

Condemn, and yet once more, and all in vain,

If you will only but come back again !

*Anna (returning to the window).* And this is true ?

*Ces.* So help me Heav'n, it is !

Why, could you, Anna, in your heart believe

I could forget you ?

*Anna.*

And, Don Cesar, you

That, were it so, I could forget my love?  
But see, the sun above the mountain-tops  
Begins to peep, and morn to welcome him  
With all her smiles and tears. We must begone.  
I shall another quick occasion find,  
When I shall call, and you—not lag behind?

*Ces.* Oh once more taken to your heart again,  
My shame turns glory, and delight my pain.  
Yet tell me—

*Anna.* Well?

*Ces.* Of your suspicions *one*  
Lingers within you?

*Anna.* Ay, a legion,  
That at your presence to their mistress' pride  
Turn traitors, and all fight on Cesar's side!

*Ces.* Farewell then, my divine implacable!

*Anna.* Victim and idol of my eyes, farewell!

*[Exeunt severally.]*

*Laz.* Well, and what has *my* mistress to say to me? Does she also play the scornful lady?

*Elv.* I? why?

*Laz.* Because my mistress' mistress does so to my master whose love I follow in shadow.

*Elv.* Oh, I did not understand.

*Laz.* When he's happy then I'm jolly;  
When he's sad I'm melancholy;  
When he's love-infected, I

With the self-same fever fretted,  
Either am bound like him to fry,

Or if he chooses to forget it,

I must even take his cue,

And, Elvira, forget you.

Do you enact your lady. Now,

Begin. Be angry first—

*Elv.*

But how?

*Laz.* Hide up, no matter how or why,  
Behind the window-blind, while I  
Underneath it caterwaul ;—

*Elv.* What are the odds I don't reply ?

*Laz.* Just the odds that I don't call.      [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*The PRINCE and DON FELIX, discovered at the back of the stage.*

*Fel.* Why is your Highness sad ?

*Prince.* Not sad, Don Felix :

Oh would it were some certain shape of sorrow  
That I might grapple with, not a vague host  
Of undefined emotions ! Oh how oft  
The patching up of but a single seam  
Opens a hundred others ! Lucky he,  
Who can to disenchantment bare his eyes  
Once and for all, and in oblivion  
Shut up vain hope for ever !

*Enter CESAR, ARIAS, and LAZARO, in front.*

*Ces.* (*to ARIAS as they enter*). And so at last was satisfied.

*Ar.* His Highness and Don Felix.

*Ces.* I am sure that he who profits not by opportunity scarce covets it enough. Taking advantage of the cleared heaven, I have here written my lady, asking her when she will give me the meeting she promised ; Lazaro, take the letter : Don Felix here, you can easily deliver it. •

*Laz.* I'll feign an errand, and so get into the house.      [*Exit.*

*Fel.* (to PRINCE). Cesar and Arias, my lord.

*Prince.* I know their business. Oh what a tempest does every breeze from that quarter raise in my bosom! Well, gentlemen?

*Ar.* Cesar, my lord, was telling me—

*Prince.* About his melancholy studies still? Pray tell me.

*Ces.* Nay, my lord, all melancholy flies from the sunshine of your presence.

*Prince.* What then?

*Ces.* I still distrust myself; Don Arias must, my lord, answer for me.

*Prince.* Don Arias, then?

*Ar.* (aside). Fresh confidence should bind me his anew. But comes too late.

*Ces.* (aside to ARIAS). Be careful what you say.

*Ar.* Trust me. (CESAR retires.)

*Prince* (to ARIAS apart). Well now, Don Arias.

*Ar.* At first much enraged against him, at last she yielded to his amorous excuses; and, finding Don Felix here, he has sent her a letter beseeching another meeting.

*Prince.* When?

*Ar.* This moment.

*Prince.* Who can doubt the upshot! I must contrive to thwart them. (Aloud.) But ere I hear your story, Arias, I must tell Don Felix what I was about to do as these gentlemen came in and interrupted me: that his sister was ill—had fainted—from some vexation or fright, as I think.

*Fel.* Anna?

*Prince.* So my sister told me. Had you not better see to her?

*Fel.* With your leave, my lord. [Exit.

*Prince* (aside). And so, as I wished, prevent her

answering, if not getting, the letter. (*Aloud.*) I will ask Nisida how it was. [*Exit.*]

*Ces.* What did you tell the Prince to draw this new trouble on me?

*Ar.* Ay, even so. Blame him who has been even lying in your service. Look you now, the Prince told me he had overheard the names 'Don Felix' and 'Donna Anna' between us as we came in talking; and, tethered to that, I was obliged to drag this fainting fit into the service.

*Ces.* Oh, if Felix find Lazaro at his house!

*Ar.* Fear not, anxiety will carry him home faster than a letter Lazaro.

*Ces.* Alas! that the revival of my joy  
Is the revival of a fresh annoy;  
And that the remedy I long'd to seize  
Must slay me faster than the old disease. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in DON FELIX'S House.*

DONNA ANNA and ELVIRA.

*Elv.* Well, have you finisht writing?

*Anna.* I have written,  
Not finisht writing. That could never be;  
Each sentence, yea, each letter, as I write it,  
Suggesting others still. I had hoped, Elvira,  
To sum my story up in a few words;  
Took pen and paper, both at the wrong end:—  
Tried to begin, my mind so full I knew not  
What to begin with; till, as one has seen  
The fullest vessel hardly run, until  
Some inner air should loose the lingering liquid,  
So my charged heart waited till one long sigh  
Set it a flowing. I wrote, erased, re-wrote,  
Then, pregnant love still doubling thought on thought,

Doubled the page too hastily, and blotted  
All that was writ before ; until my letter,  
Blotted, erased, re-written, and perplexed,  
At least is a fair transcript of my heart.  
Well, the sum is, he is to come, Elvira,  
To-night, when Felix, as I heard him say,  
Goes to our country house on business ;  
And all will be more quiet. But here, read it.  
*Elv.* My lord ! my lord !—the letter !

*Enter FELIX.*

*Anna (hiding the letter).* Heavens !  
*Fel.* Too well

The traitorous colour flying from your cheeks  
Betrays your illness and my cause of sorrow.  
What is the matter ?

*Anna.* Nothing, brother.  
*Fel.* Nothing !

Your changing face and your solicitude  
To assure me there is nothing, but assure me  
How much there is. I have been told in fact,  
And hurried home thus suddenly,  
To hear it all.

*Anna (aside).* Alas ! he knows my secret !  
Felix, indeed, indeed, my love  
Shall not dishonour you.

*Fel.* Your love ?  
I'm more at loss than ever. But perhaps  
You feign this to divert me from the truth.  
What is the matter, truly ?

*Anna.* Be assured  
I never will disgrace you.  
*Fel.* Ah, she rambles,  
Quite unrecover'd yet.

*Anna (apart to ELVIRA).* What shall I do?

*Elv. (apart).* Deny it all, there's many a step  
between

Suspicion and assurance.

*Fel.* You, Elvira,  
(My sister cannot) tell me what has happen'd.

*Elv.* Oh, nothing but a swoon, sir :  
My mistress fainted : that is all : accounts  
For all her paleness and discomfiture.

*Fel.* 'Twas that I heard.

*Elv.* I do assure you, sir,  
We thought her dead—however she dissemble  
Out of her love for you.

*Fel.* 'Twas kind of her :  
But yet not kindness, Anna, to delude me  
Into a selfish ignorance of your pain.  
Enough, you are better now?

*Anna.* Indeed.

*Fel.* That's well.  
But, by the way, what meant you by '*your love*,'  
And '*not dishonouring me*'?

*Anna.* '*My love*,' and '*not  
Dishonouring !*' did I say so? I must mean,  
My senses still half-drown'd, my love for you  
That would not have you pain'd. A true love, Felix,  
Though a mistaken, may be, as you say,  
Yet no dishonour.

*Fel.* Still I have not heard  
What caused this illness.

*Anna (aside).* He presses hard upon me,  
But I'll out-double him. (*Aloud.*) The cause of it?  
Why—sitting in this room,  
I heard a noise in the street there : went to the window,  
And saw a crowd of people, their swords out, fighting  
Before the door ; and (what will foolish fear



Not conjure up?) methought that one of them  
Was you—and suddenly a mortal chill  
Came over me, and—you must ask Elvira  
For all the rest.

*Elv. (aside).* Why ever have the trouble  
Of coining lies when truth will pass as well?

*Enter LAZARO.*

*Laz.* So far so good.

*Fel.* Lazaro?

*Laz. (seeing FELIX).* It's his ghost? for certainly  
I left his body at the palace.

*Anna.* My evil stars bear hard upon me!

*Laz.* I'm done for, unless a good lie—(*Aloud.*)  
Ruffian, rascal, scamp!

*Fel.* How now?

*Laz.* Murderer! villain!

*Fel.* Softly, softly, breathe awhile! what's the  
matter?

*Laz.* Nothing, nothing, yet had I not exploded  
incidentally, or as it were superficially, I had  
altogether burst. Oh the rascal! the slave!

*Fel.* But tell me the matter.

*Laz.* Oh the matter—indeed the matter—you may  
well ask it—indeed you may—Oh the murderer!

*Fel.* Come, come, tell us.

*Laz.* Ay, well, look here, my lords and ladies, lend  
me your ears; I was at cards: yes: for you must  
know, my lord, I sometimes like a bout as my betters  
do: you understand this?

*Fel.* Yes—well?

*Laz.* Well, being at cards, as I say: ay, and play-  
ing pretty high too: for I must confess that sometimes,  
like my betters—you understand?

*Fel.* Go on—go on.

*Laz.* Well, being, as I said, at cards,  
And playing pretty high too—mark me that—  
I get into discussion or dispute,  
(Whichever you will call it) with a man,  
If man he may be call'd who man was none—  
Ye gods ! to prostitute the name of man  
On such as that !—call him a manikin,  
A mandarin, a mandrake,  
Rather than man—I mean in *soul*, mark you ;  
For in his outward man he was a man,  
Ay, and a man of might. Nay, more than man,  
A giant, one may say. Well, as I said,  
This wretch and I got to high words, and then  
(Whither high words so often lead) to blows ;  
Out came our swords. The rascal having seen  
What a desperate fellow at my tool I was,  
Takes him eleven others of his kidney,  
Worse than himself, and all twelve set on me.  
I seeing them come on, ejaculate,  
' From all such rascals, single or in league,  
Good Lord, deliver us,' set upon all twelve  
With that same sword, mark me, our gracious  
Prince  
Gave me but yesternight, and, God be praised,  
Disgraced not in the giving—  
Beat the whole twelve of them back to a porch,  
Where, after bandying a blow with each,  
Each getting something to remember me by,  
Back in a phalanx all came down on me,  
And then dividing, sir, into two parties,  
Twelve upon this side—do you see ? and nine  
On this—and three in front—

*Fel.*

But, Lazaro,

Why, twelve and nine are twenty-one—and three—

Why, your twelve men are grown to twenty-four !  
How's this ?

*Laz.* How's this? why, counting in the shadows—  
You see I count the shadows—twenty-four,  
Shadows and all—you see !<sup>1</sup>

*Fel.* I see.

*Laz.* Well, sir,  
Had not that good sword which our gracious Prince  
Gave me but yesterday broke in my hand,  
I should have had to pay for mass, I promise you,  
For every mother's son of them !

*Fel.* Indeed !  
But, Lazaro, I see your sword's entire :  
How's that ?

*Laz.* The most extraordinary part  
Of all—

*Fel.* Well, tell us.

*Laz.* Why, I had first used  
My dagger upon one : and when my sword  
Snapt, with its stump, sir, daggerwise I fought,  
As thus ; and that with such tremendous fury,  
That, smiting a steel buckler, I struck out  
Such sparks from it, that, by the light of them,  
Snatching up the fallen fragment of my sword,  
I pieced the two together.

*Fel.* But the dagger  
You fought with first, and lost, you say—why, Lazaro,  
'Tis in your girdle.

*Laz.* I account for that  
Easily. Look, sir, I drew it, as I said,  
And struck amain. The man I drew it on,

<sup>1</sup> One cannot fail to be reminded of the multiplication of Falstaff's men in buckram, not the only odd coincidence between the two poets. Lazaro's solution of the difficulty seems to me quite worthy of Falstaff.

Seeing the coming blow, caught hold of it,  
And struck it back on me ; I, yet more skilful,  
With God's good help did so present myself  
That, when he struck at me, my own dagger's point  
Return'd into its sheath, as here you see it.  
Enough, I heard the cry of ' Alguazils !'  
Ran off, and, entering the first open door,  
Now ask for sanctuary at your feet.

*Fel.* I think it is your trepidation  
Makes you talk nonsense.

*Anna.* Surely, my brother, this was the riot that so  
frighted me.

*Fel.* And was I then the man, 'if man it could be  
called who man was none,' that Lazaro fought with ?

*Anna.* I know not, I only know 'twas some one of  
a handsome presence like yours.

*Fel.* (*aside*). Perhaps his master—I much suspect  
it was Cesar that was dicing, and afterward fighting ;  
and his servant, to cover him, invents this foolish  
story—(*Aloud.*) I will look into the street and see  
if it be clear. [*Exit.*

*Elv.* Now say your say.

*Anna* (*giving LAZARO her letter*). And quickly,  
Lazaro ; taking this letter—

*Laz.* (*giving CESAR'S*). And you this premium  
upon it.

*Anna.* Bid him be sure to come to me this evening ;  
I have much to say. And thus much to you, Lazaro ;  
your quarrel came in the nick of time to account for  
a swoon I had occasion to feign.

*Elv.* Quick ! quick ! he's coming back.

*Laz.* Madam, farewell.

*Anna.* And if my plot succeed,  
Feign'd quarrel shall to true love-making lead.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Room in the Palace.*

CESAR and ARIAS *talking: to whom after a time*  
*enter* LAZARO.

*Laz.* Oh, I have had rare work.

*Ces.* The letter! (*takes it from* LAZARO.)

*Ar.* And how did all end?

*Laz.* Well—as I am home at last safe and sound.

*Ces.* Arias, you share my heart; even read my letter with me. (*They read.*)

*Laz.* (*aside*). That my master should trust that babbler who let out about my wooden sword to the Prince! my life upon't, he'll do the same to him; for he who sucks in gossip is the first to leak it.

*Ar.* Sweetly she writes!

*Ces.* How should it be but sweet,  
Where modesty and wit and true love meet?

*Ar.* And expects you this evening!

*Ces.* Till which each minute is an hour, each hour  
A day, a year, a century!

*Laz.* And then  
In sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

*Ar.* The Prince!

*Ces.* I dread his seeing me.

*Ar.* But how?

*Ces.* Lest, as already twice, he thwart me now.

*Enter* PRINCE.

*Prince.* Cesar here, when I am on fire to know the upshot of my plot upon his letter! I must get quit of him.

*Ces.* Good day, my lord.

*Prince.* Well, any news abroad?

*Ar.* Not that I know of, my lord.

*Prince.* Cesar, there are despatches in my closet, have been lying there since yesterday, should they not be seen to at once?

*Ces.* My lord! (*Aside.*) I foresaw it!

*Prince.* Yes! I would have you look to them and report them to me directly.

*Ces.* (*aside*). Ah, this is better! (*Aloud.*) I'll see to them.

(*Aside.*) And then, I trust, day's work with daylight o'er,

Man, nor malicious star, shall cross me more.

[*Exeunt CESAR and LAZARO.*]

*Prince.* And now about the letter?

*Ar.* I only know, my lord, that though Felix got home first, Lazaro got there somehow, somehow gave her the letter, and somehow got an answer.

*Prince.* Hast seen it?

*Ar.* Yes, my lord.

*Prince.* And—

*Ar.* She appoints another meeting this evening.

*Prince.* And I must myself despatch his work, so as to leave him free to-night! Oh Arias, what can I do more?

*Ar.* Cannot your Highness go there yourself, and so at least stop further advancement?

*Prince.* True, true; and yet I know not; it might be too suspicious. I must consider what shall be done;

And what more subtle engine I may try

Against these lovers' ingenuity. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Room in the Palace.*PRINCE *and* DON ARIAS.

*Ar.* How well the night went off! did not the music,  
The lights, the dances, and the ladies' eyes,  
Divert your Grace's sadness?

*Prince.* Rather, Arias,  
Doubled it.

Whithersoever Donna Anna moved,  
My eyes, that ever follow'd hers along,  
Saw them pursue Don Cesar through the crowd  
And only rest on him; I cursed him then,  
And then excused him, as the judge should do  
Whose heart is yearning with the guilt he damns.

*Ar.* Where will this passion end?

*Prince.* I think in death,  
Led by the fatal secret you have told me.

*Ar.* I err'd, my lord; but all shall yet be well.  
But hush! Don Cesar comes.

*Prince.* Make out of him  
How sits the wind of love. Behind this screen  
I'll listen. (*Hides.*)

*Enter CESAR.*

*Ar.* Well, Don Cesar?

*Ces.* Nay, *ill*, Don Cesar!  
Misfortune on misfortune! ev'n good fortune  
Forswears her nature but to scowl on me!

Led by her letter, as the shades of night  
Were drawing in, I went—not now to stand  
Under her lattice with the cold, cold moon  
For company, but in the very room  
My lady warms and lightens with her presence !  
There when we two had just begun to whisper  
The first sweet words of love, upon a sudden  
As by some evil spirit prompted, her brother  
Comes in, and on some frivolous pretext  
Carries her to the palace. I suspect  
He knows my purpose.

*Ar.* Nay—

*Prince (listening).* He little thinks  
His evil spirit is so near him now.

*Ces.* Ay, and dead weary of these sicken'd hopes  
And lost occasions, I have resolved to break  
Through disappointment and impediment,  
And turning secret love to open suit,  
Secure at once her honour, and her brother's,  
And my own everlasting happiness,  
By asking her fair hand, fore all the world ! [*Exit.*

*Ar.* You heard, my lord ?

*Prince (advancing).* And if he ask her hand,  
Felix will grant it as assuredly  
As I would my own sister's ! Oh, Don Arias,  
What now ?

*Ar.* Don Felix comes.

*Prince.* There's yet one way,  
He comes in time—Felix !

*Enter FELIX.*

*Fel.* My lord !

*Prince.* Come hither  
You came in time—were present in my thoughts



Before your coming. Hark you. I have long  
Long'd to requite your many services,  
By more substantial meed than empty breath,  
Too oft, they say, the end of princes' favour.  
Much I design for you ; but in mean time,  
As some foretaste and earnest of my love,  
A kinsman, a near kinsman of my own,  
Has set his heart upon the lady Anna,  
Your sister ; fain would have her hand in marriage :  
And I, with your good liking,  
Have promised it to him.

*Fel.* Oh, my good lord,  
Your favour overpowers me !

*Prince.* Much content  
Both for his sake, so near of my own blood,  
(His letters show how deep his passion is,)  
And yours, if you approve it.

*Fel.* Did I not,  
Your will would be my law.

*Prince.* Why this is well then.  
We'll talk it over at our leisure ; meanwhile,  
For certain reasons, let this contract be  
Between ourselves alone—you taking care  
To pledge your sister's hand no other way.

*Fel.* Oh, trust to me, my lord—Heav'n watch above  
Your Highness !

*Prince (aside).* Oh mad end of foolish love !

[*Exit.*

*Fel.* I'll straight away,  
And tell my sister of the happiness  
Awaits her. And may be shall learn of her  
How my own suit prospers with Nisida,  
The Prince's sister, which his present favour  
Now blows upon so fairly. Cesar !

*Enter CESAR.*

*Ces.* Well found at last. Oh, Felix!

*Fel.* What is't now?

Your heart seems labouring.

*Ces.* Yours must lighten it.

You know, Don Felix, how by blood and birth

I am a gentleman—not less, I trust,

In breeding and attainment; my estate

Sufficient for my birth—nurst by the Prince

In his own palace from my earliest years,

Until, howe'er unworthy of such honour,

Received into his inmost heart and council:

So far at least fitted for state affairs,

As ever given from my earliest youth

Rather to letters than to arms. Enough:

You know all this, and know, or ought to know,

How much I am your friend?

*Fel.* I do believe it.

*Ces.* Yea, Felix, and would fain that friendship  
knit

By one still closer tie—Have you not guess'd,

By many a sign more unmistakeable

Than formal declaration, that I love—

Presumptuously perhaps—but that I love

One of your house. Which saying all is said:

For she is all your house who calls you 'Brother.'

*Fel.* Cesar, Heav'n knows how faithfully my heart

Answers to yours in all; how much I prize

The honour you would do me. Would to God

That I had seen the signs of love you talk of,

Pointing this way; there is, I do assure you,

No man in all the world to whom more gladly

I would ally my sister and myself;

But I did not. I grieve that it is so,

But dare not cancel what is now, too late,  
Irrevocably agreed on with another.

*Ces.* By this 'too late,' I think you only mean  
To tantalize my too late declaration.  
If that be your intent, I am well punisht  
Already ; be content with my contrition.  
You say you love me ; and would well desire  
To see me wed your sister ; seal at once  
My happiness, nor chill the opening day,  
Nor my love's blossom, by a lingering 'Yea.'

*Fel.* Indeed, indeed, my Cesar, not to revenge  
Delay of speech, or insufficient token,  
But with repeated sorrow I repeat,  
My sister's hand is pledged beyond recall,  
And to another ; whom, for certain reasons,  
I dare not name, not even to herself,  
As yet—

*Ces.* If I survive, 'tis that fate knows  
How much more terrible is life than death !  
Don Felix, you have well revenged yourself  
Upon my vain ambition, speech delay'd,  
And signs that you would not articulate ;  
But let my fate be as it will, may hers,  
Hers, yea, and his whose life you link to hers,  
Be so indissolubly prosperous,  
That only death forget to envy them !  
Farewell.

*Fel.* Farewell then : and remember, Cesar,  
Let not this luckless business interrupt  
Our long and loving intimacy.

*Ces.* Nay,  
It shall not, cannot, Felix, come what may.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter PRINCE.*

*Prince.* When in my love's confusion and excess  
I fancy many a fond unlikely chance,  
Desire grows stronger, resolution less,  
I linger more the more I would advance.  
False to my nobler self, I madly seize  
Upon a medicine alien to my ill ;  
And feeding still with that should cure disease,  
At once my peace and reputation kill  
By turns ; as the conflicting passions fire,  
And chase each other madly through my breast,  
I worship and despise, blame and admire,  
Weep and rejoice, and covet and detest.  
Alas ! a bitter bargain he must choose,  
Who love with life, or life with love, must lose !

*Enter LAZARO.*

*Laz.* Where can my master be ? I shall go  
crazy, I think, running from room to room, and house  
to house, after him and his distracted wits.

*Prince.* Lazaro ! Well, what news abroad ?

*Laz.* Ah, my lord, there has been little of that  
under the sun this long while, they say. For instance,  
the slasht doublets just come into fashion, and which  
they call new ; why 'twas I invented them years ago.

*Prince.* You ! how ?

*Laz.* Why, look you ; once on a time when I was  
not so well off as now, and my coat was out at elbows,  
the shirt came through : many saw and admired—  
and so it has grown into a fashion.

*Prince.* Who listens to you but carries away food  
for reflection !

[*Exit.*

*Laz.* Aha! you are somewhat surfeited with that already, I take it.

So while the world her wonted journey keeps,  
Lazarus chuckles while poor Dives weeps.

*Enter CESAR.*

*Ces.* Lazaro, I waited till the Prince was gone.  
Listen to me. Don Felix has betroth'd  
His sister to another, not to me ;  
He will not tell me whom, nor does it matter :  
All ill alike. But out of this despair  
I'll pluck the crown that hope could never reach.  
There is no time to lose ; this very night  
I'll carry her away.

*Laz.* Only beware  
Telling Don Arias what you mean to do.  
Is't possible you see not all along  
Your secret playing on his faithless lips ?  
Here's one last chance.

*Cez.* True, true.

*Laz.* You cannot lose  
By secrecy—what gain by telling him ?

*Ces.* You may be right : and to clear up the  
cause  
Of past mischance, and make the future safe,  
I'll take your counsel.

*Laz.* Then hey for victory !  
Meanwhile, sir, talk with all and trust in none,  
And least of all in him is coming hither.  
And then in ocean when the weary sun  
Washes his swollen face, ' there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.'

*Enter* ARIAS.

*Ar.* How now, Don Cesar?

*Laz. (aside).* Here are you, be sure,  
When aught is stirring.

*Ar.* How speeds Love with you?

*Laz. (aside).* The lighter, sir, now you are left  
behind.

*Ces.* Arias, my friend! All's lost!

The love I grew deep in my heart of hearts  
Is wither'd at the moment of its blossom.  
I went to Felix, ask'd his sister's hand:  
It was betroth'd, he told me, to another:  
I was too late. All's lost! It were in vain  
Weeping for that I never can attain:  
I will forget what I must needs forgo,  
And turn to other—

*Laz. (to ARIAS).* Pray, sir, pardon me;  
But pri'thee say no more to him just now;  
It brings on such a giddiness.

*Ar.* Alas!

But can I be of service?

*Laz.* Only, sir,  
By saying nothing more.

*Ar.* I am truly sorry. [*Exit.*

*Laz.* That you can lie no longer in the matter.  
Oh, the Lord speed you!

*Ces.* O Love, if mortal anguish ever move thee,  
At this last hour requite me with one smile  
For all thy sorrows! let what I have suffer'd  
Appease thy jealous godhead! I complain not  
That you condemn my merits as too poor  
For the great glory they aspire unto;  
Yet who could brook to see a rival bear  
The wreath that neither can deserve to wear!

*Enter PRINCE and ARIAS.*

*Prince (to ARIAS).* Even so ?

Good. That he may not think 'twas out of malice,  
I made my business trench upon his love,  
Now that his love's but Love-in-idleness,  
I'll occupy him still. Cesar !

*Ces.* My lord !

*Prince.* I had like to have forgot. 'Tis Monday,  
is't not ?

I have despatches both for Rome and Naples  
We must see to them to-night.

*Ces.* My lord !

*Prince.* Bring hither  
Your writing.

*Ces. (apart).* Oh ! the cup-full at my lips,  
And dasht down, and for ever !  
[*To LAZARO.*] Villain, the victory you told me of !

*Laz.* What fault of mine, sir ?

*Ces.* What fault ? said you not  
All now was well ?

*Laz.* Is't I who make it wrong ?

*Ces.* You meddled.

*Prince.* Are you ready ?

*Ces.* Immediately.

Alas, alas ! how shall my pen run clear  
Of the thick fountain that is welling here !

*Prince (aside).* And I shall learn from you how  
that dark pair  
Contrive to smile, Jealousy and Despair.

[*Desk and papers brought in :*  
*exeunt ARIAS and LAZARO.*

Now, are you ready ? (*CESAR sits at the desk.*)

*Ces.* Ay, my lord.

*Prince.*

Begin then.

'I am secretly'—

*Ces.* 'Secretly'—driven to madness!

*Prince.* 'About the marriage'—

*Ces.* 'Marriage'—that never shall take place!

*Prince.* 'All is fair for you'—

*Ces.* 'For you'—though perdition to me!

*Prince.* 'Believe me'—

*Ces.* I shall not survive it!

*Prince.* 'That Donna Anna of Castelvì'—

*Ces.* 'That Donna Anna'—I can write no more!

*Prince.* 'Is such in birth, beauty, and wit'—

*Ces.* Oh, my lord, pardon me; but may I know  
This letter's destination?

*Prince.*

Eh? to Flanders.

Why do you ask?

*Ces.* To Flanders! But, my lord,  
Surely no Flemish courier leaves to-day.  
Might not to-morrow—

*Prince (aside).* At the name of Anna  
His colour changed. (*Aloud.*) No matter. 'Tis begun,  
And we'll ev'n finish it. Where left I off?

*Ces. (reading).* 'Can write no more'—

*Prince.* Eh? 'Write no more?' Did I  
Say that?

*Ces.* My lord?

*Prince.* The letter. Give me it.

*Ces. (aside).* Come what come may then, what is  
writ is writ!

*Prince (reading).* 'I am secretly driven to madness about the marriage that never shall take place. All is fair for you, though perdition to me. Believe me I shall not survive it, that Donna Anna—I can write no more.'

Was this what I dictated?



*Ces. (throwing himself at the PRINCE'S feet). O*  
my lord,

O noble Alexander ! if the service  
You have so often praised beyond desert  
Deserve of you at all, snatch not from me  
The only crown I ever ask'd for it,  
To gild a less familiar brow withal.  
This lady, Donna Anna,  
Whom you are now devoting to another,  
Is mine, my lord ; mine, if a two years' suit  
Of unremitted love not unreturn'd  
Should make her mine ; which mine beyond dispute  
Would long ere this have made her, had not I  
How many a golden opportunity  
Lost from my love to spend it on my Prince !  
And this is my reward ! Oh, knew I not  
How the ill star that rules my destiny  
Might of itself dispose the gracious Prince,  
Who call'd me for his friend from infancy,  
To act my bitterest enemy unawares,  
I might believe some babbler—

*Prince.*

Nay, Don Cesar,

If in all these cross purposes of love  
You recognise the secret hand of fate,  
Accuse no mortal tongue, which could not reach  
The stars that rule us all, wag as it would.  
Enough. I am aggrieved, and not, I think,  
Unjustly, that without my pleasure, nay,  
Without my knowledge even, you, my subject,  
And servant, (leaving the dear name of friend,)  
Disposed so of yourself, and of a lady  
Whose grace my court considers as its own.  
Give me the pen : and, as you write so laxly,  
I must myself report—

*Ces.*

My lord !

*Prince.* The pen. (*He writes.*)

*Ces.* If in misfortune's quiver there be left  
One arrow, let it come !

*Prince.* You could not write,  
Don Cesar ; but perhaps can seal this letter :  
Tis for Don Felix ; send it to him straight.  
Or stay—I'd have it go by a sure hand :  
Take it yourself directly.

*Ces.* At one blow  
My love and friendship laid for ever low !

[*Exit.*

*Enter FELIX and ARIAS.*

*Ar.* The letter must be written.

*Prince.* Oh, Don Felix,  
I have this moment sent to you. No matter :  
'Twas but to say I have this instant heard  
Your sister's bridegroom is in Parma ; nay,  
Perhaps already at your house.

*Fel.* Oh, my lord,  
How shall I thank you for this gracious news ?

*Prince.* Nay, we will hear them from your sister's  
lips.

To her at once. [*Exit FELIX.*

And now, Don Arias,  
You have to swear upon the holy cross  
That hilts this sword, that neither Donna Anna  
Know that I ever loved her, nor Don Cesar  
I ever cross'd his love.

*Ar.* Upon this cross  
I swear it ; and beseech you in return  
Never, my lord, to tell Don Cesar who  
Reveal'd his secret.

*Prince.* Be it so. I promise.

And now to see whether indeed I dare  
Compete with him whose lofty name I wear:

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in FELIX'S House.*

ANNA and ELVIRA.

*Anna.* Beside the charge of my own love, Elvira,  
Whose crosses, I believe, will slay me soon,  
My brother has confided to me at last  
His passion for the Princess Nisida ;  
And, for he knows that I am near her heart,  
Would have me whisper it into her ears ;  
Which, were it such a passion as *I* feel,  
His eyes would have reveal'd her long ago.  
However, I have told her, and have got  
An answer such—But look ! he comes.

*Enter FELIX.*

*Fel.* Oh, sister,  
Might but your news be half as good as mine !  
A largess for it, come. You are betroth'd,  
By me, and by the Prince himself, to one  
In all ways worthy of you, and who long  
Has silently adored.

*Anna (aside).* Is it possible ?  
*Cesar ! (Aloud.)* Well, ask the largess that you will.

*Fel.* The Princess—

*Anna.* Well ?

*Fel.* What says she ?

*Anna.* All she could  
At the first blush—nothing—and that means all :  
Go to her, and press out the lingering Yes  
That lives, they say, in silence.

*Fel.*  
But who comes here?

Oh, my sister!

*Enter CESAR and LAZARO.*

*Ces. (giving the letter).* I, Felix. This must be  
My warrant—from the Prince. Oh misery!

*Fel.* I thank you, Cesar. (*Reads.*)  
'Because happiness is the less welcome when anticipated, I have hitherto withheld from you, that he to whom I have engaged your sister's hand, is—Don Cesar! in whom unites all that man or woman can desire. If the man lives who can deserve such glory, it is he. Farewell.'

*Ces.* Great Heav'n!

*Fel.*

Nay, read the letter.

*Enter PRINCE, NISIDA, ARIAS, and Train.*

*Prince.* He shall not need,  
Myself am here to speak it.

*Ces. (kneeling).* Oh, my lord!

*Prince.* Rise, Cesar. If your service, as it did,  
Ask'd for reward, I think you have it now;  
Such as not my dominion alone,  
But all the world beside, could not supply.  
Madam, your hand; Don Cesar, yours. I come  
To give away the bride:  
And after must immediately away  
To Flanders, where by Philip's trumpet led,  
I will wear Maestricht's laurel round my brows;  
Leaving meanwhile Don Felix Governor  
Till my return—by this sign manual.

[*Puts NISIDA'S hand in FELIX'S.*]

*Fel.* My lord, my lord!

*Laz.*

Elvira !

*Elv.*

Lazaro !

*Laz.* I must be off. Our betters if we ape,  
And they ape marriage, how shall we escape ?

*Ar.* And learn this moral. None commend  
A secret ev'n to trustiest friend :  
Which secret still in peril lies  
Even in the breast of the most wise ;  
And at his blabbing who should groan  
Who could not even keep his own ?

There are three other plays by Calderon, on this subject of keeping one's love secret ; a policy, whose neglect is punished by a policy characteristically Spanish. 1. *Amigo, Amante, y Leal* : which has the same Prince and Arias, only the Prince confides his love to his rival. 2. *El Secreto a Voces* : where it is the ladies who shuffle the secret about the men. And 3. *Basta Callar*, a more complicated intrigue than any.

# GIL PEREZ, THE GALLICIAN

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GIL PEREZ.

ISABEL . . . . . *his Sister.*

DON ALONSO  
MANUEL MENDEZ } . . . *his two Friends.*

PEDRO }  
CASILDA } . . . . . *Servants in his house.*

DONNA JUANA . . . . . *a Portuguese Lady.*

JUAN BAPTISTA . . . . . *a Lover of Isabel.*

THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL OF PORTUGAL.

DONNA LEONOR. . . . . *his Cousin.*

A SHERIFF.

A JUDGE.

LEONARDO. . . . . *a Traveller.*

ALGUAZILS, OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, FARMERS, etc.

# GIL PEREZ, THE GALLICIAN

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Outside GIL PEREZ'S House.*

*Enter PEDRO running; GIL PEREZ after him with a drawn dagger; and ISABEL and CASILDA interceding.*

*Isab.* FLY, Pedro, fly!

*Gil.* And what the use his flying  
If I be after him?

*Ped.* Hold him! hold him back,  
Both of you!

*Gil.* By the Lord, I'll do for him.

*Isab.* But why so savage with him?

*Gil.* He must pay  
The long arrear of mischief you've run up.

*Isab.* I understand you not.

*Gil.* I'll kill him first,  
And then explain.

*Isab.* I, who dread not bodily violence,  
Dread your injurious words. What have I done  
That you should use me thus?—my enemy,  
And not my brother.

*Gil.* You say well your enemy,



Who, if you do as you have done so long,  
Will one day bathe his sword in your heart's blood,  
And after in his own, and so wipe out  
One scandal from the world.

*Ped.* As the good soul  
Who meddles to make peace between two brawlers  
Oft gets the bloody nose, I'll take the hint.  
Farewell, fair Spain ! for evermore farewell !

*Gil.* Here ! hark you, sir ;  
Before you go ; you have escaped this time  
By luck, not by desert. I give you warning,  
Keep from my sight : for if I see your face  
Fifty years hence, among the antipodes,  
I'll pay you off.

*Ped.* Pray don't disturb yourself ;  
I'll take you at your word, and straight be off  
To some old friends of mine—indeed relations—  
In central Africa—the Ourang Outangs :  
A colony so distant as I trust  
Will satisfy us both. And so, good bye.

[*Exit ; CASILDA after him.*]

*Isab.* He's gone, poor fellow.  
And now perhaps, sir, as we are alone,  
You'll tell me why you do affront me thus.

*Gil.* Sister—oh, would to God that I had none  
To call by such a name at such expense !  
And can you think that I have been so blind,  
As well as dumb, not to be ware the tricks  
Of the sly gentleman who follows you  
So constantly, and who, if this goes on,  
Will one day filch away, not your own only,  
But the long garner'd honour of our house ?  
Why, I have seen it all from first to last,  
But would not show my teeth till I could bite ;  
Because, in points like this, a man of honour

Speaks once, and once for all.

This once is now. I'll speak my mind to you ;

Which, if you cannot understand, to-morrow

I must repeat in quite another language.

I know your man—Juan Baptista—one

Not man enough for me, and so, I tell you,

Not for my sister. This should be enough,

Without his being, as he is, a Jew.

To get you from his reach I brought you here

To Salvatierra, deep amid the mountains,

And safe enough I thought ; but even here

His cursed letters reach you through the hands

Of that fine rascal I have just pack'd off.

There ; I have told my story ; take't to heart ;

Dismiss your man at once, or, by the Lord,

If you and he persist, I'll fire his house,

And save the Inquisition that much trouble.

*Isab.* Your anger makes you blind—accusing me  
Of things I never did.

*Gil.* You never did !

*Isab.* But so it is, poor women must submit  
To such insinuations.

*Gil.* Pray, was't I  
Insinuated that letter then ?

*Isab.* Peace, peace !  
I can explain it all, and shall, when fit.

What would you have of me ? You are my brother,

And not my husband, sir ; consider that :

And therefore, in fraternal kindness bound,

Should even take my word without ado.

You talk of honour : is not honour then

Slow to suspect—would rather be deceived

Itself than prematurely to accuse ?

I am your sister, Perez, and I know

My duty towards you and myself. Enough—

Which, if you cannot understand, to-morrow  
I must repeat in quite another language. *[Exit.*

*Gil.* She says not ill ; it better were indeed  
Had I kept on the mask a little longer,  
Till they had dropt theirs beyond all denial.  
She's right, and I was wrong ; but from this time  
I'll steer another course.

*Enter CASILDA.*

*Cas.* A gentleman  
(Of Portugal, he says,) is at the door,  
And asks for you.

*Gil.* Bid him come in. Away,  
My troubles, for a while ! *[Exit CASILDA.*

*Enter MANUEL MENDEZ.*

*Man.* 'Twas well, Gil Perez,  
You sent so quickly, or my impetuosity  
Had overrun your leave.

*Gil.* What, Manuel Mendez !  
Come to my arms. What ! you in Salvatierra ?

*Man.* And, I assure you, at no small expense  
Of risk and heart-ache.

*Gil.* That's unwelcome news.

*Man.* Not when 'tis all forgotten in the joy  
Of seeing you again.

*Gil.* I shall not rest  
Till I have heard ; ill-manner'd though it be  
To tax a man scarce winded from a journey  
With such expense of breath.

*Man.* Then listen, Gil.  
You, I am sure, remember (time and absence  
Cannot have washt so much from memory)

The pleasant time when you were last at Lisbon,  
And graced my house by making it your home.  
I need not tell of all we did and talk'd,  
Save what concerns me now ; of the fair lady  
You knew me then enamour'd of, (how deeply  
I need not say—being a Portuguese,  
Which saying, all is said)—Donna Juana,  
At whose mere name I tremble, as some seer  
Smit with the sudden presence of his God.  
Two years we lived in the security  
Of mutual love, with so much jealousy  
(Without which love is scarcely love at all)  
As served to freshen up its sleeping surface,  
But not to stir its depths. Ah, dangerous  
To warm the viper, or, for idle sport,  
Trust to the treacherous sea—sooner or later  
They turn upon us ; so these jealousies  
I liked to toy with first turn'd upon me ;  
When suddenly a rich young cavalier,  
Well graced with all that does and ought to please,  
(For I would not revenge me with my tongue  
Upon his name, but with my sword in 's blood,)  
Demanded her in marriage of her father ;  
Who being poor, and bargains quickly made  
"Twixt avarice and wealth, quickly agreed.  
The wedding day drew nigh that was to be  
The day of funeral too—mixt dance and dirge,  
And grave and bridal chamber both in one.  
The guests were met ; already night began  
Loose the full tide of noisy merriment,  
When I strode in ; straight through the wedding throng  
Up to the bride and bridegroom where they were,  
And, seizing her with one hand, with the other  
Struck him a corpse ; and daring all, to die  
Fighting, or fighting carry off my prize,

Carried her off ; lifted her on a horse  
I had outside ; struck spur ; and lightning-like  
Away, until we reach'd the boundary  
Of Portugal, and, safe on Spanish ground,  
At last drew breath and bridle. Then on hither,  
Where I was sure of refuge in the arms  
Of my old friend Gil Perez ; whom I pray  
Not so much on the score of an old friendship,  
So long and warm, but as a fugitive  
Asking protection at his generous hands—  
A plea the noble never hear in vain.  
Nor for myself alone, but for my lady  
Who comes with me, and whom I just have left  
Under the poplars by the river-side,  
Till I had told my news, and heard your answer.  
A servant whom we met with on the way,  
Pointed your house out—whither, travel-tired,  
Press'd for my life, and deep in love with her  
I bring, as curst by those I left behind,  
And trusting him I come to—

*Gil.*

Tut, tut, tut !

Go on so, I'll not answer you at all ;  
All this fine talk to me ! from Manuel Mendez !  
As if 'twere not enough to say ' Friend Gil,  
I've left a gentleman I slew behind,  
And got a living lady with me, so  
Am come to visit you.' Why go about  
With phrases and fine speeches ? I shall answer  
Quite unpolitely thus, ' Friend Manuel,  
This house of mine is yours—for months, for years,  
For all your life, with all the service in't  
That I or mine can do for you.' So back,  
And bring your lady, telling her from me  
I stay behind because I am unapt  
At such fine speeches as her lover makes.

*Man.* Oh, let me thank you,—

*Gil.* Nay, 'twere better far  
Go to your lady ; who may be ill at ease  
Alone in a strange place. [*Exit MANUEL.*

What, Isabel ! (*She enters.*)

Isabel, if my former love and care  
Deserve of you at all, forget awhile  
All difference, (for there's a time for all,)  
And help me now to honour an old friend  
To whom I owe great hospitalities ;  
Manuel Mendez, who with his bride is come  
To be my guest.

*Isab.* I'll do my best for you.  
But hark ! what noise ?

(*Shouts and fighting within.*)

*Gil.* A quarrel's up somewhere.

*Voice within.* Take him alive or dead.

*Another voice.* He'll slip us yet !

*Isab.* Some one on horseback flying at full speed  
From his pursuers.

*Voices within.* Fire upon him ! fire !

(*Shots within.*)

*Isab.* Mercy, he's dead !

*Gil.* Not he ; only his horse ;  
And see he's up again, and gallantly  
Flashing his sword around on his pursuers  
Keeps them at bay, and fighting, fighting, still  
Retreats—

*Isab.* And to our house too—

*Enter DON ALONSO.*

*Alon.* Shelter ! shelter !  
In pity to a wretched man at last  
Fordone !

*Gil.* What, Don Alonso !

*Alon.* But a moment,  
To ask you cover my retreat, Gil Perez ;  
My life depends on reaching Portugal.

*Gil.* Away then to the bridge you see below there.  
God speed you.

*Alon.* And keep you ! [Exit.

*Voices without.* This way ! this way !

*Gil.* But just in time !

*Enter SHERIFF with Officers.*

*Officer.* I'm sure he pass'd by here.

*Gil.* Well, gentlemen, your business ?

*Sher.* Don Alonso—  
Came he this way ?

*Gil.* He did, and he went that,  
And must almost, unless I much mistake,  
Be got to Portugal. For, by the Lord, sir,  
His feet seem'd feather'd with the wind ?

*Sher.* Away then !  
After him !

*Gil.* Stop a moment !

*Sher.* Stop ! what mean you ?

*Gil.* Just what I say. Come, Mr. Sheriff, come,  
You've done your duty ; be content with that ;  
And don't hunt gentlemen like wolves to death ;  
Justice is one thing, and fair play's another,  
All the world over.

*Sher.* When I've got my man  
I'll answer you.

*Gil.* Perhaps before.

*Sher.* Why, sir,  
Would you detain me ?

*Gil.* Why, if logic fails,  
I must try other argument.

*Sher.* As what, sir?

*Gil.* Why, mathematical. As how? Look here.  
You see me draw this line. Well then, 'fore God,  
The man who passes it—dies. Q. E. D.

*Sher.* Down with him !

*Gil.* Back, I advise you.

*Voices.* Down with him!

*Gil.* Chicken-hearts ! Curs ! Oh, you will down  
with me.

Will you indeed? and this the way you do it?

(He fights with them.)

*One.* Oh, I am slain.

*Sher.* I'm wounded.

*Gil.* Back with you!  
[*Exit, driving them in.*]

SCENE II.—*The River-side.*

*Enter JUANA and MANUEL.*

*Jua.* Oh never did I owe more to your love,  
Than for this quick return.

*Man.* O my Juana,  
The love such beauty as your own inspires,  
Surmounts impossibilities. However,  
I needed not go on to Salvatierra,  
Lighting on what I look'd for by the way,  
Among the mountains ; where my friend Gil Perez  
(Whose honour I insult if I declare it)  
Has pitcht his tent, with hospitality  
Prophetic of our coming ;  
So peaceably our love may fold its wings  
Under the shadow of my friend's.



*Jua.*— Oh, Manuel,  
She who has left home, country, friends, and fame,  
And would contentedly leave life, for you,  
Desires no other temple of her love  
Than a bleak rock, whose unchanged stedfastness  
Shall not out-wear her own.

*Alon.* (*within*). I can no more !

*Jua.* Listen ! What noise is that ?

*Man.* A cavalier  
Still with his sword in his exhausted hand.  
He falls !

*Enter ALONSO, who falls at the side.*

*Alon.* They e'en must have me.

*Man.* Courage, sir.  
Wounded ? (*Voices within*.)

*Alon.* Hark ! the bloodhounds are close by ;  
And worse, they must have slain Gil Perez first.  
Who else—

*Enter GIL.*

*Gil.* Confound the rogues, they've got the bridge  
And the way to 't, and heav'n itself, I think,  
To fight upon their side.

*Man.* Gil, what is this ?

*Gil.* Trying to help a friend out of a ditch,  
I've tumbled in myself.

*Man.* Come, we are two  
In hand, and one in heart ; at least can fight  
And die together.

*Alon.* Nay, add me ;  
The cause—

*Gil.* There's but a moment. Manuel,

I charge you by your friendship,  
Draw not your sword to-day.

*Man.* Not I my sword  
When theirs are on you?

*Jua.* (*clinging to MANUEL.*) Heav'ns!

*Voices, within.* This way! This way!

*Man.* They're coming.

*Gil* (*to ALONSO*). Listen! you can swim?

*Alon.* Alas—

*Gil.* I mean upon my shoulders. Manuel,  
We two shall cross to Portugal.  
Where follow us they may, but cannot seize us.  
Meanwhile I leave you master of my house  
And honour, centred (no time to say more)  
In Isabel, my sister. Swear to me  
That you will see to this.

*Man.* I swear it, Gil.

*Gil.* Enough, your hand! Adieu! Now courage,  
sir!

(*Takes ALONSO on his shoulders and plunges into  
the river.*)

*Jua.* The man swims like a dolphin.

*Gil* (*within*). Manuel,  
Remember!

*Man.* How he wrestles with the flood!  
And now is half-way over.

*Gil* (*within*). Manuel,  
Remember! I have trusted all to you.

*Man.* Waste not your breath. I'll do't.

*Gil* (*within*). Adieu!

*Man.* Adieu!

[*Exit MANUEL with JUANA.*]

SCENE III.—*The Portuguese bank of the River.*

*Enter the ADMIRAL of Portugal and DONNA  
LEONOR as from hunting.*

*Adm.* Since summer's fiery Sirius, fair cousin,  
Neither from place nor power in heaven declines,  
Will you not rest ?

*Leonor.* Ah, what a noble sport  
Is hunting ! who so abject-spirited  
As not to love its generous cruelty !

*Adm.* It is indeed a noble imitation  
Of noblest war. As when a white-tuskt boar  
Holds out alone against the yelling pack,  
Gores one, o'erthrows another, all the while  
Bristling his back like to some ridge of spears :  
While many a gallant hound, foil'd in his onset,  
Tears his own flesh in disappointed rage,  
Then to the charge again—he and his foe,  
Each with redoubled fury firing up :  
A chivalry that nature has implanted  
Ev'n in the heart of beasts.

*Leonor.* So in falconry,  
That I love even better ; when the heron  
Mounts to the wandering spheres of air and fire,  
Poised between which alternately she burns  
And freezes, while two falcons, wheeling round,  
Strive to out-mount her, tilting all along  
The fair blue field of heaven for their lists ;  
Until out-ris'n and stricken, drencht in blood,  
Plumb down she falls like to some crimson star ;  
A rivalry that nature has implanted  
Ev'n in the breast of birds.

*Enter PEDRO.*

*Ped.* Which is the way, I wonder? What with fright and weariness, I must rest awhile. Well, this is Portugal, where to be sure a poor Spanish pimp may hope to escape ferocious honour. That I should lose a post where others make their thousands at my first function! But who are these? Fine folks too! Pray Heaven they be in want of an officer.

*Adm.* A horse will soon carry you to the villa. Hark you, sir! (*To PEDRO.*)

*Ped.* My lord!

*Adm.* Who are you?

*Ped.* Nay, how should I know?

*Adm.* But are you one of my people?

*Ped.* Yes, if you like it. As said Lord Somebody, who neither served king, man, or God, but who entering the palace one day at supper-time, and seeing all the chamberlains at work without their coats, whips off his, and begins carrying up dishes. Suddenly in comes the major-domo, who perceiving a stranger, asks if he be sworn of the service. 'Not yet,' says he, 'but if swearing is all that's wanted, I'll swear to what you please.' So 'tis with me. Make me your servant, and I'll swear and forswear anything.

*Adm.* You are liberal of your humour.

*Ped.* 'Tis all I have to be liberal of; and it would not be right to spare that.

*Gil (within).* Hold on, hold on!

*Leonor.* Who's that?

*Adm.* Look, some one with erect head and vigorous arms, buffeting the wave before him.

*Leonor.* With another on his shoulders too.

*Adm.* (to PEDRO). Now, would you win an earnest of future favour, plunge in to his assistance.

*Ped.* I would, sir, but I'm a wretched swimmer.

*Leonor.* They have reacht the shore at last.

*Enter GIL PEREZ and ALONSO, drencht.*

*Alon.* Thank Heaven for our escape !

*Gil.* Ah, we're well quit of it.

*Ped.* Now, sir, if I can help. But Lord ha' mercy ! (*Sees GIL.*)

*Adm.* What ! going just when you are wanted ?

*Ped.* I was born, my lord, with a tender heart ; that seeing these poor fellows so drencht, bleeds for them. That he should pursue me even to Portugal ! (*Is creeping away.*)

*Adm.* What ! only just come, and going ?

*Ped.* Oh, my lord, a sudden call. Excuse me.

[*Exit.*]

*Adm.* 'Tis an idiot. But let me help you.

*Alon.* My life is in your hand.

*Adm.* In my hand ? How is that ?

*Alon.* You shall hear, if I may first know to whom I tell my story. Misfortune forces me to be cautious.

*Adm.* You are right ; but need fear nothing from the Lord High Admiral of Portugal, who now speaks to you, and pledges himself to protect you so long as you stand on his estate.

*Alon.* Enough, my lord.

My name is Don Alonso de Tordoya,  
Not un-illustrious in Spain. I love  
A noble lady ; whom going to visit,  
When this same westering sun was young in heav'n,  
I found a rival with her. I rush'd out,  
Bidding him follow with his sword ; he follow'd ;

We fought, and with two passes in his side  
I left him dead : the cry was after us ;  
The officers of justice at my heels.  
No time to lose ; I leap'd upon a horse,  
And rode, until a shot, aim'd at his rider,  
Kill'd him ; then, taking to my feet, fled on,  
Till, coming to a country house, I saw,  
To my great joy, my friend—

*Gil.*

Here enter I ;

Who, seeing Don Alonso so hard set,  
Offer'd my services to keep them back  
Till he was safe in Portugal.  
That country house of mine—a pleasure house  
Some call it, though I've found but little there—  
Stands in a narrow mountain gorge, through which  
He and the bloodhounds after him must pass  
To reach the river ; as he says, he came,  
And saw, and fled ; had scarce got fifty yards,  
Up comes the Sheriff with his yelling pack  
Panting and blowing. First most courteously  
I begg'd them spare themselves as well as him  
Further pursuit, but all in vain ; push on  
They would ; whereon I was obliged to draw ;  
Disabled four or five, Heav'n help their souls !  
Till, having done as much as he to figure  
In justice's black book, like him I fled  
After him to the river ; where on finding  
The bridge occupied by the enemy,  
Catching my sword between my teeth, and him  
Upon my shoulders, I so dash'd in,  
And, at last, over ; where now, thanks to Heav'n,  
We meet your Excellency, who vouchsafes  
Your shelter and protection.

*Adm.*

"Twas my word,

And I'll abide by't.

*Alon.* I have need  
Of all assurance, for the man I slew  
Was of great note.

*Adm.* His name?

*Alon.* Prefacing that he was a cavalier  
Of wholly noble parts and estimation,  
And that 'tis no disparagement to valour  
To be unfortunate, I may repeat it,—  
Don Diego d'Alvarado.

*Adm.* Wretched man!  
My cousin! you have slain him!

*Leonor.* You have slain  
My brother, traitor!

*Gil.* Oh, I see my sword  
Must e'en be out again.

*Alon.* Your Excellency  
Will pause before he draws his sword on one  
Surrender'd at his feet. My lord, remember  
I slew Don Diego in the face of day,  
In fair and open duel. And, beside,  
Is not your Excellency's honour pledged  
To my security?

*Gil.* Beside all which,  
I say that if all Portugal, and all  
Within it, admiralty and army too,  
Combine, you shall not touch him while I live.

*Adm.* I know not what to do; upon one side  
My promise, on the other the just call  
Of retribution for my kinsman's death.  
I must adjudge between them. Don Alonso,  
The word of Honour is inviolable,  
But not less so her universal law.  
So long as you stand upon ground of mine  
I hold your person sacred: for so far  
My promise holds; but set your foot beyond

E'en but an inch—remember, death awaits you. And so farewell.

*Leonor.* Nay, hold ! though you have pledged  
Your promise—

*Adm.* What I pledge is pledged for you,  
As for myself; content you.

[*Exeunt* ADMIRAL *and* LEONOR.]

*Alon.* Well, friend Gil,  
What say you to all this?

*Gil.* Why then, I say,  
At least 'tis better than it was. To-day  
The mouse, shut in the cupboard, there must stay :  
But will jump out to-morrow—if she may. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Wood near San Lucar in Andalusia.*

*Enter MANUEL and JUANA as travelling*

*Man.* Misfortune on misfortune !

*Jua.* Ay, they call  
One to another.

*Man.* Ah, my love !  
That you should wander thus about with me  
And find no home ! Galicia, that I thought  
Should be our port, unkindly storm'd us out  
To Salvatierra, whence before the gale  
We drive to Andalusia.

*Jua.* Manuel,  
My home is ever where you are.

*Man.* Oh how  
Requite such love ! but you shall rest awhile



Till I and the poor fellow we pick'd up  
Have found fit resting-place in San Lucar.  
Pedro !

*Enter PEDRO.*

*Ped.* Sir !

*Man.* Come you with me ;  
While you, Juana, underneath those trees—

*Jua.* Weep your departure. [*Exit JUANA.*]

*Man.* It shall not be long.  
Although her grief blindly anticipates  
A longer separation than she knows !

*Ped.* Alas, and how is that ? and how can you  
Foredoom such pain to one who loves you so ?  
Pardon me who am but your servant, sir,  
And that but these two days, for saying it.

*Man.* Ah, Pedro, 'tis not I who wills all this,  
But fate ; that, stronger than all human will,  
Drove me from Portugal to Galicia,  
Thence hither ; where my fate still urging on,  
I must to sea, joining the armament  
That sails to plant the banner of the church  
Over the golden turrets of the north :  
Leaving my lady—not, as you surmise,  
Deserted and dishonour'd here behind,  
But in some holy house at San Lucar,  
With all the little substance I possess,  
Till I return. For to a soldier  
His sword is property enough. (*Drums within.*)

*Ped.* And hark  
The drum that answers you—

*Man.* No doubt a troop  
Recruiting for this war.

*Ped.* See, they are coming.

*Man.* I'll take occasion by the forelock then.  
Pedro, go, tell the Ensign of the troop  
Two men would join his ranks. I'll to Juana.  
[*Exit.*

*Enter GIL PEREZ with soldiers.*

*Ped.* This one looks affable. Pray, sir, can you  
courteously inform me which is the Ensign?

*Soldier.* There—he with the red sash.

*Ped.* What, he with the lofty presence and broad  
shoulders?

*Soldier.* Ay!

*Gil (to the soldiers).* Well then, my lads, we shall  
agree together very well, eh?

*Soldiers.* Long live our noble Ensign!

[*Exeunt soldiers.*

*Ped.* Now's the time!

*Gil (to himself).* 'Fore heaven, this soldiering  
would be pleasant enough did not that trouble follow  
and plague me.

*Ped.* Sir!

*Gil.* Leaving Isabel at such a risk —

*Ped.* Sir Ensign!

*Gil.* That as fast as I gain honour here I run the  
chance of losing more at home.

*Ped.* Noble Sir Ensign!

*Gil.* One good thing, however, my good Manuel  
keeps guard for me.

*Ped.* He must surely be deaf this side—I'll try the  
other. Noble Ensign!

*Gil (turning round).* Who is that?

*Ped. (recognising him gradually).* A soldier—no,  
I only mean one who would be—no soldier. If I  
said I wish'd to be a soldier, sir, I lied.

*Gil.* Rascal! you here? did I not warn you whenever and wherever—

*Ped.* Oh yes, yes, but how should I ever expect to find you here a soldiering?

*Gil* (*setting upon him*). I'll teach you I *am* here, scoundrel, to whom I owe half my trouble.

*Ped.* Help! murder! help!

*Enter* MANUEL.

*Man.* A soldier set upon my servant! stop, sir! how do you dare—Gil Perez!

*Gil.* Manuel!

*Man.* Why, did I not leave you in Portugal?

*Gil.* And I you at Salvatierra, engaged to me by solemn promise and old love to guard my honour there?

*Man.* We both have cause for wonder. I will tell you all; but first we must be alone.

*Gil.* Ay, another wonder; this fellow yours?

*Man.* In travelling hither we found him by the way, and took him.

*Gil.* Well, this saves your life for this time, sir: but, remember, you will not always have a friend at hand to do so much for you.

*Ped.* I know that; I only wish you would be so gracious as to tell me where you are next bound, that I may take good care not to go thither. But I know one place at least to which you cannot follow me—my own estate—and thither I set off immediately. [*Exit.*]

*Gil.* We are alone. Come, I will tell you first My story. As you say you saw us last, Alonso and myself, in Portugal;  
Such an escape as (so the wise men say)

Is from the frying-pan into the fire.  
We landing from the river on the estate  
Of that great potentate the High Admiral.  
Whose cousin, it turn'd out, was the very man  
Alonso slew ; whereat the Admiral,  
Who had, before he knew this, promised us  
Protection, gave us truly such protection  
As the cat gives the mouse that she thinks safe  
Under her paw. But we escaped from her,  
And after much adventures came at last  
To San Lucar here, where the Duke, who now  
Is general of the war that our good king  
Wages with England, courteously received us ;  
Gave Don Alonso a regiment ; made me  
An Ensign in it as you see ; enough—  
I know you will not wish a longer story  
From one whose heart, until you tell him yours,  
Hangs from a hair.

*Man.* To take the story up then  
Where you did, Perez—scarcely had you plunged  
Into the river, than the sheriff's rout  
Came after you ; but, seeing all was lost,  
Went angry to their homes, and I to yours ;  
Where I received such hospitality .  
As our old friendship—But I falter here,  
Scarce knowing how to tell—  
Nay, almost doubting if to tell at all,  
Or to conceal, what to conceal and tell  
At once were best. You made me promise, Gil,  
At parting—yea, with those last words hard wrung  
Out of your breathless struggle with the flood—  
That I would watch the honour of your house.  
I did so : and it is because I did so  
That I was forced to leave it.

*Gil.*

Manuel,

Your words are slaying me by syllables.

But tell me all—How was't?

*Man.*

One Juan Baptista

Courted your sister.

*Gil.*

Well?

*Man.*

And came at last

To such a boldness, that one night he stole

Into the house.

*Gil.*

Maruel!

*Man.*

I, who was watching,

Ran from my chamber, found a muffled man;

Threw myself on him; he, alerter yet,

Leap'd from the window, and I after him

Into the street, where two he'd posted there

Came to his rescue; one of them I slew,

The other wounded, while the rogue himself

Fled and escaped. What could I do, my friend,

A foreigner, charg'd with a homicide

In a strange country, with Juana too

Involved with me? If I were wrong to fly,

I did so thinking how yourself would act

In a like case.

*Gil.*

'Tis true, I cannot blame you.

Ah! he said truer may be than he meant,

Who liken'd a true friend to a true mirror,

That shows one all oneself indeed, but all

Reversed; that when I look into your breast

To see my honour, I but see disgrace

Reflected there. I must begone at once

To Salvatierra; for to leave my name

In danger is to let it run to shame.

*Enter ALONSO.*

Oh, Don Alonso, you are come in time.  
If aught that I have ever done for you  
Deserve return, requite me, I beseech you,  
By giving Manuel here the Ensigncy  
I must throw up.

*Alon.* But why?

*Gil.* I must at once  
To Salvatierra, where my honour lies  
In the utmost peril.

*Alon.* But—

*Gil.* I am resolved.

*Alon.* I fain might try dissuade you, but I know  
Your honour will not call in vain. Enough:  
Be't as you will—on one condition.

*Gil.* Well?

*Alon.* That I may go with you, and share your  
risk,

Who more than shared, and conquer'd mine.

*Man.* Nay, sir,

If any one do that it must be I,  
His older friend, who bringing this ill news  
Must see him safely through it.

*Alon.* But 'twas I

Who drew him from his home, where, till I came,  
He lived in peace and quiet, but where now  
This outrage has grown up in his forced absence.  
And surely, the world over, 'tis ill manners  
For one who, having drawn a friend from home,  
Lets him return alone.

*Man.* Well, be you courteous,  
I'll not be cowardly.

*Gil.* Oh, this rivalry

Proves the nobility of both ! But, friends,  
Neither must go with me ; you both are here  
Fled in like peril of your lives from home,  
And how could I avail me of your love  
At such a price ? Nay, I may want you both  
In greater risks hereafter ; and whom look to,  
If you be lost ?

*Alon.* True, but if one of us  
Went with you now, the other—

*Man.* And that one  
Must be myself.

*Alon.* You see, sir, one *will* go.  
Do you choose which.

*Man.* Content.

*Gil.* How shall I choose,  
When to choose one must needs the other hurt ?  
But if it needs must be—  
I say that Don Alonso, so engaged  
In high and even holy business here,  
Must not forgo't for mine. If one will come,  
Let it be Manuel.

*Alon.* I live to hear  
This insult from your lips ! But I'll have vengeance ;  
Neither shall go unless you take with you  
Thus much at least to compensate  
For what you leave. These jewels may assist you  
Where my sword cannot. (*Giving jewels.*)

*Gil.* I accept them, sir,  
As freely as they're given. Come, embrace me.  
And now to punish an unworthy sister,  
And that ill traitor, from whose heart I swear  
My bleeding honour with this sword to tear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Outside GIL PEREZ'S House at Salvatierra ; as in ACT I. SCENE I.*

*Enter ISABEL and CASILDA.*

*Isab.* What ! Donna Leonor d'Alvarado, come to Salvatierra ?

*Cas.* Yes.

*Isab.* And for what purpose ?

*Cas.* They say, to avenge her brother's death. I myself have seen her conferring with Juan Baptista.

*Isab.* And what do you infer from that ?

*Cas.* He is, they say, chief witness against Don Alonso and your brother, for this murder.

*Isab.* Against my brother too ! O Casilda, is it not shameful that Juan Baptista should revenge with slanders behind my brother's back whom he dares not meet face to face ! Nay, that a traitor be revenged at all on him he has betrayed ! thriving here at home while my brother is banisht !

*Cas.* But there's something else. He charges your brother's friend Manuel with murdering his men.

*Isab.* In proving which, my honour must be publicly canvassed and compromised !

*Enter PEDRO.*

*Ped.* Oh, what a long way it has seemed ; as it will when fear fetters one's legs. Oh, permit me, madam, since fate has sent me back to your feet, to kiss but the little toe, the pink, the pearl, the petty Benjamin of those ten toes. But above all, tell me, for Heaven's sake, is my master here ?



*Isab.* No, Pedro, you at least are safe. He, alas, is far away.

*Ped.* So one might think; but yet on the other hand I'd swear he must be here.

*Isab.* Pedro!

*Ped.* Oh yes, his sole vocation now is to dodge my steps like some avenging ghost of *Capa and Espada*.

*Enter* JUAN BAPTISTA.

*Bapt. (speaking to himself).* If they condemn him  
To death, as, on my evidence alone,  
They must, he'll not return to plague me more  
At Salvatierra. But, fair Isabel,  
How blest am I on whom the star of beauty,  
Bright rival of the sun,  
Beams out such rays of love!

*Isab.* Stand off! Away!  
Not rays of love, whatever heretofore  
I and my beauty may have beam'd, Baptista,  
But now, if rays at all, lightnings of rage  
And indignation from my heart and eyes.  
Approach them at your peril! What, false traitor,  
You come to court me with my brother's blood  
Upon you, shed too in no manly duel,  
Face to face, hand to hand, in the open field,  
But like a murderer,  
Behind his back stabbing him dead with slander—  
Never! *[Exit*

*Bapt.* But, Isabel!

*Cas.* Your day is over. *[Exit.*

*Bapt.* And that I should lose her by the very means I hoped to win her with!

*Ped.* Let not this prevent your memory acknow-

ledging one who has suffered banishment, and lives in terror of his life, on your account.

*Bapt.* Pedro !

*Ped.* And at your service

*Bapt.* Ah, would you were !

*Ped.* Try me.

*Bapt.* But are you still Isabel's servant?

*Ped.* I trust so.

*Bapt.* Oh, good Pedro, I would fain explain to her, and wipe out (as I easily can) the offence she has taken against me; and if you will but be my friend, and leave the door ajar to-night, that I may tell her the whole story, I'll pay you well for it.

*Ped.* Well, I think there can be no danger in that. Why, if you should happen to call loudly outside the door to-night, and I let you in, forgetting to ask who it is—surely I shall not be to blame.

*Bapt.* 'Tis well; the sun is already setting; go you to your post, and I shall be at mine immediately.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*A Room in GIL PEREZ'S House.*

*Enter* ISABEL *and* CASILDA.

*Isab.* Casilda, now the flaming sun has set,  
See to the doors ; and you and Ines there  
Sing to me—'twill beguile my melancholy.  
No merry song, however ; something sad  
As my own fancies. *(They sing within.)*

Hark ! what noise is that ?

One calling at the door at such an hour!—

Again !—Bid Pedro see—

Why, what is it that makes me tremble so?

From head to foot—

*Enter PEDRO hurriedly.*

*Ped.* O madam !

*Isab.* Well ?

*Ped.* O madam—

Opening the door—only to ask—a man  
All muffled up ran by me—(*Aside.*) 'Tis all right.

*Enter GIL PEREZ, cloakt.*

*Isab.* Who's this ?

*Gil* (*discovering himself*). I, Isabel.

*Isab.* Oh heavens !

*Gil.* Well, sister.

What troubles you ?

*Ped.* Oh Lord, oh Lord, oh Lord !

(*Hides.*)

*Isab.* O Gil, how have you dared to venture here,  
Your very life at stake !

*Gil.* Small risk to one

Whom your ill doings have half kill'd already.

*Isab.* I do not understand you—

*Gil.* You need not :

I come not to explain, but to avenge ;  
And, mark my words, what I have come to do,  
I'll do.

*Isab.* Alas ! is it my fault then, brother,  
That traitors of their gold can make them wings  
To fly into my house ?

*Gil.* Be not afraid ;

I shall not judge of you or any one

Unheard, as others seem to judge of me.

What is the matter ?

*Isab.* Nay, I only know

You are accused of aiding, how I know not,  
In Don Diego's death—on evidence,  
As 'tis believed, the Judge (who now is here,  
Inflamed by Donna Leonor) declares  
Sufficient to convict you of your life  
And property—Alas, alas, my brother !

*Gil.* You shall away with me ; for 'tis not well  
To leave you here alone and unprotected.  
But I must see first what this Judge has got  
To say against me.

*Isab.* But how get at it ?

*Gil.* Why from the fountain-head. But, by the  
Lord,

If I must fly or die for't,  
I'll not do so for nothing, I'll begin  
My vengeance on this rascal. (*Pulling out PEDRO.*)

*Ped.* Oh begin

On some one else and sum up all on me !

*Gil.* How come you here ?

*Ped.* Oh, I will tell the truth

And nothing but the truth.

*Gil.* Well !

*Ped.* Being assured

That you were coming hither—

*Gil.* Well ?

*Ped.* I came

Before.

*Gil.* And why, when—

*Ped.* That by doing so

You should not see my face, (which you declared,  
Seeing again, you'd kill me,) but my back,  
Which as you never swore at—

*Gil* (*striking him*). Villain, die !

*Ped.* (*falling as dead*). Oh ! I am slain !

*Gil.* Come, Isabel, 'tis I

Must bear you on my shoulders through the flames  
That rise all round. [*Exeunt GIL and ISABEL.*

*Ped. (rising).* Oh, angel of sham death,  
How much I owe your out-spread wings to-day,  
Under whose shadow—Yo escapare. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*An open Gallery in the Judge's House  
at Salvatierra.*

*Enter Judge, and attendants, with lights, etc.*

*Judge.* Here in this gallery where the air is cool  
Set out my desk and papers.

I must examine all these depositions.

*1st Attendant.* 'Tis done, my lord.

*2nd Attendant.* My lord, a stranger asks  
Admittance—upon something, as he says,  
Important to the matter now in hand.

*Judge.* Admit him, then.

*Gil (without).* Manuel, keep the door ;  
And, till my lord and I have had our talk,  
Let no one enter.

*Man. (without).* Trust me.

*Enter GIL.*

*Gil.* First permit me  
To kiss your lordship's hand. And secondly,  
Having important matter to disclose  
About this business, I would tell it you  
Alone --

*Judge (to attendants).* Retire ! [*Exeunt attendants.*

*Gil.* And with your lordship's leave  
Will take a chair.

*Judge.* Sit, sir.

*Gil.* May I presume  
To ask your lordship how Galicia  
Agrees with you?

*Judge.* I thank you, very well.

*Giul.* I'm very glad of that. Humph—as I take it,  
Your lordship is come down into these parts  
On a great trial?

*Judge.* Yes, the case is this ;  
A certain Don Alonso de Tordoya,  
And one Gil Perez of this place, are charged  
With slaying Don Diego d'Alvarado.

*Gil.* Slaying?

*Judge.* In duel, sir.

*Gil.* I marvel much  
They should have dragg'd your lordship from the  
city

And from the court that you so much adorn,  
Into this 'beggary place, to try a cause  
That happens almost every day in Spain.

*Judge.* True, sir, but this is not by any means  
The whole, or kernel, of the case. These men,  
Beside, and after, the said homicide,  
Resisted the king's officers; this Perez  
Especially—a notable ruffian  
Who lives among these hills a lawless life  
Of violence and murder—struck the Sheriff,  
And—but I'm scarce entitled to say more  
To one whose very name I know not.

*Gil.* Oh!  
My name is quickly told, if that be all.

*Judge.* What is it then?

*Gil.* Gil Perez.

*Judge.* Ho ! without !

*Man.* (*appearing at the door*). My lord !

*Judge.* And who are you ?

*Gil.* A friend of mine.

*Man.* Who will take care that no one else comes in,

Till you have done. [*Exit.*

*Gil.* Your lordship sees how 'tis—

Be not alarm'd—pray take your chair again—

I've much to say to you.

*Judge* (*aside*). Better submit.

This desperate man may have a score beside—

Well, sir, your business with me ?

*Gil.* Why, my lord,

I for these many days have been, so please you,

Away from home ; suddenly coming back,

My friends here tell me of a mortal suit

Your lordship has against me ; when I ask

For the particulars, some say one thing,

And some another. I, who naturally

Am somewhat interested in the truth,

Think it the wisest course to come at once

Straight to headquarters.

*Judge.* This is strange proceeding.

*Gil.* Oh, if your lordship scruple telling me,

These papers will not. I'd not for the world

Annoy your lordship. (*Takes the papers.*)

*Judge.* What are you about, sir ?

*Gil.* Conning my brief.

*Judge.* But, sir—

*Gil.* Now pray, my lord,

Resume your seat ; let me not ask you this

So very often. (*Reading.*) Ah—the bare indictment

I know in a rough way, no need read that :

But for the evidence. Ah, here it is.

Humph ; the first witness called, Andrew Ximenes :

‘ Andrew Ximenes, being duly sworn,

‘ Deposeth thus : that he was cutting wood,

‘ When the two gentlemen came out to fight ;

‘ And stood to watch them ; that, after some passes,

‘ Don Diego fell ; and the officers of justice

‘ Then coming up, the other leap’d on horse, .

‘ And fled : but being brought to ground by a shot

‘ That kill’d his horse, then ran, until he reach’d

‘ Gil Perez’s house,’—here enter I,—‘ who first

‘ Courteously ask’d the Sheriff to desist

‘ Hunting the gentleman ; but when the Sheriff

‘ Persisted, drew on him and on his people,

‘ And fought them back ; but how and when exactly

‘ The wound was given, deponent cannot say.

‘ And all this he deposeth upon oath,

‘ Andrew Ximenes—’ And he says the truth ;

Andrew is a good, honourable fellow.

Now for the second, Gil Parrado ; humph.

‘ Parrado, duly sworn, deposeth thus ;

‘ That, hearing a commotion, he ran out

‘ And got in time to see ’—here enter I—

‘ Gil Perez fighting with the officers,

‘ Then on a sudden running to the river

‘ Plunge in. And that is all he knows of it.’

How short and sweet !

‘ Next and third witness, Juan Baptista,’—ay,

Now for this exemplary Christian—

‘ Juan Baptista sworn, deposeth thus :

‘ That, as luck fell, he was behind a tree

‘ When the two gentlemen came out to fight ;

‘ That they fought fairly hand to hand, until ’—

Here enter I—‘ Gil Perez suddenly

‘ Rush’d from a thicket by, and join’d himself

‘ With Don Alonso, and the two together



‘Maliciously and treacherously slew  
‘Don Diego.’ Pray, my lord, what is the worth  
Of such a witness, who himself admits  
He stood behind a tree watching two men  
Set on a third, and slay him, and yet never  
Ran to his help? Well—humph—‘And after this,  
‘Saw Don Alonso jump upon a horse  
‘And fly, while Perez drew his sword upon  
‘The officers of justice, and slew one,  
‘And maim’d another.’ Give me leave, my lord,  
To take this leaf. (*Tears it out.*)

I’ll bring it back to you  
When I have made this rascal Jew confess  
(If ever Jews confess) what he *did* see,  
If any thing; but fair that if a judge  
Decide on evidence, that evidence  
At least be true; that he should hear moreover  
Both sides, accused as well as his accuser.  
As to that Sheriff’s wounds—the only count  
To which I own—I never sought the fray;  
The fray sought me, as I stood innocently  
At my own door; and pray what man of honour—  
What would your lordship’s sober self have done  
In such a case?

*Judge.* Within! within there! ho!  
Perez himself is here! the culprit! Seize him!

*Man. (appearing).* Ay, do, if you can catch him.

*Gil.* Manuel,  
Let them come up; I have no more to say.  
And you and I, who walk’d in by the door,  
Can jump out of the window.

*Voices (within).* Seize him! Seize him!

*Judge.* One word, Gil Perez; if you yield at  
once,  
I’ll be your friend.

*Gil.* I make no friends of lawyers,  
And never trust their promises.

*Judge.* If not,  
As sure as Heav'n, I'll bring you to the scaffold.

*Gil.* If you can catch me.

*Judge.* Cannot I?

*Gil.* Well, try.

*Judge.* Ho there! upon him; and if he resist,  
Cut him down!

*Man.* Now then, Gil!

*Gil.* Now, Manuel!  
Out with the lights! or wanting them, we two  
Will strike them, knaves, in plenty out of you.

(*Confusion and Mêlée, in which GIL and MANUEL  
escape.*)

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*On a Mountain by Salvatierra.*

*Enter GIL PEREZ, MANUEL, ISABEL, and JUANA.*

*Gil.* This mountain then, upon whose wrinkled  
edge  
The weary moon reclines, must be our fort;  
Where, in some green and shady spot of it,  
(Hung round with savage, inaccessible rocks,)  
While Isabel and your Juana rest,  
You and I, Manuel, will steal into  
The little village nestled there below,  
And of such travellers as come this way,  
Demand (our own all gone) a scanty living,  
By fair entreaty, not by violence;

Until, pursuit giv'n up, we may retreat  
Elsewhere, to live upon what little means  
Injustice leaves us.

*Man.* Gil, 'tis nothing new  
For criminals to hide  
Ev'n where they did the crime, where vengeance least  
Expects to find them, and hunts round in vain.  
And even should they light upon the place,  
Surely we two, back'd by these friendly rocks,  
Can keep at bay the rabble that we foil'd  
On level ground.

*Isab.* I have listen'd to you both,  
And take it ill you reckon on yourselves  
Alone ; when I, who though a woman, having yet  
Your blood, Gil Perez, running in my veins,  
And something of your spirit in my heart,  
Am at your side.

*Jua.* And I, who, like a coward,  
Chime in at last ; yet, if with little power,  
With right good will indeed.

*Gil.* Well spoken both !  
But I maintain it as a golden law,  
Women be women ever : keep you quiet,  
And comforting yourselves as best you may,  
While Manuel and I, as becomes men,  
Provide for you in all.

*Isab.* Well, we at least,  
If fit for nothing else, can pray for you.

[*Exeunt ISABEL and JUANA.*]

*Gil.* Now they are gone, I want to talk with you  
On a grave matter, Manuel. 'Tis this.  
Among those depositions at the Judge's,  
One rascal, and a rascal too whose gold  
Makes weigh his witness against honesty,  
Declared on oath he saw me, me, Gil Perez,

Abetting Don Alonso treacherously  
To slay Don Diego.

*Man.* Who was this?

*Gil.* Why one

Who has not this alone to answer for,  
As you will know when I name—Juan Baptista.

*Man.* A coward, who, as all such villains do,  
Flies to the tongue for vengeance, not the sword;  
Behind one's back too—

Why, let us go at once, and in broad day  
Before all eyes, before the very Judge's  
He lied to, drag the rascal from his house,  
And make him eat his words in the very place  
He spit them forth in.

*Gil.* All this we will do,  
But at some better opportunity,  
And fitter place. I've heard my grandsire say,  
‘If you begin the fray, why then  
You must abide the how and when;  
But who's drawn into it, I trow,  
May suit himself with when and how.’

But footsteps! Hark!—

Now to commence our calling, as new members  
Of the most courteous cut-purse company.

*Enter LEONARDO, travelling.*

*Leon. (speaking as he enters).* Lead on the horses,  
Mendo, 'tis so pleasant  
Under the shadow of these wooded rocks,  
I'll walk some way alone.

*Gil.* Your servant, sir.

*Leon.* Sir, God be with you!

*Gil.* Travelling all alone?  
And whither, may I ask?

*Leon.* To Lisbon, sir.

*Gil.* And whence?

*Leon.* I started at the break of day  
From Salvatierra.

*Gil.* Ay? Then you can tell  
What news is stirring there.

*Leon.* Oh nothing, sir.  
Unless perhaps the exploits of a fellow  
The terror of that country; one Gil Perez,  
I think; who, when justice was at his heels  
After some crime or other I forget,  
Wounded the Sheriff, kill'd his officer,  
And then was impudent enough to walk  
Into the very Judge's house, and there,  
Before his very eyes, snatch up and read  
The depositions drawn up against him.

*Gil.* A very curious story, that!

*Leon.* And then,  
Though half the place was up in arms on him,  
He, and another who is, as I hear,  
Much such another rascal as himself,  
Broke through them all and got away scot free!  
But they are after him.

*Gil.* This is the news?

*Leon.* All that I know of.

*Gil.* Well—before you go,  
I'll ask you, sir, who by your speech and bearing  
Seem a good fellow, if a friend of yours  
Came flying for his life, the Philistines  
Close on his heels, and fell before your feet,  
At your own door, exhausted, and beseeching  
Help and protection of you—let me ask  
What would you do?

*Leon.* What do? why, give it him.

*Gil.* You would? and would you, in so doing,

Deserve the name of rascal for your pains?

*Leon.* No, certainly.

*Gil.* And when a writ was out  
Against you for so doing, charging you  
With murder, threatening death and confiscation,  
Would you be more a rascal for demanding  
Such needful information of the Judge  
As he alone could give of evidence  
Which you suspected, and found false?

*Leon.* No, truly.

*Gil.* One question more. If, damn'd by such  
false witness,  
You were found guilty, all your property  
Confiscated, yourself condemn'd to die,  
Might not you fly the misdirected sword  
Of justice, and of those who well could spare  
Beg a poor tithe of what she robb'd you wholly,  
And be no rascal still?

*Leon.* Oh clearly, clearly.

*Gil.* This granted then, look to the inference.  
I am Gil Perez; I who struck the Sheriff,  
And kill'd his man, and read the Judge's papers,  
And flying hither, shorn of house and home,  
Ask you for that of which the law robs me;  
Which, having plenty, if you will not give,  
By your own free admission I may take,  
And be no rascal still.

*Leon.* You need not use  
My argument against me; I respect  
And pity you, Gil Perez; take this chain;  
If it be not enough, I pledge my word  
I'll bring you more hereafter.

*Gil.* All you say  
Tells of a generous heart. But ere I take  
Your present, tell me—do you give it me

For fear, alone, and in my power, may be,  
Or of good will?

*Leon.* Good will! I swear to you,  
Gil Perez, I would even do the same  
Had I a squadron at my side.

*Gil.* As such  
I take it, then. For when my life must pay,  
As soon or late it must, the penalty  
Of hungry vengeance, I shall lay it down  
Contented in my conscience, and report  
That I but took from those who had to give,  
And freely gave; the only retribution  
My evil star allow'd me.

*Leon.* True enough.  
Is there aught else that I can do for you?

*Gil.* Nothing.

*Leon.* Farewell—and may a better fate  
Await you.

*Gil.* Farewell—shall I see you safe  
Over the mountain?

*Leon.* Not a step—adieu. [*Exit.*

*Man.* Sure never robbery was known to wear  
So fair a face.

*Gil.* Tut, tut, you're not to call it  
Robbery, but preferment, Manuel.  
But who are these?

*Enter two Farmers.*

*1st Farm.* I tell you I have bought the stock of  
vines  
Upon his farm.

*2nd Farm.* What, Gil's?

*1st Farm.* Yes; sold, you know,  
To pay the costs of prosecution,

Judges and Alguazils and such ; and I  
Am carrying them the money.

*Man.*

Fair game this.

*Gil.* I know him, a near neighbour. Well, friend  
Antony,

How goes it with you ?

*1st Farm.*

What ! Gil Perez ! you !

When the whole country's after you ?

*Gil.* And if they catch me nobody's the worse  
Except myself. But till they catch and kill me,  
(When I shall want, you know, no more to live on,)  
I've not a stiver ; clipt of the estate  
Whose price you carry in your pocket there.  
Now, I'd not starve ; but, on the other hand,  
Would not wrong any one to keep me from't :  
How shall we settle that ?

*1st Farm.*

Oh easily—

Take this—and this (*offers money*)—I had better give  
it up

At once, for fear. (*Aside.*)

*Gil.*

But do you give me this

Of free good will ?

*1st Farm.*

Why as to that, Gil Perez,

My will is good to serve you ; but, you see,  
I am not very rich.

*Gil.*

You mean by that

You would not give this money could you help it ?

*1st Farm.* Why certainly.

*Gil.*

Then keep it and begone

In peace.

*1st Farm.* Gil Perez !

*Gil.*

I'll not have it said

I robb'd—not shamed to beg in my distress.

*2nd Farm.* And I pray, Gil, and he who likes may  
hear me,



God keep you from your enemies. I have here  
Six pieces that my wife knows nothing of ;  
You're welcome.

*Gil.* Not a penny ; go your ways,  
Or night will reach you ere you reach your homes.

[*Exeunt Farmers.*]

*Man.* Gil, while you talk'd with them, I've heard  
a sound  
As of pursuit—listen !—and many too.

*Gil.* Let us up higher then !

*Man.* Beware, the trees  
Will whisper of our whereabouts.

*Gil.* Then here  
Behind the rocks that tell no tales.

*Man.* Quick, quick ! (*They hide.*)

*Enter DONNA LEONOR, JUAN BAPTISTA, Judge,  
Alguazils, etc.*

*Bapt.* Here, madam, till the scorching sun be  
sunk,  
Tarry awhile.

*Leonor.* My cousin's grievous sickness  
Calls me with all speed homeward.

*Judge.* And as yet  
No vestige of these ruffians, whom to find  
And bring to justice, madam, in your cause,  
I'll peril my own life.

*Gil.* Hist, Manuel !

*Man.* Ay, but speak lower.

*Gil.* When better than now  
Can I avenge Alonso and myself,  
When judge, accus'd, accuser, and false witness,  
Are all together ?

*Man.* Wait awhile.

*Gil.*

But—

*Man.*

See,

Fresh comers.

*Gil.*

I shall lose the golden moment.

*Enter some, dragging along PEDRO.**Judge.* A prisoner?*1st Man.* One of Gil Perez's knaves, my lord, whom we have just now caught creeping over to Portugal. The very day Perez swam over there this fellow was missed from Salvatierra, and returned on the very evening of his return.*Judge.* Very suspicious indeed.*Pedro.* Very, my lord, I grant it. Yes, wherever I go, to Portugal, Flanders, Germany, China, Japan, 'tis all the same. I am sure to find him there.*Judge.* You know then where he is now?*Ped.* Oh, doubtless close at hand: he must be, I being here; he is such a constant master, that if you put me in prison he'll soon surrender only to follow me there.*Judge.* Point out the place, then.*Ped.* Would to Heav'n I could, for were he clapt up safe I'd not follow *him*, I promise you. Indeed, my lord, I live in terror of my life from him. Flying from him it was I fled from home To Portugal; where the first man I saw Was he I thought I'd left at Salvatierra: Flying to Andalusia, the first face I saw was his I left in Portugal: Till, rushing homeward in despair, the man I thought I'd left behind in Andalusia, Met me at once, and having knockt me down,

Left me for dead. Well, I got up at last,  
And fled again : but, scarcely got a mile,  
Your people seize me on suspicion  
Of knowing where he hides, and so far justly,  
That carrying me by way of a decoy,  
I'll lay my life he soon were in the trap.

*Judge.* Your folly, or your cunning, sir, shall not  
mislead us ; tell me where your master is at once, or  
the wooden horse—

*Ped.* Alas, I'm a bad rider.

*Judge.* Take him to the village and keep him  
close. By his looks I doubt not, spite of this affected  
simplicity, he's a desperate ruffian.

*Ped.* I seem such a desperate fellow to him :  
Dear me, of the four men here let one depart, and  
leave three, and one of the three leave two, and one  
of the two one ; and that one leave half himself ; and  
that half his half ; and that quarter his half, till it  
comes to *nil* : it would still be nilly willy with me.

[*Exit, guarded by Alguazils.*

*Gil.*

Manuel,

The Alguazils are gone.

*Man.*

Now for it then.

*Gil (appearing).* God save this noble company !

*All.*

Gil Perez !

*Gil.* Be not alarm'd ; I have but a few words  
To say to one of you, this Juan Baptista.

*Judge.* Holloa ! my guards !

*Man.*

Judge, never strain your throat,  
Unless you would be answer'd by such guards  
As waited on you yesterday.

*Judge.* Is this the way that I, and, in my person,  
That justice is insulted ?

*Gil.*

Nay, my lord,

You least of all should tax a criminal

Who so punctiliously respects yourself,  
And the realm's Justice in your belly lodged,  
That not to waste you in a vain pursuit,  
He waits on you himself.

*Judge.* Impudent man !  
And this before that most illustrious lady  
Your treachery has render'd brotherless ;  
And who with daily prayers—

*Gil.* And 'tis for this—  
That she may hear my vindication  
Ev'n from the very lips that made the charge,  
And cease an unjust persecution,  
Unworthy of her noble name and blood,  
That I am here. For, madam, if I prove  
That Don Alonso in fair duel slew  
Your brother, and without my treacherous help,  
Or any man's, would you pursue us still ?

*Leonor.* No, sir ; for though the laws of duel are  
For men alone, I know enough of them  
To pardon all that was in honour done,  
Ev'n to my cost. Prove what you say you will,  
And Don Alonso may take sanctuary  
In my own house against myself and all.

*Gil.* 'Tis nobly said. On this I take my stand :  
And since 'tis general and accepted law  
That what a witness first shall swear, and then  
Forswear, stand for no evidence at all,  
Stand forth, Juan Baptista ;  
Here is your deposition ; I will read it  
Before the very Judge you swore it to,  
And before this great lady, and do you  
Substantiate or deny it point by point.

*Judge.* Audacity !

*Gil (reading).* In the first place you swear,  
That, 'As luck fell, you were behind a tree

‘When the two gentlemen came out to fight.’  
Say, is this true?

*Bapt.* It is.

*Gil.* ‘And that they fought  
‘Hand to hand fairly, until suddenly  
‘Gil Perez, rushing from a thicket, sided  
‘With Don Alonso.’ Now, bethink you well ;  
Is this the truth, Baptista?

*Bapt.* Yes. I swear it.

*Gil.* Infamous liar! (*Shoots him with a pistol.*)

*Bapt. (falling).* Heav’n have mercy on me!

*Gil.* My lord, you must another murder add  
To my black catalogue. Come, Manuel,  
We must away while we have time. Farewell.  
[*Exeunt GIL and MANUEL.*]

*Judge.* By the most sacred person of my king,  
I swear to punish this audacity,  
If it should cost my life.

*Bapt.* Oh, listen, lady ;  
While I have breath to speak. I’m justly slain.  
I tried to swear Gil Perez’s life away  
To gain his sister ; he has told you true :  
In fair and open duel, hand to hand,  
Was Don Diego slain. Oh let my death  
Atone for this, and my last dying words  
Attest it. (*Dies.*)

*Enter the Alguazils with PEDRO.*

*Alg.* We heard a pistol, and returned, my lord, to see.

*Judge.* It was Gil Perez ; that is his work. (*Pointing to BAPTISTA.*)

*Ped.* There, said I not the truth?

*Judge.* He must not escape ; after him ! As to

this fellow here, who is plainly in his secrets, let two Alguazils keep guard upon him here, lest he do further mischief; the rest come with me.

*Ped.* What crime have I committed? Did I not tell you, my lord, he would come, and did he not come?

*Judge.* Peace, traitor! Come, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Pass in the same Mountain.*

*Firing and shouting heard; after which, enter ISABEL and JUANA on a platform of rock above the stage.*

*Isab.* That arquebuss! of which only the thunder  
Has reach'd us of perhaps some deadly bolt  
On one of those we love!

Why tarry they so long? What think you, Juana?

*Jua.* Oh what, but share your fears!

*Isab.* Let us descend,  
And learn the truth at once; better at once  
To die, than by this torture.

(*As they are about to descend, enter to them suddenly  
GIL PEREZ and MANUEL.*)

*Gil.* Wait!

*Isab.* My brother!

*Jua.* Manuel!

*Gil.* They are coming; hide we here;  
There is no time—

*Enter Judge, LEONOR, Alguazils, etc.*

*Judge.* After them! after them!  
By Heav'n, this mountain-top shall be the scaffold

On which the wretch shall expiate his crimes.  
Two thousand scudi for the man who brings,  
Dead or alive, Gil Perez !

*Gil (appearing above).* By the Lord,  
You rate me cheap, my lord ; I'll set you higher—  
I say four thousand scudi for the Judge,  
Alive or stuff'd !

*Judge.* There he is ! Fire ! (*Alguazil fires and wounds GIL.*)

*Gil (falling).* God help me !

*Judge.* Yield.

*Gil (struggling).* I've an arm left yet.

*Alg.* He'll fight when dead.

*Judge.* Away with him ! (*Judge and Alguazils carry off GIL.*)

*Man. (struggling with JUANA).* Leave hold of me,  
I say.

*Jua.* Oh ! Manuel !

*Isab.* Oh ! my brother !

*Man.* Let me go,

Or I will dash you headlong with myself. (*He rushes down, ISABEL and JUANA after him.*)

### SCENE III.—*Same as SCENE I.*

*PEDRO discovered guarded by two Alguazils.*

*Ped.* Shots and shouting ! They must be at work.  
Perhaps you gentlemen will wait, while I go and see.

*Alg.* Be quiet, or two bullets—

*Ped.* Oh, one would be enough, thank you. Well,  
if I mustn't go, will you two gentlemen ? and leave  
me to wait for you ? I'm quite indifferent.

*Alg.* We leave you not an instant or an inch.

*Ped.* Were ever guards half so polite ! Sure, I must be a holiday to be so strictly kept.

*Alg.* Hark ! They are coming.

*Enter Judge and Alguazils with GIL, a cloak thrown over him.*

*Judge.* Where is the other prisoner ?

*Alg.* Here, my lord.

*Judge.* March on with us.

*Alg. 2.* My lord, this man will faint with loss of blood and weariness.

*Judge.* Halt then, and let him breathe awhile.

*(They uncover GIL, and PEDRO sees him.)*

*Ped.* I might have guessed it ! Let me be in the bilboes, on the very scaffold, he must be with me : he will die on purpose to lie in the same grave with me, I think !

*Gil.* Whose voice is that ?

*Ped.* Nobody's.

*Gil.* Pedro ? Courage, my poor boy. My day is over. Oh, vanity of mortal strength !

*Judge.* But who are these ?

*Enter DONNA LEONOR, with ISABEL, JUANA, and Servants.*

*Leonor.* I, Donna Leonor, who, falling in  
With these sad ladies, do repent me much,  
That, misdirected by a lying tongue,  
I have pursued this gentleman—I doubt  
To death—if not, I charge you from this moment  
Leave him at liberty.

*Isab.*

Or else—



*Enter suddenly MANUEL and DON ALONSO, and Followers.*

*Alon.* Or else,  
Look to it.

*Gil.* Don Alonso ! whom I thought  
Far off upon the seas ?

*Alon.* And should have been,  
But when my foot was on the very plank  
That rock'd upon the foam along the beach,  
I, who could never get you from my heart,  
And knew that you had come to peril hither,  
Could but return once more to him who saved  
My life, though he had waved me from his side.  
Enough ; I am in time. I tell you, sir,  
Give up this man at once. *(To the Judge.)*

*Judge.* Not for you all !

*Alon.* Then at him and his people !

*(ALONSO, MANUEL, and their people rush on the Judge, Alguazils, etc., disarm them, and beat them out.)*

*Alon. (embracing GIL).* My friend is free.

*Gil.* And what first use shall make  
Of freedom ?

*Ped.* Why, turn Friar ; you can then  
Be free and easy too, and leave me so.  
Oh, sir, have I not had enough of terror,  
Exile, and hunger, to deserve your pardon ?  
Plead for me, Don Alonso.

*Alon.* Gil—

*Gil.* Nay, nay,  
What could you seem about to ask of me  
But granted ere 'twas said ? Go. I forgive you.

With which magnanimous forbearance now  
Gil Perez, the Gallician, makes his bow.

[*Exeunt.*]

---

'Thus ends,' says Calderon, 'the first part of the *hazanas notables* of Luis Perez,' whose name I have, for sundry reasons, (and without offence to the hero, I hope,) changed to *Gil*. He was 'a notorious robber,' says Mr. Ticknor, a kind of Spanish Rob Roy perhaps; at all events, one whose historical reality is intimated by greater distinctness of character than is usual in these plays. Of such gentry examples are never wanting in Spain, where so little alters to this day; witness the career of the famous José Maria, quite lately ended; who, I read in a book of Travels, was, like Gil, a farmer, for his first calling; a most merciful robber when he took to his second; and who performed Gil's feat of confronting, if not a Judge, a Prime Minister in his own den.

Gil perhaps had better have 'played his pranks' (as Fuller says of Robin Hood) in prose; but he was a lawless fellow, and blank verse lay in his way. Those who think his style altogether too heroic for a country robber, will at least find my version more than excused by the original.



THREE JUDGMENTS AT A  
BLOW

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PEDRO IV. . . . . *King of Arragon.*  
 DON MENDO TORELLAS . . . *his Minister.*  
 DONNA VIOLANTE . . . . . *Mendo's Daughter.*  
 ELVIRA . . . . . *her Maid.*

DON LOPE DE URREA,  
 DONNA BLANCA . . . . . *his Wife.*  
 DON LOPE . . . . . *their Son.*  
 BEATRICE . . . . . *their Servant.*

DON GUILLEN . . . . . *a Friend of Don Lope's.*  
 VICENTE . . . . . *Young Lope's Servant.*

ROBBERS, OFFICERS, ROYAL SUITE, etc.

# THREE JUDGMENTS AT A BLOW

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Mountain Pass near Saragossa.*

*Shot within. Then enter DON MENDO and VIOLANTE  
pursued by Robbers, among whom is VICENTE.*

*Men.* Villains, let steel or bullet do their worst,  
I'll die ere yield.

*Viol.* Heaven help us !

*Robber I.* Fool, to strive  
Against such odds—upon their own ground too,  
Red with the blood of hundreds like yourselves.

*Vic.* Come, sir, no more ado ;  
But quietly give my young madam up,  
Nice picking for our captain.

*Men.* Not while a drop of blood is in my body.

*Robbers.* Here's at you then !

*Viol.* My father !

*(As the Robbers attack MENDO, enter DON LOPE.)*

*Lope.* How now ? whom have you here ?

*Vic.* Oh, noble captain,  
We found this lady resting from the sun  
Under the trees, with a small retinue,

Who of course fled.

All but this ancient gentleman, who still  
Holds out against us.

*Lope* (to MENDO). What can you expect  
Against such numbers?

*Men.* Not my life, but death.

You come in time—

Upon my knees I do beseech of you (*kneels*)  
No other mercy save of instant death  
To *both* of us.

*Lope.* Arise! you are the first  
Has moved me to the mercy you decline.  
This lady is—your wife?

*Men.* My only daughter!

*Viol.* In spirit as in blood. If by his death  
You think to make you masters of my life,  
Default of other weapon, with these hands  
I'll cease the breath of life, or down these rocks  
Dash myself headlong.

*Lope.* Lady, calm yourself;  
Your beauty has subdued an angry devil  
One like yourself first raised within my soul.  
Your road lies whither, sir?

*Men.* To Saragossa.  
Where if I could requite—

*Lope.* Your name?

*Men.* Don Mendo

Torellas, after a long embassy.

To Paris, Rome, and Naples, summon'd back  
By Pedro, King of Arragon—with whom  
If't be (as oft) some youthful petulance,  
Calling for justice or revenge at home,  
Drives you abroad to these unlawful courses,  
I pledge my word—

*Lope.* Alas, sir, I might hail

Your offer could I hope that your deserts,  
However great, might cancel my account  
Of ill-deserving. But indeed my crimes  
Have gather'd so in number, and in weight,  
And condemnation—committed, some of them,  
'To stave away the very punishment  
They must increase at last ; others, again,  
In the sheer desperation of forgiveness  
That all had heap'd upon me—

*Men.* Nay, nay, nay ;  
Despair not ; trust to my good offices ;  
In pledge of which here, now, before we part,  
I swear to make your pardon the first boon  
I'll ask for or accept at the King's hand.  
Your name ?

*Lope.*        However desperate, and ashamed  
To tell it, you shall hear it—and my story.

Retire ! *(To the Robbers, who exeunt.)*

Don Mendo, I am Lope, son  
Of Lope de Urrea, of some desert,  
At least in virtue of my blood.

*Men.* Indeed !  
Urrea and myself were, I assure you,  
Intimate friends of old,—another tie,  
If wanting one, to bind me to your service.

*Lope.* I scarce can hope it, sir ; if I, his son,  
Have so disgraced him with my evil ways,  
And so impoverisht him with my expenses,  
Were you his friend, you scarcely can be mine.  
And yet, were I to tell you all, perhaps  
I were not all to blame.

*Men.* Come, tell me all ;  
'Tis fit that I should hear it.

*Viol.* I begin  
To breathe again.



*Lope.* Then listen, sir. My father in his youth,  
As you perhaps may know, but *why* I know not,  
Held off from marriage ; till, bethinking him,  
Or warn'd by others, what a shame it were  
So proud a name should die for want of wearer,  
In his late years he took to wife a lady  
Of blameless reputation, and descent  
As noble as his own, but so unequal  
In years, that she had scarcely told fifteen  
When age his head had whiten'd with such snows  
As froze his better judgment.

*Men.*

Ay, I know

Too well—too well ! (*Aside.*)

*Lope.* Long she repell'd his suit,  
Feeling how ill ill-sorted years agree ;  
But, at the last, before her father's will  
She sacrificed her own. Oh sacrifice  
That little lacks of slaughter ! So, my father  
Averse from wedlock's self, and she from him,  
Think what a wedlock this must be, and what  
The issue that was like to come of it !  
While other sons cement their parents' love,  
My birth made but a wider breach in mine.  
Just in proportion as my mother loved  
Her boy, my father hated him—yes, hated,  
Even when I was lisping at his knees  
That little language charms all fathers' hearts.  
Neglecting me himself, as I grew up  
He neither taught, nor got me taught, to curb  
A violent nature, which by love or lash  
May even be corrected in a wolf :  
Till, as I grew, and found myself at large,  
Spoilt both by mother's love and father's hate  
I took to evil company, gave rein  
To every passion as it rose within,

Wine, dice, and women—what a precipice  
To build the fabric of a life upon !  
Which, when my father  
Saw tottering to its fall, he strove to train  
The tree that he had suffer'd to take root  
In vice, and grow up crooked—all too late !  
Though not revolting to be ruled by him,  
I could not rule myself. And so we lived  
Both in one house, but wholly apart in soul,  
Only alike in being equally  
My mother's misery. Alas, my mother !  
My heart is with her still ! Why, think, Don Mendo,  
That, would she see me, I must creep at night  
Muffled, a tip-toe, like a thief, to her,  
Lest he should know of it ! Why, what a thing  
That such a holy face as filial love  
Must wear the mask of theft ! But to sum up  
The story of my sorrows and my sins  
That have made me a criminal, and him  
Almost a beggar ;—  
In the full hey-day of my wilfulness  
There lived a lady near, in whom methought  
Those ancient enemies, wit, modesty,  
And beauty, all were reconciled ; to her,  
Casting my coarser pleasures in the rear,  
I did devote myself—first with mute signs,  
Which by and by began to breathe in sighs,  
And by and by in passionate words that love  
Toss'd up all shapeless, but all glowing hot,  
Up from my burning bosom, and which first  
Upon her willing ears fell unreprieved,  
Then on her heart, which by degrees they wore  
More than I used to say her senseless threshold  
Wore by the nightly pressure of my feet.  
She heard my story, pitied me

With her sweet eyes ; and my unruly passion,  
Flusht with the promise of first victory,  
Push'd headlong to the last ; not knowing, fool !  
How in love's world the shadow of disappointment  
Exactly dogs the substance of succeſs.  
In fine, one night I stole into her house,  
Into her chamber ; and with every vow  
Of marriage on my tongue ; as easy then  
To utter, as thereafter to forswear,  
When in the very jewel I coveted  
Very compliance seem'd to make a flaw  
That made me careless of it when possess'd.  
From day to day I put our marriage off  
With false pretence, which she at last suspecting  
Falsely continued seeming to believe,  
Till she had got a brother to her side,  
(A desperate man then out-law'd, like myself,  
For homicide,) who, to avenge her shame,  
With other two waylaid me on a night  
When as before I unsuspectingly  
Crept to her house ; and set upon me so,  
All three at once, I just had time to parry  
Their thrusts, and draw a pistol, which till then  
They had not seen, when—  
• *Voices (within)*. Fly ! Away ! Away !

*Enter VICENTE.*

*Lope*. What is the matter now ?

*Vic*.

Captain !

*Lope*.

Well, speak.

*Vic*. We must be off ; the lady's retinue  
Who fled have roused the soldiery, and with them  
Are close upon our heels. We've not a moment.

*Lope*. Then up the mountain !

*Men.* Whither I will see  
They shall not follow you ; and take my word  
I'll not forget my promise.

*Lope.* I accept it.

*Men.* Only, before we part, give me some token,  
The messenger I send may travel with  
Safe through your people's hands.

*Lope* (giving a dagger). This then.

*Men.* A dagger?

An evil-omen'd pass-word.

*Lope.* Ah, Don Mendo,

What has a wretched robber got to give  
Unless some implement of death ! And see,  
The wicked weapon cannot reach your hand,  
But it must bite its master's.      (*His hand bleeding.*)  
Ill-omen'd as you say !

*Voices (within).* Away! Away!

*Vic.* They're close upon us!

*Viol.* O quick! begone! My life hangs on a  
thread

While yours is in this peril.

*Lope.* That alone

Should make me fly to save it. Farewell, lady.  
Farewell, Don Mendo.

*Men. and Viol.* Farewell !

*Lope.* What strange things  
The sun between his rise and setting brings! [*Exit.*

*Men.* Let us anticipate, and so detain  
The soldiers. That one turn of Fortune's wheel  
Years of half-buried memory should reveal !

*Viol.* Could I believe that crime should ever be  
So amiable ! How fancy with us plays,  
And with one touch colours our future days !

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.—*An Audience Hall in the Palace of  
PEDRO, King of Arragon.*

*Enter DON LOPE DE URREA, and DON GUILLEN.*

*Guil.* Such bosom friends, sir, as from infancy  
Your son and I have been, I were ashamed,  
You being in such trouble, not to offer  
My help and consolation. Tell me aught  
That I can serve you in.

*Urr.* Believe me, sir,  
My heart most deeply thanks your courtesy.  
When came you to the city?

*Guil.* Yesterday,  
From Naples.

*Urr.* Naples?

*Guil.* To advance a suit  
I have in Arragon.

*Urr.* I too am here  
For some such purpose ; to beseech the King  
A boon I doubt that he will never grant.

*Guil.* Ev'n now his Highness comes.

*Enter KING PEDRO and Train.*

*Urr.* So please your Majesty, listen to one,  
Of whom already you have largely heard—  
Don Lope de Urrea.

*King.* Oh ! Don Lope !

*Urr.* I come not hither to repeat in words  
The purport of so many past petitions,  
My sorrows now put on a better face  
Before your Highness' presence. I beseech you  
To hear me patiently.

*King.* Speak, Urrea, speak !

*Urr.* Speak if I can, whose sorrow rising still  
Clouds its own utterance. My liege, my son,  
Don Lope, loved a lady here ; seduced her  
By no feign'd vows of marriage, but compell'd  
By me, who would not listen to a suit  
Without my leave contracted, put it off  
From day to day, until the lady, tired  
Of a delay that argued treachery,  
Engaged her brother in the quarrel ; who  
With two companions set upon my son  
One night to murder him. The lad, whose metal  
Would never brook affront, nor cared for odds,  
Drew on all three ; slew one—a homicide  
That nature's common law of self-defence  
Permits. The others fled, and set on him  
The officers of justice, one of whom  
In his escape he struck—  
A self-defence against your laws I own  
Not so to be excused—then fled himself  
Up to the mountains. I must needs confess  
He better had deserved an after-pardon  
By lawful service in your camp abroad  
Than aggravating old offence at home,  
By lawless plunder ; but your Highness knows  
It is an ancient law of honour here  
In Arragon, that none of noble blood  
In mortal quarrel quit his native ground.  
But to return. The woman, twice aggrieved,  
Her honour and her brother lost at once,  
(For him it was my son slew of the three,)  
Now seeks to bring her sorrows into port :  
And pitying my grey hairs and misery,  
Consents to acquit my son on either count,  
Providing I supply her wherewithal  
To hide her shame within some holy house ;

Which, straiten'd as I am, (that, by my troth,  
I scarce, my liege, can find my daily bread,)  
I have engaged to do ; not only this,  
But, in addition to the sum in hand,  
A yearly income—which to do, I now  
Am crept into my house's poorest rooms,  
And, (to such straits may come nobility !)  
Have let for hire what should become my rank  
And dignity to an old friend, Don Mendo  
Torellas, who I hear returns to-day  
To Saragossa. It remains, my liege,  
That, being by the plaintiff's self absolved,  
My son your royal pardon only needs ;  
Which if not he nor I merit ourselves,  
Yet let the merits of a long ancestry,  
Who swell your glorious annals with their names  
Writ in their blood, plead for us not in vain ;  
Pity the snows of age that misery  
Now thaws in torrents from my eyes ; yet more,  
Pity a noble lady—my wife—his mother—  
Who sits bow'd down with sorrow and disgrace  
In her starved house.

*King.* This is a case, Don Lope,  
For my Chief Justice, not for me.

*Urr.* Alas !  
How little hope has he who, looking up  
To dove-eyed mercy, sees but in her place  
Severely-sworded justice !

*King.* Is't not fit  
That the tribunal which arraign'd the crime  
Pronounce the pardon also ?

*Urr.* Were it so,  
I know not where to look for that tribunal,  
Or only find it speechless, since the death  
Of Don Alfonso.

*King.* His successor's name  
This day will be announced to Arragon.

*Urr.* Yet let a father's tears—

*King.* They might indeed  
The marble heart of justice make to bleed.

[*Exeunt KING, DON GUILLEN, and Train.*]

*Urr.* And thus to satisfy the exigence  
Of public estimation, one is forced  
To sacrifice entreaty and estate  
For an ill son.

Yet had but this petition been inflamed  
With love, that love of his had lit in me,  
My prayer had surely prosper'd. But 'tis done,  
Fruitless or not: *well* done, for Blanca's sake;  
Poor Blanca, though indeed she knows it not,  
And scarcely would believe it—  
But who comes here?—the friend of better days,  
Don Mendo! I would hide me from his eye,  
But, oh indignity, his ancient friend,  
Equal in birth and honour to himself,  
Must now, reduced to't by a shameless son,  
Become his tavern-keeper! For the present  
I may hold back—the King too! come to meet  
And do him honour.

*Enter, meeting, KING, with Train, and DON MENDO.*

*Men.* My royal master, let me at your feet  
Now and for ever—

*King.* Rise, Don Mendo, rise,  
Chief Justice of all Arragon.

*Men.* My liege,  
How shall I rise with such a weight of honour  
And solemnest responsibility,  
As you have laid upon my neck!



*King.* 'Tis long  
Since we have met. How fare you?

*Men.* How but well,  
On whom your royal favour shines so fair!

*King.* Enough. You must be weary. For to-day  
Go rest yourself, Chief Justice. And to-morrow  
We'll talk together. I have much to tell,  
And much to ask of you.

*Men.* Your Highness knows  
How all my powers are at your sole command,  
And only well employ'd in doing it.

[*Exit KING with Train.*]

*Urr.* If it be true that true nobility  
Slowly forgets what once it has esteem'd,  
I think Don Mendo will not turn away  
From Lope de Urrea.

*Men.* My old friend!  
I must forget myself, as well as honour,  
When I forget the debt I owe your love.

*Urr.* For old acquaintance then I kiss your  
hand;  
And on two other counts. First, as your host,  
You know, on your arrival; be assured  
That I shall do my best to entertain you:  
And, secondly, congratulating you  
On your new dignity, which you hardly don  
Before I am your suitor.

*Men.* Oh Don Lope,  
How gladly shall I serve you!

*Urr.* This memorial  
I had presented to the King, and he  
Referr'd to his Chief Justice.

*Men.* Oh trust to me,  
And to my loyal friendship in the cause.

*Urr.* A son of mine, Don Mendo,—

*Men.* Nay, no more—  
I am apprized of all.

*Urr.* I know that men  
Think my heart harden'd toward my only son.  
It might have been so ; not, though, till my son's  
Was flint to me. O Mendo, by his means  
My peace of mind, estate, and good repute  
Are gone for ever !

*Men.* Nay, be comforted :  
I fill a post where friendship well can grant  
What friendship fairly asks. Think from this hour  
That all is ended. Not for your sake only,  
But for your son's ; to whom (you soon shall hear  
The whole strange history) I owe my life,  
And sure shall not be slack to save his own.  
All will be well. Come, let us to your house,  
Whither, on coming to salute the King,  
I sent my daughter forward.

*Urr.* I rejoice  
To think how my poor Blanca will rejoice  
To do her honour. You remember Blanca ?

*Men.* Remember her indeed, and shall delight  
To see her once again. (*Aside.*) O lying tongue,  
To say so, when the heart beneath would fain  
We had not met, or might not meet again !

SCENE III.—*A Room in URREA'S House.*

*Enter BLANCA and VIOLANTE in travelling dress,  
meeting.*

*Blan.* How happy am I that so fair a guest  
Honours my house by making it her own,

And me her servant !  
To welcome and to wait on Violante  
I have thus far intruded.

*Viol.* Nay, Donna Blanca,  
Mine is the honour and the happiness,  
Who, coming thus to Arragon a stranger,  
Find such a home and hostess. Pardon me  
That I detain you in this ante-room,  
My own not ready yet.

*Blan.* You come indeed  
Before your people look'd for you.

*Viol.* But not  
Before my wishes, lady, I assure you :  
Not minding on the mountains to encounter  
Another such a risk.

*Blan.* There was a first then ?

*Viol.* So great that I assure you—and too truly,  
(*aside*)—  
My heart yet beats with it.

*Blan.* How was't ?

*Viol.* Why, thus :  
In wishing to escape the noon-day sun,  
That seem'd to make both air and land breathe fire,  
I lighted from my litter in a spot  
That one might almost think the flowers had chosen  
To tourney in, so green and smooth the sward  
On which they did oppose their varied crests,  
So fortified above with closing leaves,  
And all encompass'd by a babbling stream.  
There we sat down to rest ; when suddenly  
A company of robbers broke upon us,  
And would have done their worst, had not as suddenly  
A young and gallant gentleman, their captain,  
Arrested them, and kindly—but how now ?  
Why weep you, Donna Blanca ?

*Blan.* Weeping, yes,  
My sorrows with your own—But to your tale.

*Viol.* Nay, why should I pursue it if my trouble  
Awake the memory of yours?

*Blan.* Your father,  
Saw he this youth, this robber cavalier  
Who graced disgrace so handsomely?

*Viol.* Indeed,  
And owes his life and honour to him.

*Blan.* Oh!  
He had aton'd for many a foregone crime  
By adding that one more! But I talk wild;  
Pardon me, Violante.

I have an anguish ever in my breast  
At times will rise, and sting me into madness;  
Perhaps you will not wonder when you hear  
This robber was my son, my only son,  
Whose wicked ways have driv'n him where he is,  
From home, and law, and love!

*Viol.* Forgive me, lady,  
I mind me now—he told us—  
But I was too confused and terrified  
To heed to names. Else credit me—

*Enter URREA and MENDO.*

*Urr.* Largess! a largess, wife! for bringing you  
Joy and good fortune to our house, from which  
They have so long been banisht.

*Blan.* Long indeed!

*Urr.* So long, methinks, that coming all at once  
They make me lose my manners. (*To VIOLANTE.*)

This fair hand  
Must, as I think it will, my pardon sign;  
Inheriting such faculty. Oh, Blanca,

I must not let one ignorant moment slip—  
You know not half our joy.  
Don Mendo, my old friend, and our now guest,  
Graced at the very threshold by the King  
With the Chief-Justiceship of Arragon,  
Points his stern office with an act of mercy,  
By pardoning your Lope—whom we now  
Shall have once more with us, I trust, for ever.  
Oh join with me in thanking him !

*Blan.* I am glad,  
Don Mendo, that we meet under a roof  
Where I can do you honour. For my son,  
I must suppose from what your daughter says,  
You would, without our further prayer or thanks,  
Have done as you have done.

*Mend.* Too true—I know—  
And you still better, lady—that, all done,  
I am your debtor still.

*Enter ELVIRA.*

*Elw.* Madam, your room is ready.

*Viol.* May I then  
Retire ?

*Blan.* If I may wait upon you thither.

*Urr.* Nay, nay, 'tis I that as a grey-hair'd page  
Must do that office.

*Mend.* Granted, on condition  
That I may do as much for Donna Blanca.

*Viol.* As master of the house, I must submit  
Without condition.

[*Exeunt VIOLANTE and URREA.*

*Blan.* You were going, sir ?—

*Mend.* To wait upon you, Blanca.

*Blan.* Nay, Don Mendo,  
Least need of that.

*Mend.* Oh, Blanca, Heaven knows  
How much I have desired to talk with you !

*Blan.* And to what purpose, sir ?  
No longer in your power—perhaps, nor will—  
To do as well as talk.

*Mend.* If but to say  
How to my heart it goes seeing you still  
As sad as when I left you years ago.

*Blan.* ‘As sad?—as when you left me years  
ago’—  
I understand you not—am not aware  
I ever saw you till to-day.

*Mend.* Ah, Blanca,  
Have pity !

*Blan.* Nay, Don Mendo, let us cease  
A conversation, uselessly begun,  
To end in nothing. If your memory,  
Out of some dreamt-of fragments of the past,  
Attach to me, the past is dead in time ;  
Let it be buried in oblivion.

*Mend.* Oh, with what courage, Blanca, do you  
wield  
Your ready woman’s wit !

*Blan.* I know not why  
You should say that.

*Mend.* But *I* know.

*Blan.* If’t be so,  
Agree with me to say no more of it.

*Mend.* But how ?

*Blan.* By simple silence.

*Mend.* How be silent  
Under such pain ?

*Blan.* By simple suffering.

*Mend.* Oh, Blanca, how learn that?

*Blan.* Of me—and thus.  
Beatrice!

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Madam?

*Blan.* Light Don Mendo to  
His chamber. Thus be further trouble sped.

*Mend.* Nay, rather coals of fire heap'd on my  
head! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Room in Urred's House.*

*Enter URREA and BLANCA on one side, and LOPE  
and VICENTE on the other.*

*Lope.* Thrice blessed be the day, that brings me  
back  
In all humility and love, my father,  
To kiss your feet once more.

*Urr.* Rise up, my son,  
As welcome to your parents as long lookt for.  
Rise and embrace me.

*Lope.* Till I have your hand  
I scarcely dare.

*Urr.* Then take it, Lope—there—  
And may God make thee virtuous as thy father  
Can pray for thee. Thy mother too—

*Lope.* O madam,  
I scarcely dare with anguish and repentance  
Lift up my eyes to those I have made weep  
So many bitter tears—

*Blan.* You see, my son,  
You keep them weeping still—not bitter tears,  
But tears of joy—Oh, welcome home again !

*Vic.* Where is there any room for a poor devil  
Who has done penance upon rock and water  
This many a day, and much repents him of  
His former sins?

*Urr.* What you alive too?

*Vic.* Yes, sir,  
This saddle's pad, (*showing LOPE,*) or, if you like, the  
beast

That bears the saddle—or, by another rule,—  
That where the cat jumps also goes her tail.

*Lope (to his father).* You see, sir, in such godly company  
I must repent.

*Vic.* Why, devil take't—

*Urr.* What, swearing?

*Vic.* But some poor relic of our former life  
That yet will stick. Madam, permit me,  
If not to kiss your hand, nor ev'n your feet,  
At least the happy ground on which they walk.

*Blan.* Rise, rise. How can I less than welcome  
one

Who has so loyally stood by my son,  
Through evil and through good.

*Vic.* A monument  
As one might say, madam, *ad perpetuam*  
*Fidelis Amicitiae Memoriam.*

*Enter* BEATRICE.

*Beat.* What! is my master home? Then, by the  
saints,



Saving your presence, and before your faces,  
I must embrace him.

*Lope.*

Thanks, good Beatrice.

*Urr.* You see how all rejoice to see you, Lope,  
But none so more than I ; believe't. But now  
'Tis time you wait on Mendo, and acknowledge  
The kindness he has done us. See, Beatrice,  
If he be in his room, or busy there.

[*Exit* BEATRICE.]

Meanwhile, my son, I crave one patient hearing  
To what I have to say.

*Vic.*

Now for a lecture.

*Lope.* Silence, sir ! Coming here, we must expect  
And bear such things. Pray speak, sir.

*Urr.*

You see, Lope,

(And doubtless must have heard of it before,)

In what a plight we are : my property,  
What yet remains of it, embroil'd and hamper'd,  
And all so little, that this last expense,  
Of getting (as I have) your Estifania,  
Who has already cost us all so much,  
Into a convent ; to do this, I say,  
I have been forced to let my house for hire  
To my old friend ; yea, almost, I assure you,  
To beg from door to door. Enough of that :  
'Tis done ; and you are now at last restor'd  
To home, and station—wealth I cannot say—  
But all is well that ends well. All I ask,  
(And 'tis with tears and with a broken voice  
I ask it : I would ask it on my knees  
If these white hairs forbade not such descent,)  
That from this day, in pity to us all—  
Perhaps in gratitude—you would repent  
Your past excess ; yea, surfeited with that,  
Would henceforth tame your headlong passions down

Into a quiet current. Help me, son,  
Restore the shaken credit of our house,  
And show—let us *both* show—that misery  
Has taught us not in vain. Let us be friends  
Henceforth ; no rivalry of love or hate  
Between us ; each doing what in him lies  
To make what may remain of life to each  
Happy and honourable. On my part  
I stake a father's love and tenderness ;  
And will not you as freely on your side  
Wager your filial obedience ?  
Your father asks, implores you. Oh, consider  
You may not always have a friend in need  
To rescue you as now : nay, disappoint  
His mercy and again provoke the laws  
He now remits, that friend may turn to foe  
And sacrifice the life he vainly spared.

*Vic.* There only wants, 'in sæcula sæculorum,'  
To finish off with.

*Lope.* Sir, I promise you  
Amendment, that shall make the past a foil  
To set the future off.

*Enter MENDO.*

*Men.* I come in time  
To vouch fulfilment of so fair a vow.

*Lope.* Oh, sir—

*Men.* I knew you on your road to me ;  
Your errand too ; and thus much have forestall'd  
Of needless courtesy.

*Lope.* Pray God, reward you  
With such advancement in your prince's love  
As envy, the court Hydra, shall not hiss,

But general love and acclamation  
Write in gold letters in our history,  
For ages and for ages. Sir, your hand!

*Men.* My heart, my heart, you shame me by your  
thanks,

For service that the veriest churl had paid  
For what you did me, Lope.  
Why, I'm your debtor still. But now, enough!  
I cannot steal more time from business;  
The King expects me.

*Urr.* I too must abroad.

*Lope.* Would I could wait on both—but, as it is,  
I think my father's self would waive his right,  
In favour of our common benefactor.

*Urr.* Indeed, indeed, I do rejoice you should.

[*Exit with* BLANCA.]

*Men.* And I, not knowing if your choice be right,  
Know that I would not lose you for a moment,  
So glad your presence makes me.

[*Exit with* LOPE.]

*Vic.*<sup>1</sup> Beatrice! Beatrice!

*Beat.* Well?

*Vic.* Think you not, now that our principals are  
fairly out of the way, you owe me a kiss on my arrival?

*Beat.* Ay, hot from the oven.

*Vic.* Ah Beatrice! if you only knew what heart-  
aches you've cost me.

*Beat.* You indeed, robbing and murdering, and I  
don't know what beside, up in the mountains! and  
then my new madam that's come with you, Donna  
Violante; with her fine Elvira,—I know, sir, when  
your master was courting his mistress, you—

*Vic.* Now, my own Beatrice, if you could only know

<sup>1</sup> Vicente's flirtation with the two Criadas, and its upshot, is familiar to English play-goers in the comedy of 'The Wonder.'

what you are talking of as well as I, how little jealousy could such a creature as that give you !

*Beat.* Well—but why ?

*Vic.* Not a woman at all, neither maid nor mermaid—Why, didn't I catch her with all those fine locks of hers clean off her head ?

*Beat.* Clean off her head ?

*Vic.* The woman's bald.

*Beat.* Bald ?

*Vic.* As my hand ! besides, all the fine white *chevaux-de-frise* that ornaments her gums.

*Beat.* Well ?

*Vic.* All sham.

*Beat.* What, my fine madam there false teeth ?

*Vic.* Oh, and half a dozen villainous things I could tell you, did it become a gentleman to tell tales of ladies. But see, here is master coming back.

*Beat.* Good-bye then, for the present, Vicente. False teeth and a wig ! *[Exit.*

*Enter DON LOPE.*

*Lope.* Vicente, have you by any chance seen Violante ?

*Vic.* Not that I know of, sir ; she may however have passed without my knowing her.

*Lope.* Vicente still ! As if it were possible one who had once seen such beauty could ever forget it.

*Vic.* Why, sir, if her maid Elvira happened to be by her side—

*Lope.* Fool !

*Vic.* Pray is it impossible in the system of things that the maid should be handsomer than the mistress ?

*Lope.* Oh could I but see her !

*Vic.* Take care, take care, sir. Beware of raising

the old devil—and now we are but just out of the frying-pan—

*Lope.* Beware *you*, sir! I tell you I ill liked my father's lecture; do not you read me another. It were best that no one crossed me, or by heaven!—But who comes here?

*Vic.* Don Guillen de Azagra.

*Enter* DON GUILLEN.

*Lope.*

What?

Ask what reward you will of me, Vicente.

Don Guillen de Azagra back again!

*Guil.* And could not wait a moment, hearing you Were also back, Don Lope, till I found you, As well to give you welcome as receive it.

*Lope.* Our old affection asks for nothing less On both sides. Oh, you are welcome!

*Guil.* Well can he come, who comes half dead between

Dead hope and quickening passion!

*Lope.*

How is that?

*Guil.* Why, you remember how three years ago I went to Naples—to the wars there?

*Lope.*

Yes,

We parted, I remember, sadly enough On both sides, in the Plaza del Aseo; Unconsciously divining the sad days That were about to dawn on one of us.

*Guil.* Nay, upon both. I am no stranger, Lope, To your misfortunes; and Heaven knows I felt them! But they are over, Heaven be thank! mine yet Are sadly acting. You can help me now, If not to conquer, to relieve them.

*Lope.*

Ay.

And will strain every nerve for you. But first  
Must hear your story.

*Guil.* Well—I went to Naples,  
Where, as you know, our King by force of arms  
Was eager to revenge the shameful death  
Of Norandino, whom the King of Naples  
Had on the scaffold treacherously murder'd.  
Of which, and Naples too, I say no more  
Than this ; that, entering the city,  
I saw a lady in whom the universe  
Of beauty seem'd to centre ; as it might be  
The sun's whole light into a single beam,  
The heavenly dawn into one drop of dew,  
Or the whole breathing spring into one rose.  
You will believe I loved not without cause,  
When you have heard the lady that I speak of  
Is—

*Vic.* Donna Violante

*Lope.*

Knave and fool !

*Vic.* Why so, sir ! only for telling you I saw the lady  
coming this way ; but, I suppose, seeing people here,  
she has turned back.

*Lope.* Will you retire awhile, Don Guillen ? this  
lady is my father's guest.

*Guil.* (*aside*). Beside, she might be angry finding  
me here. [*Exit.*

*Lope.* 'Fore Heaven, my mind misgave me it was  
she he spoke of !

*Vic.* Well, you have got the weather-gage. Tackle  
her now.

*Enter VIOLANTE and ELVIRA.*

*Lope.* Nay, lady, turn not back. What you, the  
sun  
I see by, to abridge my little day

By enviously returning to the west  
As soon as risen, and prematurely drawing  
The veil of night over the blush of dawn !  
Oh, let me not believe I fright you now,  
As yesterday I did, fair Violante,  
Arm'd among savage rocks with savage men,  
From whose rude company your eyes alone  
Have charm'd me, and subdued for the first time  
A fierce, unbridled will.

*Viol.* It were not strange,  
Don Lope, if my bosom trembled still  
With that first apparition. But in truth  
I had not hesitated,  
Had I not seen, or fancied, at your side  
Another stranger.

*Lope.* Oh, a friend ; and one  
Who spoke with me of *you* ; nay, who retired  
Only for fear of drawing new disdain  
Upon old love ; and left me here indeed,  
To speak in his behalf.

*Viol.* Alas, Elvira,  
Was't not Don Guillen ?

*Elv.* Yes.

*Viol.* Don Lope plead  
Another's, and Don Guillen's love !

(*She is going.*)

*Lope.* At least  
Let me attend you to my mother's door.

*Viol.* Nay, stay, sir.

*Lope.* Stay ! and lose my life in losing  
This happy opportunity !

*Viol.* Are life  
And opportunity the same ?

*Lope.* So far,  
That neither lost ever returns again.

*Viol.* If you have aught to tell me, tell it here  
Before I go.

*Lope.*                Only to ask if you  
Confess yourself no debtor to a heart  
That long has sigh'd for you?

*Viol.*                                You, sir, are then  
Pleading another's cause?

*Lope.*                                I might be shy  
To plead in my own person—a reserve  
That love oft feels—and pardons.

*Viol.*                                'Tis in vain.  
I will not own to an account of sighs  
Drawn up against me without my consent;  
So tell your friend; and tell him he mistakes  
The way to payment making you, of all,  
His agent in the cause.

*Lope.*                                Nay, nay, but wait.

*Viol.* No more—Adieu!                                [*Exit.*

*Lope.*                                She thought I only used  
Another's suit as cover to my own,  
And cunningly my seeming cunning turns  
Against myself. But I will after her;  
If Don Guillen come back, tell him, Vicente,  
I'll wait upon him straight.                                [*Exit.*

*Vic.* Madam Elvira!

*Elv.* Well, Monsieur Cut-throat?

*Vic.* Well, you are not scared at my face now?

*Elv.* I don't know that—your face remains as it  
was.

*Vic.* Come, come, my queen, do me a little  
favour.

*Elv.* Well, what is that?

*Vic.* Just only die for love of me; I always make  
a point of never asking impossibilities of any woman.

*Elv.* Love is out of the question! I perhaps



might *like* you, did I not know the lengths you go with that monkey Beatrice.

*Vic.* With whom?

*Elv.* I say with Beatrice. Bystanders see as much, sir, as players.

*Vic.* I with Beatrice! Lord! lord! if you only knew half what I know, Elvira, you'd not be jealous of her.

*Elv.* Why, what do you know of her?

*Vic.* A woman who, could she breed at all, would breed foxes and stoats—a tolerable outside, but only, only go near her—Foh! such a breath! beside other peculiarities I don't mention out of respect to the sex. But ~~this~~ I tell you, one of those sparkling eyes of hers is glass, and her right leg a wooden one.

*Elv.* Nonsense!

*Vic.* Only you look, and see if she don't limp on one side, and squint on the other.

*Don Guillen* (*entering at one side*). I can wait no longer.

*Don Lope* (*entering at the other*). It is no use; she is shut up with my mother. Now for Don Guillen.

*Elv.* They are back.

*Vic.* We'll settle our little matter by and by.

*Elv.* Glass eyes and wooden legs! [*Exit.*

*Lope* (*To DON GUILLÉN*). Forgive my leaving you so long; I have been  
Waiting on one who is my father's guest,  
The lady Violante.

*Guil.* So sweet duty  
Needs no excuse.

*Lope.* Now to pursue your story—

*Guil.* Ah—where did I leave off?

*Lope.* About the truce  
Making at Naples, when you saw a lady—

*Guil.* Ay, but I must remember one thing, Lope,  
 Most memorable of all. The ambassador  
 Empower'd to treat on our good King's behalf  
 Was Mendo de Torellas, whose great wisdom  
 And justice, both grown grey in state affairs,  
 Well fitted him for such authority ;  
 Which telling you, and telling you beside,  
 That when the treaty made, and he left Naples,  
 I left it too, still following in his wake  
 The track of a fair star who went with him  
 To Saragossa, to this very house—  
 Telling you this, I tell you all—tell who  
 My lady is—his daughter—Violante,  
 Before whose shrine my life and soul together  
 Are but poor offerings to consecrate.

*Vic. (aside).* A pretty market we have brought  
 our pigs to !  
 Who'll bet upon the winner ?

*Lope. (aside).* Oh confusion !  
 But let us drain the cup at once.—Don Guillen,  
 Your admiration and devotedness  
 Needed the addition of no name to point  
 Their object out. But tell me,  
 Ere I advise with you, how far your prayer  
 Is answer'd by your deity.

*Guil.* Alas !  
 Two words will tell—

*Lope.* And those ?

*Guil.* Love unreturn'd !  
 Or worse, return'd with hate.

*Vic. (aside).* Come, that looks better.

*Guil.* My love for her has now no hope, Don  
 Lope,  
 But in your love for me. She is your guest,  
 And I as such, beside my joy in you,

May catch a ray of her—may win you even  
To plead for me in such another strain  
As has not yet wearied her ears in vain ;  
Or might you not ev'n now, as she returns,  
Give her a letter from me ; lest if first  
She see, or hear from others of my coming,  
She may condemn my zeal for persecution,  
And make it matter of renew'd disdain.  
I'll write the letter now, and bring it you  
Ere she be back.

[*Exit.*

*Vic.* (to *LOPE*). Good-bye, sir.

*Lope.*

Whither now,

Vicente ?

*Vic.* To the mountains—I am sure  
You'll soon be after me.

*Lope.*

I understand—

But stay awhile.

True, I love Violante, and resent  
Don Guillen's rivalry : but he's my friend—  
Confides to me a passion myself own,  
And cannot blame.  
Wait we awhile, Vicente, and perhaps  
A way will open through the labyrinth  
Without our breaking through.

*Vic.*

How glad I am

To see you take't so patiently ? Now, sir,  
Would you be ruled—

*Lope.*

What then ?

*Vic.*

Why simply, sir,

Forget the lady—but a few days' flame,  
And then—

*Lope.*

Impossible !

*Vic.*

What's to be done then ?

*Lope.* I know not—But she comes.

*Enter VIOLANTE.*

*Viol.* Still here, Don Lope !

*Lope.* Ah, what in nature will its centre leave,  
Or, forced away, recoils not faster still ?  
So rivers yearn along their murmuring beds  
Until they reach the sea ; the pebble thrown  
Ever so high, still faster falls to earth ;  
Wind follows wind, and not a flame struck out  
Of heavy wood or flint, but it aspires  
Upward at once and to its proper sphere.

*Viol.* All good philosophy, could I but see  
How to apply it here.

*Lope.* And yet, how easy !  
Your beauty being that to which my soul  
Ever flies fastest, and most slowly leaves.

*Viol.* Surely this sudden rapture scarce agrees  
With what I heard before.

*Lope.* How, Violante ?

*Viol.* Have you not haply changed parts in the  
farce,  
And risen from second character to first ?

*Lope.* My second did not please you—come what  
will,  
Casting feign'd speech and character aside,  
I'll e'en speak for myself in my own person.  
Listen to me—Don Guillen—

*Guil.* (*listening at the side*). Just a moment  
To hear him plead my cause.

*Lope.* Following your beauty, as a flower the sun,  
Has come from Italy to Arragon,  
And, as my friend, by me entreats of you  
To let him plead his suit.

*Guil.* Would I could stay

To hear the noble Lope plead my cause,  
But summon'd hence— [Exit.

*Viol.* Ill does your second part  
Excuse your ill performance of the first ;  
One failure might be pardon'd, but two such  
Are scarce to be excused.

*Lope.* Oh, tell me then  
Which chiefly needs apology !

*Viol.* I will.  
First for your friend Don Guillen ; bid him cease  
All compliment and courtship, knowing well  
How all has been rejected hitherto,  
And will hereafter, to the ruthless winds.

*Lope.* And on the second count—my own ?

*Viol.* How easily  
Out of his answer you may draw your own !

*Lope.* Alas !

*Viol.* For when the judge has to pronounce  
Sentence on two defendants, like yourselves,  
Whose charge is both alike, and bids the one  
Report his condemnation to the other ;  
'Tis plain—

*Lope.* That both must suffer ?

*Viol.* Nay, if so  
The judge had made one sentence serve for both.

*Lope.* Great heavens !

*Guil.* (*listening at the side*). The man dismiss'd, I'll  
hear the rest.

*Viol.* Oh, let it be enough to tell you now  
The heart that once indeed was adamant,  
Resisting all impression—but at last  
Ev'n adamant you know—

*Guil.* Oh, she relents !

*Lope.* Oh, let me kiss those white hands for those  
words !

*Guil.* Excellent friend! he could not plead more  
warmly  
Were 't for himself.

*Lope.* Oh for some little token  
To vouch, when you have vanisht from my eyes,  
That all was not a dream!

*Viol.* (*giving him a rose*). This rose, whose hue  
Is of the same that should my cheek imbue! [*Exit.*]

*Enter* GUILLEN.

*Guil.* Oh how thrice welcome is my lady's favour,  
Sent to me by the hand of such a friend!  
How but in such an attitude as this  
Dare I receive it? (*Kneels.*)

*Lope.* Rise, Don Guillen, rise:  
Flowers are but fading favours that a breath  
Can change and wither.

*Guil.* What mean you by this?

*Lope.* Only that though the flower in my hands  
Is fresh from Violante's, I must tell you  
It must not pass to yours.

*Guil.* Did not I hear you  
Pleading my cause?

*Lope.* You might—

*Guil.* And afterwards,  
When I came back again, herself confess  
That, marble as she had been to my vows,  
She now relented tow'rd me!

*Lope.* If you did,  
'Twould much disprove the listener's adage.

*Guil.* How?

*Lope.* You set your ears to such a lucky tune,  
As took in all the words that made for you,  
But not the rest that did complete the measure.

*Guil.* But did not Violante, when you urged her  
In my behalf, say she relented?

*Lope.* Yes.

*Guil.* To whom then?

*Lope.* To myself.

*Vic.* The cat's unbagg'd!

*Guil.* To you!

*Lope.* To me.

*Guil.* Don Lope, you must see  
That ev'n my friendship for you scarce can stomach  
Such words—or credit them.

*Lope.* Let him beware  
Who doubts my words, stomach them as he can.

*Guil.* But 'tis a jest:  
Bearing my happy fortune in your hands,  
You only, as old love has leave to do,  
Tantalize ere you give it me. Enough,  
Give me the rose.

*Lope.* I cannot, being just  
Given to me, and for me.

*Guil.* His it is  
Whose right it is, and that is mine; and I  
Will have it.

*Lope.* If you can.

*Guil.* Then follow me,  
Where (not in your own house) I may chastise  
The friendship that must needs have play'd me false  
One way or other. [Exit.

*Lope.* Lead the way then, sir.

*Enter hurriedly DONNA BLANCA and VIOLANTE  
from opposite sides.*

*Viol.* Don Lope, what is this?

*Lope.* Nothing, Violante.

*Viol.* I heard your angry voices in my room,  
And could not help —

*Blan.* And I too. O my son,  
Scarce home with us, and all undone already!  
Where are you going?

*Lope.* No where ; nothing ; leave me.

*Viol.* Tell me the quarrel — Oh! I dread to hear.

*Lope.* What quarrel, lady? let me go : your fears  
Deceive you.

*Blan.* Lope, not an hour of peace  
When you are here!

*Lope.* Nay, madam, why accuse me,  
Before you know the cause?

*Enter URREA.*

*Urr.* How now?—disputing?  
 Blanca and Violante too? What is it?

*Blan.* Oh, nothing! (I must keep it from his father.)

Nothing—he quarrell'd with Vicente here,  
And would have beat him—and we interposed ;  
Indeed, no more.

*Vic.* The blame is sure to fall  
Upon my shoulders.

*Urr.* Is't not very strange,  
Your disposition, Lope? never at peace  
With others or yourself.

*Lope.* 'Tis nothing, sir.

*Vic.* He quarrell'd with me, sir, about some money  
He thought he ought to have, and couldn't find  
In his breeches' pocket.

*Urr.* Go, go—get you gone, knave.



*Vic.* Always fair words from you at any rate.

(*Aside.*)

*Urr.* And for such trifles, Lope, you disturb  
My house, affright your mother and her guest  
With your mad passion.

*Lope.* I can only, sir,  
Answer such charge by silence, and retire.—

Now for Don Guillen. (*Aside.*) [Exit.

*Blan.* Oh let him not go!

*Urr.* Why not? 'tis a good riddance. Violante,  
You must excuse this most unseemly riot  
Close to your chamber. My unruly son,  
When his mad passion's roused, neither respects  
Person or place.

*Viol.* Nay, sir, I pardon him.  
And should, for I'm the cause! (*Aside.*)

*Blan.* Ah, wretched I,  
Who by the very means I would prevent  
His going forth, have oped the door to him.

(*Noise within of swords, and the voices of*

LOPE and GUILLEN fighting.)

*Urr.* What noise is that again?

*Enter ELVIRA.*

*Elv.* 'Tis in the street.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* Oh, my young master fighting—run, sir,  
run!

*Urr.* And 'tis for this I've sacrificed myself!

*Enter fighting LOPE and GUILLEN ; Gentlemen and others trying to part them.*

*Urr.* (*going between them*). Hold, Lope ! Hold,  
Don Guillen !

*Voices.* Part them ! part them !

*Guil.* Traitor !

*Lope.* Traitor !—I say that he's the traitor  
Whoever—

*Urr.* Madman, can you not forbear  
When your grey-headed father holds your sword !

*Lope.* And in so doing robs me of the honour  
I never got from him.

*Urr.* Oh ! ruffian !  
But if this graceless son will not respect  
His father, my white hairs appeal to you,  
Don Guillen.

*Guil.* And shall not appeal in vain—  
Out of respect, sir, for your age and name,  
And for these gentlemen who interpose,  
I shall refer the issue of this quarrel  
To other time and place.

*Lope.* A good excuse  
For fear to hide in.

*Guil.* Fear !

*Urr.* Madman ! again !  
That the respect his rival shows to me  
Should make my son despise him. By these heavens  
This staff shall teach you better.

*Lope.* Strike me not !  
Beware—beware !

*Urr.* Why, art thou not ashamed—

*Lope.* Yes, of respect for you that's fear of me.

*Guil.* Whoever says or thinks what I have done  
Is out of fear of you, I say—

*Urr.*

He lies !

I'll top your sentence for you.

*Lope.*

Then take thou

The answer !

(*Strikes URREA, who falls : confusion.*)

*A voice.*

What have you done ?

*Another.*

Help, help !

*Voices.* After him, after him !—the parricide !

(*LOPE rushes out and the people after him.*)

*Guil.* I know not how to leave the poor old man—  
Come, let me help you, sir.

*Urr.*

Parricide !

May outraged Heaven that has seen thy crime,  
Witness my curse, and blast thee ! Every sword  
That every pious hand against thee draws,  
Caught up into the glittering elements,  
Turn thunderbolt, (as every weapon shall  
Drawn in God's cause,) and smite thee to the centre !  
That sacrilegious hand which thou hast raised  
Against this snow-white head—how shall it show  
Before Heaven's judgment bar ; yea, how can Heaven  
Ev'n now behold this deed, nor quench its sun,  
Veil its pure infinite blue with awful cloud,  
And with a terrified eclipse of things  
Confound the air you breathe, the light you see,  
The ground you walk on !

*Guil.*

Pray sir, compose yourself—

Your cloak—your staff—

*Urr.*

My staff ! what use is that,

When it is steel that must avenge my wrong ?

Yet give it me—fit instrument

Wherewith to chastise a rebellious child—

Ay, and he did not use his sword on me,

Mark that, nor I on him—give me my staff.  
Alas, alas! and I with no strength left  
To wield it, only as I halt along,  
Feeling about with it to find a grave,  
And knocking at deaf earth to let me in.<sup>1</sup>

*Guil.* Nay, calm yourself,  
The population of the place is up  
After the criminal.

*Urr.* And to what purpose?  
They cannot wipe away my shame by that.  
Let the whole city turn its myriad eyes  
Upon me, and behold a man disgraced—  
Disgraced by him to whom he gave a being.  
I say, behold me all—the wretched man  
By his own flesh and blood insulted, and  
On his own flesh and blood crying Revenge!  
Revenge! revenge! revenge!  
Not to the heavens only, nor to Him  
Who sits in judgment there, do I appeal,  
But to the powers of earth. Give me my hat,  
I'll to the King forthwith.

*Vic.* Consider, sir ;  
You would not enter in the palace gates  
So suddenly, and in this plight ?

**1** Como me podre vengar  
Si aquel, que me ha de ayuda  
A sustentarme, me advierte  
Que armado en la terra dura  
Solo ha de irme aprovechando  
De aldba, con que ir llamando  
A mi misma sepultura?

Ne deth, alas ! ne will not han my lif.  
Thus walke I like a resteles caitif,  
And on the ground, which is my modres gate,  
I knoeke with my staf erlich and late,  
And say to hire, ' Leve mother, let me yn.'

CHAUCER'S *Pardoner's Tale*.

*Urr.* Why not,  
Whose voice should over-leap the firmament,  
And without any preparation enter  
The palace-doors of God—  
King Pedro ! King of Arragon ! Christian king !  
Whom fools the Cruel call, and Just the wise,  
I call on you, King Pedro <sup>1</sup>—

*King (entering with MENDO and Train).* Who  
calls the King ?

*Urr.* A wretch who, falling at your feet, implores  
Your royal justice.

*King.* I remember you ;  
Don Lope de Urrea, whose son I pardon'd.  
What would you of me ?

*Urr.* That you would, my King,  
Unpardon him you pardon'd ; draw on him  
The disappointed sword of justice down.  
That son—*my* son—if he indeed be mine—  
(Oh, Blanca, pure as the first blush of day,  
Pardon me such a word !) has, after all  
My pain and sacrifice in his behalf ;  
Has, in defiance of the laws of man  
And God, and of that great commandment, which,  
Though fourth on the two tables, yet comes first  
After God's jealous honour is secured,  
Has struck me—struck his father—in a fray  
Wherein that father tried to save his life.  
I have no vindication ; *will* have none,  
But at your hands and by your laws ; unless,

<sup>1</sup> The Biographie Universelle says it was Don Pedro of *Castile* about whose cognomen there was some difference of opinion ; a defence of him being written in 1648 by Count de Roca, ambassador from Spain to Venice, entitled, 'El Rey Don Pedro, llamado el Cruel, el Justiciero, y el Necesitado, defendido.' It is he, I suppose, figures in the 'Medico de su Honra.' He flourished at the same time, however, with his namesake of Arragon.

If you deny me that, I do appeal  
Unto the King of kings to do me justice ;  
Which I will have, that heaven and earth may know  
How a bad son begets a ruthless sire !

*King.* Mendo !

*Men.*                      My liege.

*King.*                      I must again refer  
This cause to you. (*To URREA.*) Where is your  
son ?

*Urr.*                      Fled ! fled !

*King (to MENDO).* After him then, use all the  
powers I own  
To bring the wretch to justice. See me not  
Till that be done.

*Men.*                      I'll do my best, my liege.

*King.* I have it most at heart. In all the rolls  
Of history, I know of no like quarrel :  
And the first judgment on it shall be done  
By the Fourth Pedro, King of Arragon.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT III

### SCENE I.—*A Wild Place.*

*Enter MENDO and Officers of Justice armed.*

*1st Officer.* Here, my lord, where the Ebro, swollen  
with her mountain streams, runs swiftest, he will try  
to escape.

*Men.* Hunt for him then, leaving neither rock  
nor thicket unexplored. (*They disperse.*)  
Oh, what a fate is mine,  
Having to seek what most I dread to find,

Once thought the curse of jealousy alone !  
The iron King will see my face no more  
Unless I bring Don Lope to his feet :  
Whom, on the other hand, the gratitude  
And love I bear him fain would save from justice.  
Oh, how—

*Enter some, fighting with DON LOPE.*

*Lope.* I know I cannot save my life,  
But I will sell it dear.

*Men.* Hold off! the King  
Will have him taken, but not slain. And I,  
If I can save him now, shall find a mean  
To do it afterwards—  
Don Lope !

*Lope.* I should know that voice, the face  
I cannot, blind with fury, dust, and blood.  
Or was't the echo of some inner voice,  
Some far off thunder of the memory,  
That moves me more than all these fellows' swords?  
Is it Don Mendo?

*Men.* Who demands of you  
Your sword, and that you yield in the King's name.

*Lope.* I yield?

*Men.* Ay, sir, what can you do beside?

*Lope.* Slaying be slain. And yet my heart relents  
Before your voice ; and now I see your face  
My eyes dissolve in tears. Why, how is this?  
What charm is on my sword?

*Men.* 'Tis but the effect  
And countenance of justice that inspires  
Involuntary awe in the offender.

*Lope.* Not that. Delinquent as I am, I could,  
With no more awe of justice than a mad dog,

Bite right and left among her officers ;  
But 'tis yourself alone : to you alone  
Do I submit myself ; yield up my sword  
Already running with your people's blood,  
And at your feet—

*Men.* Rise, Lope. Heaven knows  
How gladly would your judge change place with you  
The criminal ; far happier to endure  
Your peril than my own anxiety.  
But do not you despair, however stern  
Tow'rds you I carry me before the world.  
The King is so enraged—

*Lope.* What, he has heard !

*Men.* Your father cried for vengeance at his feet.

*Lope.* Where is my sword ?

*Men.* In vain. 'Tis in my hand.

*Lope.* Where somehow it affrights me—as before  
When giving you my dagger, it turn'd on me  
With my own blood.

*Mendo.* Ho there !

Cover Don Lope's face, and carry him  
To prison after me. (*Aside.*) Hark, in your ear,  
Conduct him swiftly, and with all secrecy,  
To my own house—in by the private door,  
Without his knowing whither,  
And bid my people watch and wait on him.  
I'll to the King—Alas, what agony,  
I know not what, grows on me more and more !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING.*

*King.* Don Mendo comes not back, and must not  
come,



Till he have done his errand. I myself  
Can have no rest till justice have her due.  
A son to strike his father in my realm  
Unawed, and then unpunisht !  
But by great Heaven the law shall be avenged  
So long as I shall reign in Arragon.  
Don Mendo !

*Enter MENDO.*

*Mendo.* Let me kiss your Highness' hand.

*King.* Welcome, thou other Atlas of my realm,  
Who sharest the weight with me. For I doubt  
not,

Coming thus readily into my presence,  
You bring Don Lope with you.

*Men.* Yes, my liege ;  
Fast prisoner in my house, that none may see  
Or talk with him.

*King.* Among your services  
You have not done a better.  
The crime is strange, 'tis fit the sentence on it  
Be memorably just.

*Men.* Most true, my liege,  
Who I am sure will not be warp'd away  
By the side current of a first report,  
But on the whole broad stream of evidence  
Move to conclusion. I do *know* this charge  
Is not so grave as was at first reported.

*King.* But is not thus much clear—that a son  
smote  
His father ?

*Men.* Yes, my liege.

*King.* And can a charge  
Be weightier ?

*Men.* I confess the naked fact,  
But 'tis the special cause and circumstance  
That give the special colour to the crime.

*King.* I shall be glad to have my kingdom freed  
From the dishonour of so foul a deed  
By any extenuation.

*Men.* Then I think  
Your Majesty shall find it here. 'Tis thus :  
Don Lope, on what ground I do not know,  
Fights with Don Guillen—in the midst o' the fray,  
Comes old Urrea, at the very point  
When Guillen was about to give the lie  
To his opponent—which the old man, enraged  
At such unseemly riot in his house,  
Gives for him ; calls his son a fouler name  
Than gentleman can bear, and in the scuffle  
Receives a blow that in his son's blind rage  
Was aim'd abroad—in the first heat of passion  
Throws himself at your feet, and calls for vengeance,  
Which, as I hear, he now repents him of.  
He's old and testy—age's common fault—  
And, were not this enough to lame swift justice,  
There's an old law in Arragon, my liege,  
That in our courts father and son shall not  
Be heard in evidence against each other ;  
In which provision I would fain persuade you  
Bury this quarrel.

*King.* And this seems just to you ?

*Men.* It does, my liege.

*King.* Then not to me, Don Mendo,  
Who will examine, sentence, and record,  
Whether in such a scandal to the realm  
The son be guilty of impiety,  
Or the sire idle to accuse him of 't.  
Therefore I charge you have Urrea too

From home to-night, and guarded close alone ;  
It much imports the business.

*Men.*

I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—*A Corridor in URREA'S House, with three doors in front.*

*Enter from a side door VIOLANTE and ELVIRA.*

*Viol.* Ask me no more, Elvira ; I cannot answer when my thoughts are all locked up where Lope lies.

*Elv.* And know you where that is ? Nearer than you think ; there, in my lord your father's room.

*Viol.* There ! Oh, could I but save him !

*Elv.* You can at least comfort him.

*Viol.* Something must be done. Either I will save his life, Elvira, or die with him. Have you the key ?

*Elv.* I have one ; my lord has the master-key.

*Viol.* Yours will do, give it me. I am desperate, Elvira, and in his danger drown my maiden shame ; see him I will at least. Do you rest here and give me a warning if a footstep come.

(*She enters centre door.*)

SCENE IV.—*An inner Chamber in URREA'S House.*

*LOPE discovered.*

*Lope.* Whither then have they brought me ? Ah,  
Violante,

Your beauty costs me dear ! And even now  
I count the little I have yet to live

Minute by minute, like one last sweet draught,  
But for your sake. Nay, 'tis not life I care for,  
But only Violante.

*Violante (entering unseen).* Oh, his face  
Is bathed in his own blood ; he has been wounded.  
Don Lope !

*Lope.* Who is it calls on a name  
I thought all tongues had buried in its shame ?

*Viol.* One who yet—pities you.

*Lope (turning and seeing her).* Am I then dead,  
And thou some living spirit come to meet me  
Upon the threshold of another world ;  
Or some dead image that my living brain  
Draws from remembrance on the viewless air,  
And gives the voice I love to ? Oh, being here,  
Whatever thou may'st be, torment me not  
By vanishing at once.

*Viol.* No spirit, Lope,  
And no delusive image of the brain ;  
But one who, wretched in your wretchedness,  
And partner of the crime you suffer for,  
All risk of shame and danger cast away,  
Has come—but hark !—I may have but a moment—  
The door I came by will be left unlockt  
To-night, and you must fly.

*Lope.* Oh, I have heard  
Of a fair flower of such strange quality,  
It makes a wound where there was none before,  
And heals what wound there was. Oh, Violante,  
You who first made an unscathed heart to bleed,  
Now save a desperate life !

*Viol.* And I have heard  
Of two yet stranger flowers that, severally,  
Each in its heart a deadly poison holds,  
Which, if they join, turns to a sovereign balm.

And so with us, who in our bosoms bear  
A passion which destroys us when apart,  
But when together—

*Elvira (calling within).* Madam! madam! your  
father!

*Viol.* Farewell!

*Lope.* But you return?

*Viol.* To set you free.

*Lope.* That as it may; only return to me.

[*Exit VIOLANTE, leaving LOPE.*]

SCENE V.—*Same as SCENE III.*

*ELVIRA waiting. Enter VIOLANTE from centre door.*

*Viol.* Quick! lock the door, Elvira, and away with me on wings. My father must not find me here.

*Elv.* Nay, you need not be frightened, he has gone to my lady Blanca's room by the way.

*Viol.* No matter, he must not find me; I would learn too what is stirring in the business.

Oh, would I ever drag my purpose through,

I must be desperate and cautious too. [*Exit.*]

*Elv. (locking the door).* Well, that's all safe, and now myself to hear what news is stirring.

*Vicente (talking as he enters).* In the devil's name was there ever such a clutter made about a blow? People all up in arms, and running here and there, and up and down, and every where, as if the great Tom of Velilla was a ringing.

*Elv.* Vicente! what's the matter?

*Vic.* Oh, a very great matter, Elvira. I am very much put out indeed.

*Elv.* What about, and with whom?

*Vic.* With all the world, and my two masters, the young and old one, especially.

*Elv.* But about what?

*Vic.* With the young one for being so ready with his fists, and the old one bawling out upon it to heaven and earth, and then Madam Blanca, she must join in the chorus too; and then your grand Don Mendo there, with whom seizing's so much in season, he has seized my master, and my master's father, and Don Guillen, and clapt them all up in prison. Then I've a quarrel with the King!

*Elv.* With the King! You must be drunk, Vicente.

*Vic.* I only wish I was.

*Elv.* But what has the King done?

*Vic.* Why let me be beaten at least fifty thousand times, without caring a jot: and now forsooth, because an old fellow gets a little push, his eyes flash axe and gibbet. Then, Elvira, I'm very angry with you.

*Elv.* And why with me?

*Vic.* Because, desperately in love with me as you are, you never serenade me, nor write me a billet-doux, nor ask me for a kiss of my fair hand.

*Elv.* Have I not told you, sir, I leave that all to Beatrice?

*Vic.* And have I not told you, Beatrice may go hang for me?

*Elv.* Oh, Vicente, could I believe you!

*Vic.* Come, give me a kiss on credit of it; in case I lie, I'll pay you back.

*Elv.* Well, for this once.

*Enter BEATRICE.*

*Beat.* The saints be praised, I've found you at last!

*Vic.* Beatrice!

*Elv.* Well, what's the matter?

*Vic.* You'll soon see.

*Beat.* Oh, pray proceed, proceed, good folks. Never mind me: you've business—don't interrupt it—I've seen quite enough, besides being quite indifferent who wears my cast-off shoes.

*Elv.* I beg to say, madam, I wear no shoes except my own, and if I *were* reduced to other people's, certainly should not choose those that are made for a wooden leg.

*Beat.* A wooden leg? pray, madam, what has a wooden leg to do with me?

*Elv.* Oh, madam, I must refer you to your own feelings.

*Beat.* I tell you, madam, these hands should tear your hair up by the roots, if it had roots to tear.

*Vic.* Now for her turn.

*Elv.* Why, does she mean to insinuate my hair is as false as that left eye of hers?

*Beat.* Do you mean to insinuate my left eye is false?

*Elv.* Ay; and say it to your teeth.

*Beat.* More, madam, than I ever could say to yours, unless, indeed, you've *paid*, madam, for the set you wear.

*Elv.* Have you the face to say my teeth are false?

*Beat.* Have *you* the face to say my eye's of glass?

*Elv.* I'll teach you to say I wear a wig.

*Beat.* Would that my leg *were* wood just for the occasion.

*Vic.* Ladies, ladies, first consider where we are.

*Beat.* Oh ho! I think I begin to understand.

*Elv.* Oh, and so methinks do I.

*Beat.* It is this wretch—

*Elv.* This knave—

*Beat.* This rascal—

*Elv.* This vagabond—

*Beat.* Has told all these lies.

*Elv.* Has done all this mischief.

} Spoken together.

(*They set upon and pinch him, etc.*)

*Vic.* Ladies, ladies—Mercy! oh! ladies! just listen!

*Elv.* Listen indeed! If it were not that I hear people coming—

*Vic.* Heaven be praised for it!

*Beat.* We will defer the execution then—And in the mean while shall we two sign a treaty of peace?

*Elv.* My hand to it—Agreed!

*Beat.* Adieu!

*Elv.* Adieu!

[*Excunt BEATRICE and ELVIRA.*]

*Vic.* The devil that seized the swine sure has seized you,

And all your pinches make me tenfold writhe

Because you never gave the king his tithe. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—DONNA BLANCA'S *Apartment*:  
*it is dark.*

*Enter the KING disguised, and BLANCA following him.*

*Blan.* Who is this man,  
That in the gathering dusk enters our house,  
Enmaskt and muffled thus? what is't you want?  
To croak new evil in my ears? for none  
But ravens now come near us—Such a silence  
Is not the less ill-omen'd. Beatrice!



A light ! my blood runs cold—Answer me, man,  
What want you with me ?

*King.* Let us be alone,  
And I will tell you.

*Blan.* Leave us, Beatrice—  
I'll dare the worst—And now reveal yourself.

*King.* Not till the door be lockt.

*Blan.* Help, help !  
*King.* Be still.

*Blan.* What would you ? and who are you then ?

*King* (*discovering himself*). The King !

*Blan.* The King !

*King.* Do you not know me ?

*Blan.* Yea, my liege,  
Now the black cloud has fallen from the sun ;  
But cannot guess why, at an hour like this,  
And thus disguised—Oh, let me know at once  
Whether in mercy or new wrath you come  
To this most wretched house !

*King.* In neither, Blanca ;  
But in the execution of the trust  
That Heaven has given to kings.

*Blan.* And how, my liege,  
Fall I beneath your royal vigilance ?

*King.* You soon shall hear : but, Blanca, first take  
breath,  
And still your heart to its accustom'd tune,  
For I must have you all yourself to answer  
What I must ask of you. Listen to me.  
Your son, in the full eye of God and man,  
Has struck his father—who as publicly  
Has cried to me for vengeance—such a feud  
Coming at length to such unnatural close,  
Men 'gin to turn suspicious eyes on you,—  
You, Blanca, so mixt up in such a cause

As in the annals of all human crime  
Is not recorded. Men begin to ask  
Can these indeed be truly son and sire?  
This is the question, and to sift it home,  
I am myself come hither to sift you  
By my own mouth. Open your heart to me,  
Relying on the honour of a king  
That nothing you reveal to me to-night  
Shall ever turn against your good repute:  
We are alone, none to way-lay the words  
That travel from your lips; speak out at once;  
Or, by the heavens, Blanca,—

*Blan.*

Oh, my liege,

Not in one breath  
Turn royal mercy into needless threat;  
Though it be true my bosom has so long  
This secret kept close prisoner, and hop'd  
To have it buried with me in my grave,  
Yet if I peril my own name and theirs  
By such a silence, I'll not leave to rumour  
Another hour's suspicion; but reveal  
To you, my liege, yea, and to heaven and earth,  
My most disastrous story.

*King.*

I attend.

*Blan.* My father, though of lineage high and clear  
As the sun's self, was poor; and knowing well  
How in this world honour fares ill alone,  
Betroth'd the beauty of my earliest years  
(The only dowry that I brought with me)  
To Lope de Urrea, whose estate  
Was to supply the much he miss'd of youth.  
We married—like December wed to May,  
Or flower of earliest summer set in snow;  
Yet heaven witness that I honour'd, ay,  
And loved him; though with little cause of love,

And ever cold returns ; but I went on  
Doing my duty toward him, hoping still  
To have a son to fill the gaping void  
That lay between us—yea, I pray'd for one  
So earnestly, that God, who has ordain'd  
That we should ask at once for all and nothing  
Of him who best knows what is best for us,  
Denied me what I wrongly coveted.  
Well, let me turn the leaf on which are written  
The troubles of those ill-assorted years,  
And to my tale. I had a younger sister,  
Whom to console me in my wretched home,  
I took to live with me—of whose fair youth  
A gentleman enamour'd—Oh, my liege,  
Ask not his name—yet why should I conceal it,  
Whose honour may not leave a single chink  
For doubt to nestle in?—Sir, 'twas Don Mendo,  
Your minister ; who, when his idle suit  
Prosper'd not in my sister's ear, found means,  
Feeing one of the household to his purpose,  
To get admittance to her room by night ;  
Where, swearing marriage soon should sanction love,  
He went away the victor of an honour  
That like a villain he had come to steal ;  
Then, but a few weeks after, (so men quit  
All obligation save of their desire,)  
Married another, and growing great at court,  
Went on your father's bidding into France  
Ambassador, and from that hour to this  
Knows not the tragic issue of his crime.  
I, who perceived my sister's altered looks,  
And how in mind and body she fared ill,  
With menace and persuasion wrung from her  
The secret I have told you, and of which  
She bore within her bosom such a witness

As doubly prey'd upon her life. Enough ;  
She was my sister, why reproach her then,  
And to no purpose now the deed was done ?  
Only I wonder'd at mysterious Heaven,  
Which her misfortune made to double mine,  
Who had been pining for the very boon  
That was her shame and sorrow ; till at last,  
Out of the tangle of this double grief  
I drew a thread to extricate us both,  
By giving forth myself about to bear  
The child whose birth my sister should conceal.  
'Twas done—the day came on—I feign'd the pain  
She felt, and on my bosom as my own  
Cherish'd the crying infant she had borne,  
And died in bearing—for even so it was ;  
I and another matron (who alone  
Was partner in the plot)  
Assigning other illness for her death.  
This is my story, sir—this is the crime,  
Of which the guilt being wholly mine, be mine  
The punishment ; I pleading on my knees  
My love both to my husband and my sister  
As some excuse. Pedro of Arragon,  
Whom people call the Just, be just to me :  
I do not ask for mercy, but for justice,  
And that, whatever be my punishment,  
It may be told of me, and put on record,  
That, howsoever and with what design  
I might deceive my husband and the world,  
At least I have not shamed my birth and honour.

*King (apart).* Thus much at least is well ; the  
                    blackest part  
Of this unnatural feud is washt away  
By this confession, though it swell the list  
Of knotted doubts that Justice must resolve ;

As thus :—Don Lope has reviled and struck  
One whom himself and all the world believe  
His father—a belief that I am pledged  
Not to disprove. Don Mendo has traduced  
A noble lady to her death ; and Blanca  
Contrived an ill imposture on her lord :  
Two secret and one public misdemeanour,  
To which I must adjudge due punishment.—  
Blanca, enough at present, you have done  
Your duty ; Fare you well.

*Blan.* Heaven keep your Highness !

*Don Mendo (knocking within).* Open the door.

*King.* Who calls ?

*Blan.* I know not, sir.

*King.* Open it, then, but on your life reveal not  
That I am here.

(*KING hides, BLANCA opens the door.*)

*Blan.* Who is it calls ?

*Enter MENDO.*

*Men.* I, Blanca.

*Blan.* Your errand ?

*Men.* Only, Blanca, to beseech you  
Fear not, whatever you may hear or see  
Against your son. His cause is in my hands,  
His person in my keeping ; being so,  
Who shall arraign my dealings with him ?

*King (coming forth).* I.

*Men.* My liege, if you—

*King.* Enough ; give me the key  
Of Lope's prison.

*Men.* This it is, my liege :  
Only—

*King.* I know enough. Blanca, retire.

Mendo, abide you here. To-night shall show  
If I be worthy of my name or no. *[Exit.*

*Men.* What is the matter, Blanca?

*Blan.* Your misdeeds,  
And mine, Don Mendo, which just Heaven now  
Revenues with one blow on both of us.  
After the King! nor leave him till he swear  
To spare my Lope, who, I swear to you,  
Is not my son, but yours, and my poor Laura's!

*Men.* Merciful Heavens! But I will save his life  
Come what come may to me.

*Blan.* Away, away, then!  
*[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE VII.—*Same as SCENE III.*

*Enter VIOLANTE and ELVIRA at a side door.*

*Elv.* Consider, madam.

*Viol.* No!

*Elv.* But think—

*Viol.* I tell you it must be done.

*Elv.* They will accuse your father.

*Viol.* Let them; I tell you it must be done, and  
*now*; I ask'd you not for advice, but to obey me.  
Unlock the koor.

*Elv.* Oh how I tremble! Hark!

*Viol.* A moment! They must not find him  
passing out—the attempt and not the deed con-  
founding us.<sup>1</sup> Listen!

*Elv.* (*listening at a side door*). I can hear nothing  
distinct, only a confused murmur of voices.

<sup>1</sup> Y se queda su intencion  
Sin su efecto descubierta.

*Viol.* Let me—hush!—Hark! they are approaching!

*Enter MENDO.*

*Men.* Anguish, oh! anguish!

*Viol.* My father!

*Men.* Ay, indeed,

And a most wretched one.

*Viol.* What is it, sir?

Tell me at once.

*Men.* I know not. Oh, 'tis false!

I know too well, and you must know it too.

My daughter, the poor prisoner who lies there

Is my own son, not Blanca's, not Urrea's,

But my own son, your brother, Violante!

*Viol.* My brother!

*Men.* Ay, your brother, my own son,  
Whom we must save!

*Viol.* Alas, sir, I was here  
On the same errand, ere I knew—but hark!

All's quiet now. *(A groan within.)*

*Men.* Listen! What groan was that?

*Viol.* My hand shakes so, I cannot—

*Lope (within).* Mercy, O God!

*Men.* The key, the key!—but hark! they call  
again

At either door; we must unlock.

*(They unlock the side doors.—Enter through one  
BLANCA and BEATRICE, through the other  
URREA and VICENTE.)*

*Urr.* Don Mendo,

The King desires me from your mouth to learn  
His sentence on my son.

*Blan.* Oh, Violante !

*Men.* From me ! from me ! to whom the King as  
yet  
Has not deliver'd it.—  
But what is this ? Oh, God !

*(The centre door opens and DON LOPE is discovered, garrotted, with a paper in his hand, and lights at each side.)*

*Urr.* A sight to turn  
Rancour into remorse.

*Men.* In his cold hand  
He holds a scroll, the sentence, it may be,  
The King referr'd you to. Read it, Urrea ;  
I cannot. Oh, my son, the chastisement  
That I alone have merited has come  
Upon us both, and doubled the remorse  
That I must feel—and stifle !

*Urr. (reading).* “He that reviles and strikes  
whom he believes  
His father, let him die for't ; and let those  
Who have disgraced a noble name, or join'd  
An ill imposture, see his doom ; and show  
Three judgments summ'd up in a single blow.”





## THE MAYOR OF ZALAMEA

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING PHILIP II.

DON LOPE DE FIGUEROA.

DON ALVARO DE ATAIDE.

PEDRO CRESPO . . . . *a Farmer of Zalamea.*

JUAN . . . . *his Son.*

ISABEL . . . . *his Daughter.*

INES . . . . *his Niece.*

DON MENDO . . . . *a poor Hidalgo.*

NUÑO . . . . *his Servant.*

REBOLLEDO . . . . *a Soldier.*

CHISPA . . . . *his Mistress.*

A SERGEANT, A NOTARY, SOLDIERS, LABOURERS,  
CONSTABLES, ROYAL SUITE, etc.

# THE MAYOR OF ZALAMEA

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*Country near Zalamea.*

*Enter REBOLLEDO, CHISPA, and Soldiers.*

*Reb.* Confound, say I, these forced marches from place to place, without halt or bait ; what say you, friends ?

*All.* Amen !

*Reb.* To be trailed over the country like a pack of gipsies, after a little scrap of flag upon a pole, eh ?

*1st Soldier.* Rebolledo's off !

*Reb.* And that infernal drum which has at last been good enough to stop a moment stunning us.

*2nd Sold.* Come, come, Rebolledo, don't storm : we shall soon be at Zalamea.

*Reb.* And where will be the good of that if I'm dead before I get there ? And if not, 'twill only be from bad to worse : for if we all reach the place alive, as sure as death up comes Mr. Mayor to persuade the Commissary we had better march on to the next town. At first Mr. Commissary replies very virtuously, 'Impossible ! the men are fagged

to death.' But after a little pocket persuasion, then it's all 'Gentlemen, I'm very sorry : but orders have come for us to march forward, and immediately'—and away we have to trot, foot weary, dust be-draggled, and starved as we are. Well, I swear if I do get alive to Zalamea to-day, I'll not leave it on this side o' sun-rise for love, lash, or money. It won't be the first time in my life I've given 'em the slip.

*1st Sold.* Nor the first time a poor fellow has had the slip given him for doing so. And more likely than ever now that Don Lope de Figueroa has taken the command, a fine brave fellow they say, but a devil of a Tartar, who'll have every inch of duty done, or take the change out of his own son, without waiting for trial either.<sup>1</sup>

*Reb.* Listen to this now, gentlemen ! By Heaven, I'll be beforehand with him.

*2nd Sold.* Come, come, a soldier shouldn't talk so.

*Reb.* I tell you it isn't for myself I care so much, as for this poor little thing that follows me.

*Chis.* Signor Rebolledo, don't you fret about me ; you know I was born with a beard on my heart if not on my chin, if ever girl was ; and your fearing for me is as bad as if I was afeard myself. Why, when I came along with you I made up my mind to hardship and danger for honour's sake ; else if I'd wanted to live in clover, I never should have left the Alderman who kept such a table as all Aldermen don't, I promise you. Well, what's the

<sup>1</sup> Don Lope de Figueroa, who figures also in the *Amar despues de la Muerte*, was (says Mr. Ticknor) 'the commander under whom Cervantes served in Italy, and probably in Portugal, when he was in the *Tercio de Flándes*,—the Flanders Regiment,—one of the best bodies of troops in the armies of Philip II.,' and the very one now advancing, with perhaps Cervantes in it, to Zalamea.

odds? I chose to leave him and follow the drum, and here I am, and if I don't flinch, why should you?

*Reb.* 'Fore Heaven, you're the crown of woman-kind!

*Soldiers.* So she is, so she is, Viva la Chispa!

*Reb.* And so she is, and one cheer more for her, hurrah! especially if she'll give us a song to lighten the way.

*Chis.* The castanet shall answer for me.

*Reb.* I'll join in—and do you, comrades, bear a hand in the chorus.

*Soldiers.* Fire away!

*Chispa sings.*

## I.

Titiri tiri, marching is weary,

Weary, weary, and long is the way :

Titiri tiri, hither, my deary,

What meat have you got for the soldier to-day?

'Meat have I none, my merry men,'

Titiri tiri, then kill the old hen.

'Alas and a day! the old hen is dead!'

Then give us a cake from the oven instead,

Titiri titiri titiri tiri,

Give us a cake from the oven instead.

## II.

Admiral, admiral, where have you been-a?

'I've been fighting where the waves roar.'

Ensign, ensign, what have you seen-a?

'Glory and honour and gunshot galore;

Fighting the Moors in column and line,

Poor fellows, they never hurt me or mine—

Titiri titiri titiri tina'—

*1st Sold.* Look, look, comrades—what between singing and grumbling we never noticed yonder church among the trees.

*Reb.* Is that Zalamea?

*Chis.* Yes, that it is, I know the steeple. Hurrah! we'll finish the song when we get into quarters, or have another as good; for you know I have 'em of all sorts and sizes.

*Reb.* Halt a moment, here's the sergeant.

*2nd Sold.* And the captain too.

*Enter Captain and Sergeant.*

*Capt.* Good news, gentlemen, no more marching for to-day at least; we halt at Zalamea till Don Lope joins with the rest of the regiment from Llerena. So who knows but you may have a several days' rest here?

*Reb. and Solds.* Huzzah for our captain!

*Capt.* Your quarters are ready, and the Commissary will give every one his billet on marching in.

*Chis. (singing).* Now then for

Titiri tiri, hither, my deary,  
Heat the oven and kill the old hen.

*[Exit with Soldiers.]*

*Capt.* Well, Mr. Sergeant, have you my billet?

*Serg.* Yes, sir.

*Capt.* And where am I to put up?

*Serg.* With the richest man in Zalamea, a farmer, as proud as Lucifer's heir-apparent.

*Capt.* Ah, the old story of an upstart.

*Serg.* However, sir, you have the best quarters in the place, including his daughter, who is, they say, the prettiest woman in Zalamea.

*Capt.* Pooh ! a pretty peasant ! splay hands and feet.

*Serg.* Shame ! shame !

*Capt.* Isn't it true, puppy ?

*Serg.* What would a man on march have better than a pretty country lass to toy with ?

*Capt.* Well, I never saw one I cared for, even on march. I can't call a woman a woman unless she's clean about the hands and fetlocks, and otherwise well appointed—a lady in short.

*Serg.* Well, any one for me who'll let me kiss her. Come, sir, let us be going, for if you won't be at her, I will.

*Capt.* Look, look, yonder !

*Serg.* Why, it must be Don Quixote himself with his very Rosinante too, that Michel Cervantes writes of.

*Capt.* And his Sancho at his side. Well, carry you my kit on before to quarters, and then come and tell me when all's ready. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Zalamea, before CRESPO'S House.*

*Enter DON MENDO and NUÑO.*

*Men.* How's the gray horse ?

*Nuñ.* You may as well call him the *Dun* ; so screw'd he can't move a leg.

*Men.* Did you have him walk'd gently about ?

*Nuñ.* Walk'd about ! when it's corn he wants, poor devil !

*Men.* And the dogs ?

*Nuñ.* Ah, now, they might do if you'd give them the horse to eat.



*Men.* Enough, enough—it has struck three. My gloves and tooth-pick !

*Nuñ.* That sinecure tooth-pick !

*Men.* I tell you I would brain anybody who insinuated to me I had not dined—and on game too. But tell me, Nuño, haven't the soldiers come into Zalamea this afternoon ?

*Nuñ.* Yes, sir.

*Men.* What a nuisance for the commonalty who have to quarter them !

*Nuñ.* But worse for those who haven't.

*Men.* What do you mean, sir ?

*Nuñ.* I mean the squires. Ah, sir ; if the soldiers aren't billeted on them, do you know why ?

*Men.* Well, why ?

*Nuñ.* For fear of being starved—which would be a bad job for the king's service.

*Men.* God rest my father's soul, says I, who left me a pedigree and patent all blazon'd in gold and azure, that exempts me from such impositions.

*Nuñ.* I wish he'd left you the gold in a more available shape, however.

*Men.* Though indeed when I come to think of it, I don't know if I owe him any thanks ; considering that unless he had consented to beget me an Hidalgo at once, I wouldn't have been born at all, for him or any one.

*Nuñ.* Humph ! Could you have help'd it ?

*Men.* Easily.

*Nuñ.* How, sir ?

*Men.* You must know that every one that is born is the essence of the food his parents eat.

*Nuñ.* Oh ! Your parents did eat then, sir ? You have not inherited *that* of them, at all events.

*Men.* Which forthwith converts itself into proper

flesh and blood—ergo, if my father had been an eater of onions, for instance, he would have begotten me with a strong breath ; on which I should have said to him, ‘ Hold, I must come of no such nastiness as that, I promise you.’

*Nuñ.* Ah, now I see the old saying is true.

*Men.* What is that?

*Nuñ.* That hunger sharpens wit.

*Men.* Knave, do you insinuate—

*Nuñ.* I only know it is now three o’clock, and we have neither of us yet had any thing but our own spittle to chew.

*Men.* Perhaps so, but there are distinctions of rank. An Hidalgo, sir, has no belly.

*Nuñ.* Oh Lord ! that I were an Hidalgo !

*Men.* Possibly ; servants must learn moderation in all things. But let me hear no more of the matter ; we are under Isabel’s window.

*Nuñ.* There again—If you are so devoted an admirer, why on earth, sir, don’t you ask her in marriage of her father ? by doing which you would kill two birds with one stone ; get yourself something to eat, and his grandchildren squires.

*Men.* Hold your tongue, sir, it is impious. Am I, an Hidalgo with such a pedigree, to demean myself with a plebeian connexion just for money’s sake ?

*Nuñ.* Well, I’ve always heard say a mean father-in-law is best ; better stumble on a pebble than run your head against a post. But, however, if you don’t mean marriage, sir, what do you mean ?

*Men.* And pray, sir, can’t I dispose of her in a convent in case I get tired of her ? But go directly, and tell me if you can get a sight of her.

*Nuñ.* I’m afraid lest her father should get a sight of me.

*Men.* And what if he do, being my man? Go and do as I bid you.

*Nuñ.* (*after going to look*). Come, sir, you owe one meal at least now—she's at the window with her cousin.

*Men.* Go again, and tell her something about her window being another East, and she a second Sun dawning from it in the afternoon. (*ISABEL and INES come to the window.*)

*Ines.* For heaven's sake, cousin, let's stand here and see the soldiers march in.

*Isab.* Not I, while that man is in the way, Ines; you know how I hate the sight of him.

*Ines.* With all his devotion to you!

*Isab.* I wish he would spare himself and me the trouble.

*Ines.* I think you are wrong to take it as an affront.

*Isab.* How would you have me take it?

*Ines.* Why, as a compliment.

*Isab.* What, when I hate the man?

*Men.* Ah! 'pon the honour of an Hidalgo, (which is a sacred oath,) I could have sworn that till this moment the sun had not risen. But why should I wonder? when indeed a second Aurora—

*Isab.* Signor Don Mendo, how often have I told you not to waste your time playing these fool's antics before my window day after day!

*Men.* If a pretty woman only knew, la! how anger improved its beauty! her complexion needs no other paint than indignation. Go on, go on, lovely one, grow angrier, and lovelier still.

*Isab.* You shan't have even that consolation; come, Ines. [*Exit.*]

*Ines.* Beware of the portcullis, sir knight.

(*Shuts down the blind in his face.*)

*Men.* Ines, beauty must be ever victorious, whether advancing or in retreat.

*Enter CRESPO.*

*Cres.* That I can never go in or out of my house without that squireen haunting it !

*Nuñ.* Pedro Crespo, sir !

*Men.* Oh—ah—let us turn another way ; 'tis an ill-conditioned fellow.

*As he turns, enter JUAN.*

*Juan.* That I never can come home but this ghost of an Hidalgo is there to spoil my appetite.

*Nuñ.* His son, sir !

*Men.* He's worse. (*Turning back.*) Oh, Pedro Crespo, good day, Crespo, good man, good day.

[*Exit with NUÑO.*]

*Cres.* Good day indeed ; I'll make it bad day one of these days with you, if you don't take care. But how now, Juanito, my boy ?

*Juan.* I was looking for you, sir, but could not find you ; where have you been ?

*Cres.* To the barn, where high and dry,  
The jolly sheaves of corn do lie,  
Which the sun, arch-chemist old,  
Turn'd from black earth into gold,  
And the swinging flail one day  
On the barn-floor shall assay,  
Separating the pure ore  
From the drossy chaff away.  
This I've been about—And now,  
Juanito, what hast thou ?

*Juan.* Alas, sir, I can't answer in so good rhyme

or reason. I have been playing at fives, and lost every bout.

*Cres.* What signifies if you paid?

*Juan.* But I could not, and have come to you for the money.

*Cres.* Before I give it you, listen to me.

There are things two

Thou never must do;

Swear to more than thou knowest,

Play for more than thou owest;

And never mind cost,

So credit's not lost.

*Juan.* Good advice, sir, no doubt, that I shall lay by for its own sake as well as for yours. Meanwhile, I have also heard say,

Preach not to a beggar till

The beggar's empty hide you fill.

*Cres.* 'Fore Heaven, thou pay'st me in my own coin. But—

*Enter Sergeant.*

*Serg.* Pray, does one Pedro Crespo live hereabout?

*Cres.* Have you any commands for him, if he does?

*Serg.* Yes, to tell him of the arrival of Don Alvaro de Ataide, captain of the troop that has just marched into Zalamea, and quartered upon him.

*Cres.* Say no more; my house and all I have is ever at the service of the king, and of all who have authority under him. If you will leave his things here, I will see his room is got ready directly; and do you tell his Honour that, come when he will, he shall find me and mine at his service.

*Serg.* Good—he will be here directly. [*Exit.*

*Juan.* I wonder, father, that, rich as you are, you still submit yourself to these nuisances.

*Cres.* Why, boy, how could I help them?

*Juan.* You know; by buying a patent of Gentility.

*Cres.* A patent of Gentility! upon thy life now dost think there's a soul who doesn't know that I'm no gentleman at all, but just a plain farmer? What's the use of my buying a patent of Gentility, if I can't buy the gentle blood along with it! will any one think me a bit more of a gentleman for buying fifty patents? Not a whit; I should only prove I was worth so many thousand royals, not that I had gentle blood in my veins, which can't be bought at any price. If a fellow's been bald ever so long, and buys him a fine wig, and claps it on; will his neighbours think it is his own hair a bit the more? No, they will say, 'So and so has a fine wig; and, what's more, he must have paid handsomely for it too.' But they know his bald pate is safe under it all the while. That's all he gets by it.

*Juan.* Nay, sir, he gets to look younger and handsomer, and keeps off sun and cold.

*Cres.* Tut! I'll have none of your wig honour at any price. My grandfather was a farmer, so was my father, so is yours, and so shall you be after him. Go, call your sister.

*Enter ISABEL and INES.*

Oh, here she is. Daughter, our gracious king (whose life God save these thousand years!) is on his way to be crowned at Lisbon; thither the troops are marching from all quarters, and among others that fine veteran Flanders regiment, commanded by the famous Don Lope de Figueroa, will march into

Zalamea, and be quartered here to-day ; some of the soldiers in my house. Is it not as well you should be out of the way ?

*Isab.* Sir, 'twas upon this very errand I came to you, knowing what nonsense I shall have to hear if I stay below. My cousin and I can go up to the garret, and there keep so close, the very sun shall not know of our whereabouts.

*Cres.* That's my good girl. Juanito, you wait here to receive them in case they come while I am out looking after their entertainment.

*Isab.* Come, Ines.

*Ines.* Very well—

Though I've heard in a song what folly 'twould be  
To try keep in a loft what won't keep on the tree.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Captain and Sergeant.*

*Serg.* This is the house, sir.

*Capt.* Is my kit come ?

*Serg.* Yes, sir, and (*aside*) I'll be the first to take an inventory of the pretty daughter. [*Exit.*]

*Juan.* Welcome, sir, to our house ; we count it a great honour to have such a cavalier as yourself for a guest, I assure you. (*Aside.*) What a fine fellow ! what an air ! I long to try the uniform, somehow.

*Capt.* Thank you, my lad.

*Juan.* You must forgive our poor house, which we devoutly wish was a palace for your sake. My father is gone after your supper, sir ; may I go and see that your chamber is got ready for you ?

*Capt.* Thank you, thank you.

*Juan.* Your servant, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Sergeant.*

*Capt.* Well, sergeant, where's the Dulcinea you told me of?

*Serg.* Deuce, take me, sir, if I haven't been looking everywhere in parlour, bed-room, kitchen, and scullery, up-stairs and down-stairs, and can't find her out.

*Capt.* Oh, no doubt the old fellow has hid her away for fear of us.

*Serg.* Yes, I ask'd a serving wench, and she confess'd her master had lock'd the girl up in the attic, with strict orders not even to look out so long as we were in the place.

*Capt.* Ah! these clodpoles are all so jealous of the service. And what is the upshot? Why, I, who didn't care a pin to see her before, shall never rest till I get at her now.

*Serg.* But how, without a blow-up?

*Capt.* Let me see; how shall we manage it?

*Serg.* The more difficult the enterprise, the more glory in success, you know, in love as in war.

*Capt.* I have it!

*Serg.* Well, sir?

*Capt.* You shall pretend—but no, here comes one will serve my turn better.

*Enter REBOLLEDO and CHISPA.*

*Reb.* (to CHISPA). There he is; now if I can get him into a good humour—

*Chis.* Speak up then, like a man.

*Reb.* I wish I'd some of your courage; but don't



you leave me while I tackle him. Please your Honour—

*Capt. (to Sergeant).* I tell you I've my eye on Rebolledo to do him a good turn ; I like his spirit.

*Serg.* Ah, he's one of a thousand.

*Reb. (aside).* Here's luck ! Please your Honour—

*Capt.* Oh, Rebolledo—Well, Rebolledo, what is it ?

*Reb.* You may know I am a gentleman who has, by ill luck, lost all his estate ; all that ever I had, have, shall have, may have, or can have, through all the conjugation of the verb '*to have*.' And I want your Honour—

*Capt.* Well ?

*Reb.* To desire the ensign to appoint me roulette-master to the regiment, so I may pay my liabilities like a man of honour.

*Capt.* Quite right, quite right ; I will see it done.

*Chis.* Oh, brave captain ! Oh, if I only live to hear them all call me Madam Roulette !

*Reb.* Shall I go at once and tell him ?

*Capt.* Wait. I want you first to help me in a little plan I have.

*Reb.* Out with it, noble captain. Slow said slow sped, you know.

*Capt.* You are a good fellow ; listen. I want to get into that attic there, for a particular purpose.

*Reb.* And why doesn't your Honour go up at once ?

*Capt.* I don't like to do it in a strange house without an excuse. Now look here ; you and I will pretend to quarrel ; I get angry and draw my sword, and you run away up-stairs, and I after you, to the attic, that's all ; I'll manage the rest.

*Chis.* Ah, we get on famously.

*Reb.* I understand. When are we to begin?

*Capt.* Now directly.

*Reb.* Very good. (*In a loud voice.*) This is the reward of my services—a rascal, a pitiful scoundrel, is preferred, when a man of honour—a man who has seen service—

*Chis.* Halloa! Rebolledo up! All is not so well.

*Reb.* Who has led you to victory—

*Capt.* This language to me, sir!

*Reb.* Yes, to you, who have so grossly insulted and defrauded—

*Capt.* Silence! and think yourself lucky if I take no further notice of your insolence.

*Reb.* If I restrain myself, it is only because you are my captain, and as such—but 'fore God, if my cane were in my hand—

*Chis.* (*advancing*). Hold! Hold!

*Capt.* I'll show you, sir, how to talk to me in this way. (*Draws his sword.*)

*Reb.* It is before your commission, not you, I retreat.

*Capt.* That shan't save you, rascal!

(*Pursues REBOLLEDO out.*)

*Chis.* Oh, I shan't be Madam Roulette after all. Murder! murder! [*Exit, calling.*]

SCENE III.—ISABEL'S *Garret*. ISABEL and INES.

*Isab.* What noise is that on the stairs?

*Enter REBOLLEDO.*

*Reb.* Sanctuary! Sanctuary!

*Isab.* Who are you, sir?

*Enter Captain.*

*Capt.* Where is the rascal ?

*Isab.* A moment, sir ! This poor man has flown to our feet for protection ; I appeal to you for it ; and no man, and least of all an officer, will refuse that to any woman.

*Capt.* I swear no other arm than that of beauty, and beauty such as yours, could have withheld me. (*To REBOLLEDO.*) You may thank the deity that has saved you, rascal.

*Isab.* And I thank you, sir.

*Capt.* And yet ungratefully slay me with your eyes in return for sparing him with my sword.

*Isab.* Oh, sir, do not mar the grace of a good deed by poor compliment, and so make me less mindful of the real thanks I owe you.

*Capt.* Wit and modesty kiss each other, as well they may, in that lovely face. (*Kneels.*)

*Isab.* Heavens ! my father !

*Enter CRESPO and JUAN with swords.*

*Cres.* How is this, sir ? I am alarmed by cries of murder in my house—am told you have pursued a poor man up to my daughter's room ; and, when I get here expecting to find you killing a man, I find you courting a woman.

*Capt.* We are all born subjects to some dominion—soldiers especially to beauty. My sword, though justly raised against this man, as justly fell at this lady's bidding.

*Cres.* No lady, sir, if you please ; but a plain peasant girl—my daughter.

*Juan (aside).* All a trick to get at her. My blood boils. (*Aloud to Captain.*) I think, sir, you might have seen enough of my father's desire to serve you to prevent your requiting him by such an affront as this.

*Cres.* And, pray, who bid thee meddle, boy? Affront! what affront? The soldier affronted his captain; and if the captain has spared him for thy sister's sake, pray what hast thou to say against it?

*Capt.* I think, young man, you had best consider before you impute ill intention to an officer.

*Juan.* I know what I know. .

*Cres.* What! you will go on, will you?

*Capt.* It is out of regard for you I do not chastise him.

*Cres.* Wait a bit; if that were wanting, 'twould be from his father, not from you.

*Juan.* And, what's more, I wouldn't endure it from any one but my father.

*Capt.* You would not?

*Juan.* No! death rather than such dishonour!

*Capt.* What, pray, is a clodpole's idea of honour?

*Juan.* 'The same as a captain's—no clodpole no captain, I can tell you.

*Capt.* 'Fore Heaven, I must punish this insolence.  
(*About to strike him.*)

*Cres.* You must do it through me, then.

*Reb.* Eyes right!—Don Lope!

*Capt.* Don Lope!

*Enter DON LOPE.*

*Lope.* How now? A riot the very first thing I find on joining the regiment? What is it all about?

*Capt. (aside).* Awkward enough !

*Cres. (aside).* By the lord, the boy would have held his own with the best of 'em.

*Lope.* Well ! No one answer me ? 'Fore God, I'll pitch the whole house, men, women, and children, out of windows, if you don't tell me at once. Here have I had to trail up your accursed stairs, and then no one will tell me what for.

*Cres.* Nothing, nothing at all, sir.

*Lope.* Nothing ? that would be the worst excuse of all : but swords aren't drawn for nothing ; come, the truth ?

*Capt.* Well, the simple fact is this, Don Lope ; I am quartered upon this house ; and one of my soldiers—

*Lope.* Well, sir, go on.

*Capt.* Insulted me so grossly I was obliged to draw my sword on him. He ran up here where it seems these two girls live ; and I, not knowing there was any harm, after him ; at which these men, their father or brother, or some such thing, take affront. This is the whole business.

*Lope.* I am just come in time then to settle it. First, who is the soldier that began it with an act of insubordination ?

*Reb.* What, am I to pay the piper ?

*Isab. (pointing to Reb.).* This, sir, was the man who ran up first.

*Lope.* This ? handcuff him !

*Reb.* Me ! my lord ?

*Capt. (aside to Reb.).* Don't blab, I'll bear you harmless.

*Reb.* Oh, I dare say, after being marcht off with my hands behind me like a coward. Noble commander, 'twas the captain's own doing ; he made me

pretend a quarrel, that he might get up here to see the women.

*Cres.* I *had* some cause for quarrel, you see.

*Lope.* Not enough to peril the peace of the town for. Halloa there! beat all to quarters on pain of death. And, to prevent further ill blood here, do you (*to the Captain*) quarter yourself elsewhere till we march. I'll stop here.

*Capt.* I shall of course obey you, sir.

*Cres.* (*to ISABEL*). Get you in. (*Exeunt ISAB. and INES.*) I really ought to thank you heartily for coming just as you did, sir; else, I'd done for myself.

*Lope.* How so?

*Cres.* I should have killed this popinjay.

*Lope.* What, sir, a captain in his Majesty's service?

*Cres.* Ay, a general, if he insulted me.

*Lope.* I tell you, whoever lays his little finger on the humblest private in the regiment, I'll hang him.

*Cres.* And I tell you, whoever points his little finger at my honour, I'll cut him down before hanging.

*Lope.* Know you not, you are bound by your allegiance to submit?

*Cres.* To all cost of property, yes; but of honour, no, no, no! My goods and chattels, ay, and my life—are the king's; but my honour is my own soul's, and that is—God Almighty's!

*Lope.* 'Fore God, there's some truth in what you say.

*Cres.* 'Fore God, there ought to be, for I've been some years saying it.

*Lope.* Well, well. I've come a long way, and this leg of mine (which I wish the devil who gave it would carry away with him!) cries for rest..

*Cres.* And who prevents its taking some? the same devil I suppose, who gave you your leg, gave

me a bed (which I don't want him to take away again, however) on which your leg may lie if it like.

*Lope.* But did the devil, when he was about it, make your bed as well as give it?

*Cres.* To be sure he did.

*Lope.* Then I'll unmake it—Heaven knows I'm weary enough.

*Cres.* Heaven rest you then.

*Lope (aside).* Devil or saint alike he echoes me.

*Cres. (aside).* I and Don Lope never shall agree.

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—*In Zalamea.*

*Enter DON MENDO and NUÑO.*

*Men.* Who told you all this?

*Nuñ.* Ginesa, her wench.

*Men.* That, whether that riot in the house were by accident or design, the captain has ended by being really in love with Isabel.

*Nuñ.* So as he has as little of comfort in his quarters as we of eatable in ours—ever under her window, sending her messages and tokens by a nasty little soldier of his.

*Men.* Enough, enough of your poisoned news.

*Nuñ.* Especially on an empty stomach.

*Men.* Be serious, Nuño. And how does Isabel answer him?

*Nuñ.* As she does you. Bless you, she's meat for your masters.

*Men.* Rascal! This to me! (*Strikes him.*)

*Nuñ.* There! two of my teeth you've knockt out, I believe: to be sure they weren't of much use in your service.

*Men.* By Heaven, I'll do so to that captain, if—

*Nuñ.* Take care, he's coming, sir.

*Men.* (*aside to Nuño*). This duel shall be *now*—though night be advancing on—before discretion come to counsel milder means. Come, and help me arm.

*Nuñ.* Lord bless me, sir, what arms have you got except the coat over the door?

*Men.* In my armoury I doubt not are some pieces of my ancestors that will fit their descendant.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Captain, Sergeant, and REBOLLEDO.*

*Capt.* I tell you my love is not a fancy; but a passion, a tempest, a volcano.

*Serg.* What a pity it is you ever set eyes on the girl!

*Capt.* What answer did the servant give you?

*Serg.* Nay, sir, I have told you.

*Capt.* That a country wench should stand upon her virtue as if she were a lady!

*Serg.* This sort of girls, captain, don't understand gentlemen's ways. If a strapping lout in their own line of life courted them in their own way, they'd hear and answer quick enough. Besides, you really expect too much, that a decent woman should listen after one day's courtship to a lover who is perhaps to leave her to-morrow.

*Capt.* And to-day's sun setting!

*Serg.* Your own love too, but from one glance—

*Capt.* Is not one spark enough for gunpowder?



*Serg.* You too, who would have it no country girl could be worth a day's courtship!

*Capt.* Alas, 'twas that was my ruin — running unawares upon a rock. I thought only to see a splay-footed gawky, and found a goddess. Ah, Rebolledo, could you but get me one more sight of her!

*Reb.* Well, captain, you have done me one good turn, and though you had like to run me into danger, I don't mind venturing again for you.

*Capt.* But how? how?

*Reb.* Well, now, look here. We've a man in the regiment with a fair voice, and my little Chispa—no one like her for a flash song. Let's serenade at the girl's window; she must, in courtesy or curiosity, look out; and then—

*Capt.* But Don Lope is there, and we mustn't wake him.

*Reb.* Don Lope? When does he ever get asleep with that leg of his, poor fellow? Besides, you can mix along with us in disguise, so as at least *you* won't come into question.

*Capt.* Well, there is but this chance, if it be but a faint one; for if we should march to-morrow!—come, let us set about it; it being, as you say, between ourselves that I have any thing to do with it.

[*Exeunt Captain and Sergeant.*]

*Enter CHISPA.*

*Chis.* He's got it, at any rate.

*Reb.* What's the matter now, Chispa?

*Chis.* Oh, I mark'd his face for him.

*Reb.* What, a row?

*Chis.* A fellow there who began to ask questions

as to my fair play at roulette—when I was all as fair as day too—I answered him with this. (*Showing a knife.*) Well, he's gone to the barber's to get it dressed.

*Reb.* You still stand kicking when I want to get to the fair. I wanted you with your castanets, not your knife.

*Chis.* Pooh! one's as handy as the other. What's up now?

*Reb.* Come with me to quarters; I'll tell you as we go along. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A trellis of Vines in CRESPO's garden.*

*Enter CRESPO and DON LOPE.*

*Cres.* Lay the table here. (*To LOPE.*) You'll relish your supper here in the cool, sir. These hot August days at least bring their cool nights by way of excuse.

*Lope.* A mighty pleasant parlour this!

*Cres.* Oh, a little strip my daughter amuses herself with; sit down, sir. In place of the fine voices and instruments you are used to, you must put up with only the breeze playing on the vine leaves in concert with the little fountain yonder. Even the birds (our only musicians) are gone to bed, and wouldn't sing any the more if I were to wake them. Come, sit down, sir, and try to ease that poor leg of yours.

*Lope.* I wish to heaven I could.

*Cres.* Amen!

*Lope.* Well, I can at least bear it. Sit down, Crespo.

*Cres.* Thank you, sir. (*Hesitating.*)

*Lope.* Sit down, sit down, pray.

*Cres.* Since you bid me then, you must excuse my ill manners. (*Sits.*)

*Lope.* Humph! Do you know, I am thinking, Crespo, that yesterday's riot rather upset your good ones.

*Cres.* Ay?

*Lope.* Why how else is it that you, whom I can scarce get to sit down at all to-day, yesterday plump'd yourself down at once, and in the big chair too?

*Cres.* Simply because yesterday you *didn't* ask me. To-day you are courteous, and I am shy.

*Lope.* Yesterday you were all thistle and hedgehog; to-day as soft as silk.

*Cres.* It is only because you yourself were so. I always answer in the key I'm spoken to; yesterday you were all out of tune, and so was I. It is my principle to swear with the swearer, and pray with the saint; all things to all men. So much so as I declare to you your bad leg kept me awake all night. And, by the by, I wish, now we are about it, you would tell me which of your legs it is that ails you: for, not knowing, I was obliged to make sure by swearing at both of mine: and one at a time is quite enough.

*Lope.* Well, Pedro, you will perhaps think I have some reason for my tetchiness, when I tell you that for thirty years during which I have served in the Flemish wars through summer's sun, and winter's frost, and enemy's bullets, I have never known what it is to be an hour without pain.

*Cres.* God give you patience to bear it!

*Lope.* Pish! can't I give it myself?

*Cres.* Well, let him leave you alone then!

*Lope.* Devil take patience !

*Cres.* Ah, let him ! he wants it ; only it's too good a job for him.

*Enter JUAN with Table, etc.*

*Juan.* Supper, sir !

*Lope.* But what are my people about, not to see to all this ?

*Cres.* Pardon my having been so bold to tell them I and my family would wait upon you, so, as I hope, you shall want for nothing.

*Lope.* On one condition then, that as you have no fear of your company now, your daughter may join us at supper.

*Cres.* Juan, bid your sister come directly.

[*Exit JUAN.*

*Lope.* My poor health may quiet all suspicion on that score, I think.

*Cres.* Sir, if you were as lusty as I wish you, I should have no fear. I bid my daughter keep above while the regiment was here because of the nonsense soldiers usually talk to girls. If all were gentlemen like you, I should be the first to make her wait on them.

*Lope (aside).* The cautious old fellow !

*Enter JUAN, ISABEL, and INES.*

*Isab. (to CRESPO).* Your pleasure, sir ?

*Cres.* It is Don Lope's, who honours you by bidding you to sup with him.

*Lope (aside).* What a fair creature !—Nay, 'tis I that honour myself by the invitation.

*Isab.* Let me wait upon you.

*Lope.* Indeed no, unless waiting upon me mean supping with me.

*Cres.* Sit down, sit down, girl, as Don Lope desires you. [*They sit at table. Guitar heard within.*]

*Lope.* Music too!

*Cres.* None of ours. It must be some of your soldiers, Don Lope.

*Lope.* Ah, Crespo, the troubles and dangers of war must have a little to sweeten them betimes. The uniform sits very tight, and must be let out every now and then.

*Juan.* Yet 'tis a fine life, sir.

*Lope.* Do you think you would like to follow it?

*Juan.* If I might at your Excellency's side.

SONG (*within*).

Ah for the red spring rose,  
Down in the garden growing,  
Fading as fast as it blows,  
Who shall arrest its going?  
Peep from thy window and tell,  
Fairest of flowers, Isabel.

*Lope (aside).* Pebbles thrown up at the window too! But I'll say nothing, for all sakes. (*Aloud.*) What foolery!

*Cres.* Boys! Boys! (*Aside.*) To call her very name too! If it weren't for Don Lope—

*Juan (going).* I'll teach them—

*Cres.* Holloa, lad, whither away?

*Juan.* To see for a dish—

*Cres.* They'll see after that. Sit still where thou art.

SONG (*within*).

Wither it would, but the bee  
Over the blossom hovers,  
And the sweet life ere it flee  
With as sweet art recovers,  
Sweetest at night in his cell,  
Fairest of flowers, Isabel.

*Isab. (aside)*. How have I deserved this ?

*Lope (knocking over his chair)*. This is not to be borne !

*Cres. (upsetting the table)*. No more it is !

*Lope*. I meant my leg.

*Cres*. And I mine.

*Lope*. I can eat no more, and will to bed.

*Cres*. Very good : so will I.

*Lope*. Good-night, good-night, to you all.

*All*. Good-night, sir.

*Lope (aside)*. I'll see to them. [*Exit*.

*Cres. (aside)*. I'll shut the girls up, and then look after 'em. (*Aloud.*) Come, to bed. (*To JUAN*) Holloa, lad, again ! This is the way to thy room, is it not ? [*Exeunt severally*.

SCENE III.—*Outside CRESPO'S House.* •

*The Captain, Sergeant, REBOLLEDO, CHISPÁ, etc., with guitars. At one corner, MENDO in old armour, with NUÑO, observing them. It is dark.*

*Men. (aside to NUÑO)*. You see this ?

*Nuñ*. And hear it.

*Men*. I am bloodily minded to charge into them at once, and disperse them into chaos ; but I will see if she is guilty of answering them by a sign.

*Capt.* No glance from the window yet !

*Reb.* Who'd stir for a sentimental love song ?  
Come, Chispa, you can give us one that would make  
her look out of the grave.

*Chis.* Here am I on my pedestal. Now for it.  
(*She sings.*)

There once was a certain Sampayo  
Of Andalusia the fair ;  
A Major he was in the service,  
And a very fine coat did he wear.  
And one night, as to-night it might happen,  
That as he was going his round,  
With the Garlo half drunk in a tavern—

*Reb.* *Asonante* to 'happen,' you know.

*Chis.* Don't put me out, Rebolledo—(*Sings.*)

With the Garlo half drunk in a tavern  
His lovely Chillona he found.

CHORUS.

With the Garlo half drunk in a tavern  
His lovely Chillona he found.

SECOND STANZA.

Now this Garlo, as chronicles tell us,  
Although rather giv'n to strong drinks,  
Was one of those terrible fellows  
Is down on a man ere he winks.  
And so while the Major all weeping  
Upbraided his lady unkind,  
The Garlo behind him came creeping  
And laid on the Major behind.

CHORUS.

The Garlo, etc.

(*During Chorus, DON LOPE and CRESPO have entered at different sides with swords, and begin to lay about them.*)

Cres. What something in this way, }  
perhaps ! } *Together.*  
Lope. After this fashion, may-be ! }

(*The soldiers are driven off.*)

Lope. Well, we're quit of them, except one. But I'll soon settle him.

Cres. One still hanging about. Off with you !

Lope. Off with *you*, rascal ! (*They fight.*) By Heaven, he fights well !

Cres. By Heaven, a handy chap at his tool !

*Enter JUAN with sword and torch.*

Juan. Where is Don Lope ?

Lope. Crespo !

Cres. Don Lope !

Lope. To be sure, didn't you say you were going to bed ?

Cres. And didn't you ?

Lope. This was my quarrel, not yours.

Cres. Very well, and I come out to help you in it.

*Re-enter Captain and Soldiers with swords.*

1st Sold. We'll soon settle them.

Capt. Don Lope !

Lope. Yes, Don Lope. What is all this, sir ?

Capt. The soldiers were singing and playing in the street, sir, doing no offence to any one, but were set



upon by some of the town's people, and I came to stop the riot.

*Lope.* You have done well, Don Alvaro, I know your prudence; however, as there is a grudge on both sides, I shall not visit the town's people this time with further severity; but, for the sake of all parties, order the regiment to march from Zalamea to-morrow—nay, to-day, for it is now dawn. See to it, sir: and let me hear of no such disgraceful riots hereafter.

*Capt.* I shall obey your orders, sir.

[*Exit with soldiers, etc.*

*Cres.* (*aside*). Don Lope is a fine fellow! we shall cog together after all.

*Lope* (*to CRESPO and JUAN*). You two keep with me, and don't be found alone. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter MENDO, and NUÑO wounded.*

*Men.* 'Tis only a scratch.

*Nuñ.* A scratch? Well, I could well have spared that.

*Men.* Ah, what is it compared to the wound in my heart!

*Nuñ.* I would gladly exchange for all that.

*Men.* Well, he did lay upon your head handsomely, didn't he?

*Nuñ.* Ah, and on my tail too; while you, under that great shield of yours,— (*Drum.*)

*Men.* Hark! what's that?

*Nuñ.* The soldiers' reveille. I heard say they were to leave Zalamea to-day.

*Men.* I am glad of it, since they'll carry that detestable captain off with them at all events.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Outside Zalamea.*

*Enter Captain, Sergeant, REBOLLEDO, and  
CHISPA.*

*Capt.* March you on, Sergeant, with the troop. I shall lie here till sun-down, and then steal back to Zalamea for one last chance.

*Serg.* If you are resolved on this, sir, you had better do it well attended, for these bumpkins are dangerous, once affronted.

*Reb.* Where, however, (and you ought to tip me for my news,) you have one worst enemy the less.

*Capt.* Who's that?

*Reb.* Isabel's brother. Don Lope and the lad took a fancy to each other and have persuaded the old father to let him go for a soldier; and I have only just met him as proud as a peacock, with all the sinew of the swain and the spirit of the soldier already about him.

*Capt.* All works well; there is now only the old father at home, who can easily be disposed of. It only needs that he who brought me this good news help me to use it.

*Reb.* Me do you mean, sir? \* So I will, to the best of my power.

*Capt.* Good; you shall go with me.

*Serg.* But if Don Lope should happen on you?

*Capt.* He is himself obliged to set off to Guadalupe this evening, as the king is already on the road. This I heard from himself when I went to take his orders. Come with me, Sergeant, and settle about the troops marching, and then for my own campaign.  
[*Exeunt Captain and Sergeant.*]

*Chis.* And what am I to do, Rebolledo, meanwhile? I shan't be safe alone with ~~that~~ fellow whose face I sent to be sticht by the barber.

*Reb.* Ah, how to manage about that? You wouldn't dare go with us?

*Chis.* Not in petticoats; but in the clothes of that run-away stable boy? I can step into them free of expense.

*Reb.* That's a brave girl.

*Chis.* (*singing*).

And now who shall say  
The love of a soldier's wife lasts but a day?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CRESPO'S *Garden Porch.*

DON LOPE, CRESPO, JUAN.

*Lope.* I have much to thank you for, Crespo, but for nothing so much as for giving me your son for a soldier. I do thank you for that with all my heart.

*Cres.* I am proud he should be your servant.

*Lope.* The king's! the king's—*my* friend. I took a fancy to him from the first for his spirit and affection to the service.

*Juan.* And I will follow you to the world's end, sir.

*Cres.* Though you must make allowance for his awkwardness at first, sir, remembering he has only had ploughmen for teachers, and plough and pitchforks for books.

*Lope.* He needs no apology. And now the sun's heat abates towards his setting, I will be off.

*Juan.* I will see for the litter. [*Exit.*]

*Enter* ~~ISABEL~~ ISABEL and INES.

*Isab.* You must not go, sir, without our adieu.

*Lope.* I would not have done so ; nor without asking pardon for much that is past, and even for what I am now about to do. But remember, fair Isabel, 'tis not the price of the gift, but the good will of the giver makes its value. This brooch, though of diamond, becomes poor in your hands, and yet I would fain have you wear it in memory of Don Lope.

*Isab.* I take it ill you should wish to repay us for an entertainment—

*Lope.* No, no, no repayment ; that were impossible if I wished it. A free keepsake of regard.

*Isab.* As such I receive it then, sir. Ah, may I make bold to commit my brother to your kindness ?

*Lope.* Indeed, indeed, you may rely on me.

*Enter* JUAN.

*Juan.* The litter is ready.

*Lope.* Adieu, then, all.

*All.* Adieu, adieu, sir.

*Lope.* Ha, Peter ! who, judging from our first meeting, could have prophesied we should part such good friends ?

*Cres.* I could, sir, had I but known—

*Lope* (*going*). Well ?

*Cres.* That you were at once as good as crazy. (*Exit* LOPE.) And now, Juan, before going, let me give thee a word of advice in presence of thy sister and cousin ; thou and thy horse will easily overtake Don Lope, advice and all. By God's grace, boy, thou comest of honourable if of humble stock ; bear both

in mind, 'so as neither to be daunted from trying to rise, nor puffed up so as to be sure to fall. How many have done away the memory of a defect by carrying themselves modestly; while others again have gotten a blemish only by being too proud of being born without one. There is a just humility that will maintain thine own dignity, and yet make thee insensible to many a rub that galls the proud spirit. Be courteous in thy manner, and liberal of thy purse; for 'tis the hand to the bonnet and in the pocket that makes friends in this world; of which to gain one good, all the gold the sun breeds in India, or the universal sea sucks down, were a cheap purchase. Speak no evil of women; I tell thee the meanest of them deserves our respect; for of women do we not all come? Quarrel with no one but with good cause; by the Lord, over and over again, when I see masters and schools of arms among us, I say to myself, 'This is not the thing we want at all, *How to fight*, but *Why to fight?* that is the lesson we want to learn.' And I verily believe if but one master of the *Why to fight* advertised among us he would carry off all the scholars. Well—enough—You have not (as you once said to me) my advice this time on an empty stomach—a fair outfit of clothes and money—a good horse—and a good sword—these, together with Don Lope's countenance, and my blessing—I trust in God to live to see thee home again with honour and advancement on thy back. My son, God bless thee! There—And now go—for I am beginning to play the woman.

*Juan.* Your words will live in my heart, sir, so long as it lives. (*He kisses his father's hand.*) Sister! (*He embraces her.*)

*Isab.* Would I could hold you back in my arms!

*Juan.* Adieu, cousin !

*Ines.* I can't speak.

*Cres.* Be off, else I shall never let thee go—and my word is given !

*Juan.* God bless you all ! [*Exit.*

*Isab.* Oh, you never should have let him go, sir. .

*Cres.* (*aside*). I shall do better now. (*Aloud.*) Pooh, why, what the deuce could I have done with him at home here all his life—a lout—a scape-grace perhaps. Let him go serve his king.

*Isab.* Leaving us by night too !

*Cres.* Better than by day, child, at this season—Pooh !—(*Aside.*) I must hold up before them.

*Isab.* Come, sir, let us in.

*Ines.* No, no, cousin, e'en let us have a little fresh air now the soldiers are gone.

*Cres.* True—and here I may watch my Juan along the white, white road. Let us sit. (*They sit.*)

*Isab.* Is not this the day, sir, when the Town Council elects its officers ?

*Cres.* Ay, indeed, in August—so it is. And indeed this very day.

(*As they talk together, the Captain, Sergeant,  
REBOLLEDO, and CHISPA steal in.*)

*Capt.* (*whispering*). 'Tis she ! you know our plan ; I seize her, and you look to the others.

*Isab.* What noise is that ?

*Ines.* Who are these ?

(*The Captain seizes and carries off ISABEL—the  
Sergeant and REBOLLEDO seize CRESPO.*)

*Isab.* (*within*). My father ! My father !

*Cres.* Villains ! A sword ! A sword !

*Reb.* Kill him at once.

*Serg.* No, no.

*Reb.* We must carry him off with us then, or his cries will rouse the town.

*Exeunt, carrying CRESPO.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Wood near Zalamea. It is dark.*

*Enter ISABEL.*

*Isab.* Oh never, never might the light of day arise and show me to myself in my shame! Oh, fleeting morning star, mightest thou never yield to the dawn that even now presses on thy azure skirts! And thou, great Orb of all, do thou stay down in the cold ocean foam; let night for once advance her trembling empire into thine! For once assert thy voluntary power to hear and pity human misery and prayer, nor hasten up to proclaim the vilest deed that Heaven, in revenge on man, has written on his guilty annals! Alas! even as I speak, thou liftest thy bright, inexorable face above the hills! Oh! horror! What shall I do? whither turn my tottering feet? Back to my own home? and to my aged father, whose only joy it was to see his own spotless honour spotlessly reflected in mine, which now—And yet if I return not, I leave calumny to make my innocence accomplice in my own shame! Oh that I had stayed to be slain by Juan over my slaughtered honour! But I dared not meet his eyes even to die by his hand. Alas!—Hark! What is that noise?

*Crespo (within).* Oh in pity slay me at once!

*Isab.* One calling for death like myself?

*Cres.* Whoever thou art—

*Isab.* That voice! [Exit.

SCENE II.—*Another place in the Wood.* CRESPO  
*tied to a tree.*

*Enter to him ISABEL.*

*Isab.* My father!

*Cres.* Isabel! Unbind these cords, my child.

*Isab.* I dare not—I dare not yet, lest you kill before you hear my story—and you must hear that.

*Cres.* No more, no more! Misery needs no remembrancer.

*Isab.* It must be.

*Cres.* Alas! Alas!

*Isab.* Listen for the last time. You know how, sitting last night under the shelter of those white hairs in which my maiden youth had grown, those wretches, whose only law is force, stole upon us. He who had feigned that quarrel in our house, seizing and tearing me from your bosom as a lamb from the fold, carried me off; my own cries stifled, yours dying away behind me, and yet ringing in my ears like the sound of a trumpet that has ceased!—till here, where out of reach of pursuit,—all dark—the very moon lost from heaven—the wretch began with passionate lies to excuse his violence by his love—his love!—I implored, wept, threatened, all in vain—the villain—But my tongue will not utter what I must weep in silence and ashes for ever! Yet let these quivering hands and heaving bosom, yea, the very tongue that



cannot speak, speak loudliest! Amid my shrieks, entreaties, imprecations, the night began to wear away and dawn to creep into the forest. I heard a rustling in the leaves; it was my brother—who in the twilight understood all without a word—drew the sword you had but just given him—they fought—and I, blind with terror, shame, and anguish, fled till—till at last I fell before your feet, my father, to tell you my story before I die! And now I undo the cords that keep your hands from my wretched life. So—it is done! and I kneel before you—your daughter—your disgrace and my own., Avenge us both; and revive your dead honour in the blood of her you gave life to!

*Cres.* Rise, Isabel; rise, my child. God has chosen thus to temper the cup that prosperity might else have made too sweet. It is thus he writes instruction in our hearts: let us bow down in all humility to receive it. Come, we will home, my Isabel, lean on me. (*Aside.*) 'Fore Heaven, an' I catch that captain! (*Aloud.*) Come, my girl! Courage! so.

*Voice (within).* Crespo! Peter Crespo!

*Cres.* Hark!

*Voice.* Peter! Peter Crespo!

*Cres.* Who calls?

*Enter Notary.*

*Not.* Peter Crespo! Oh, here you are at last!

*Cres.* Well?

*Not.* Oh, I've had a rare chase. Come—a largess for my news! The corporation have elected you Mayor.

*Cres.* Me! .

*Not.* Indeed. And already you are wanted in your office. The king is expected almost directly through the town; and, beside that, the captain who disturbed us all so yesterday has been brought back wounded—mortally, it is thought—but no one knows by whom.

*Cres. (to himself).* And so when I was meditating revenge, God himself puts the rod of justice into my hands! How shall I dare myself outrage the law when I am made its keeper? (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, I am very grateful to my fellow-townsmen for their confidence.

*Not.* They are even now assembled at the town-hall, to commit the wand to your hands; and indeed, as I said, want you instantly.

*Cres.* Come then.

*Isab.* Oh, my father!

*Cres.* Ay, who can now see that justice is done you. Courage! Come. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in Zalamea.*

*Enter the Captain wounded, and Sergeant.*

*Capt.* It was but a scratch after all. Why on earth bring me back to this confounded place?

*Serg.* Who could have known it was but a scratch till 'twas cured? Would you have liked to be left to bleed to death in the wood?

*Capt.* Well, it is cured however: and now to get clear away before the affair gets wind. Are the others here?

*Serg.* Yes, sir.

*Capt.* Let us be off then before these fellows know ; else we shall have to fight for it.

*Enter REBOLLEDO.*

*Reb.* Oh, sir, the magistrates are coming !

*Capt.* Well, what's that to me ?

*Reb.* I only say they are at the door.

*Capt.* All the better. It will be their duty to prevent any riot the people might make if they knew of our being here.

*Reb.* They know, and are humming about it through the town.

*Capt.* I thought so. The magistrates must interfere, and then refer the cause to a court martial, where, though the affair is awkward, I shall manage to come off.

*Cres. (within).* Shut the doors ; any soldier trying to pass, cut him down !

*Enter CRESPO, with the wand of office in his hand, Constables, Notary, etc.*

*Capt.* Who is it dares give such an order ?

*Cres.* And why not ?

*Capt.* Crespo ! Well, sir. The stick you are so proud of has no jurisdiction over a soldier.

*Cres.* For the love of Heaven don't discompose yourself, captain ; I am only come to have a few words with you, and, if you please, alone.

*Capt.* Well then, *(to soldiers, etc.)* retire awhile.

*Cres. (to his people.)* And you—but hark ye ; remember my orders.

*[Exeunt Notary, Constables, etc.]*

*Cres.* And now, sir, that I have used my authority to make you listen, I will lay it by, and talk to you

as man to man. (*He lays down the wand.*) We are alone, Don Alvaro, and can each of us vent what is swelling in his bosom ; in mine at least, till it is like to burst !

*Capt.* Well, sir ?

*Cres.* Till last night (let me say it without offence) I knew not, except perhaps my humble birth, a single thing fortune had left me to desire. Of such estate as no other farmer in the district ; honoured and esteemed (as now appears) by my fellow-townsmen, who neither envied me my wealth, nor taunted me as an upstart ; and this even in a little community, whose usual, if not worst, fault it is to canvass each other's weaknesses. I had a daughter too—virtuously and modestly brought up, thanks to her whom heaven now holds ! Whether fair, let what has passed—But I will leave what I may to silence—would to God I could leave all, and I should not now be coming on this errand to you ! But it may not be :—you must help time to redress a wound so great, as, in spite of myself, makes cry a heart not used to overflow. I must have redress. And how ? The injury is done—by you : I might easily revenge myself for so public and shameful an outrage, but I would have retribution, not revenge. And so, looking about, and considering the matter on all sides, I see but one way which perhaps will not be amiss for either of us. It is this. You shall forthwith take all my substance, without reserve of a single farthing for myself or my son, only what you choose to allow us ; you shall even brand us on back or forehead, and sell us like slaves or mules by way of adding to the fortune I offer you—all this, and what you will beside, if only you will with it take my daughter to wife, and restore the honour you have robbed. You

will not surely eclipse your own in so doing ; your children will still be your children if my grandchildren ; and 'tis an old saying in Castile, you know, that, " 'Tis the horse redeems the saddle." This is what I have to propose. Behold, (*he kneels,*) upon my knees I ask it—upon my knees, and weeping such tears as only a father's anguish melts from his frozen locks ! And what is my demand ? But that you should restore what you have robbed ; so fatal for us to lose, so easy for you to restore ; which I could myself now wrest from you by the hand of the law, but which I rather implore of you as a mercy on my knees !

*Capt.* You have done at last ? Tiresome old man ! You may think yourself lucky I do not add your death, and that of your son, to what you call your dishonour. 'Tis your daughter saves you both ; let that be enough for all. As to the wrong you talk of, if you would avenge it by force, I have little to fear. As to your magistrate's stick there, it does not reach my profession at all.

*Cres.* Once more I implore you—

*Capt.* Have done—have done !

*Cres.* Will not these tears—

*Capt.* Who cares for the tears of a woman, a child, or an old man ?

*Cres.* No pity ?

*Capt.* I tell you I spare your life, and your son's : pity enough.

*Cres.* Upon my knees, asking back my own at your hands that robbed me ?

*Capt.* Nonsense !

*Cres.* Who could extort it if I chose.

*Capt.* I tell you you could not.

*Cres.* There is no remedy then ?

*Capt.* Except silence, which I recommend you as the best.

*Cres.* You are resolved?

*Capt.* I am.

*Cres.* (*rising and resuming his wand*). Then, by God, you shall pay for it! Ho there!

*Enter Constables, etc.*

*Capt.* What are these fellows about?

*Cres.* Take this captain to prison.

*Capt.* To prison! you can't do it.

*Cres.* We'll see.

*Capt.* Am I a bonâ fide officer or not?

*Cres.* And am I a straw magistrate or not? Away with him!

*Capt.* The king shall hear of this.

*Cres.* He shall—doubt it not—perhaps to-day; and shall judge between us. By the by, you had best deliver up your sword before you go.

*Capt.* My sword!

*Cres.* Under arrest, you know.

*Capt.* Well—take it with due respect then.

*Cres.* Oh yes, and you too. Hark ye, (*to Constable, etc.*) carry the captain with due respect to Bridewell; and there with due respect clap on him a chain and hand-cuffs; and not only him, but all that were with him, (all with due respect,) respectfully taking care they communicate not together. For I mean with all due respect to examine them on the business, and if I get sufficient evidence, with the most infinite respect of all, I'll wring you by the neck till you're dead, by God!

*Capt.* Set a beggar on horseback!

[*They carry him off.*]

*Enter Notary and others with REBOLLEDO, and  
CHISPA in boy's dress.*

*Not.* This fellow and the page are all we could get hold of. The other got off.

*Cres.* Ah, this is the rascal who sung. I'll make him sing on t'other side of his mouth.

*Reb.* Why, is singing a crime, sir?

*Cres.* So little that I've an instrument shall make you do it as you never did before. Will you confess?

*Reb.* What am I to confess?

*Cres.* What passed last night.

*Reb.* Your daughter can tell you that better than I.

*Cres.* Villain, you shall die for it! [*Exit.*

*Chis.* Deny all, Rebollo, and you shall be the hero of a ballad I'll sing.

*Not.* And you too were of the singing party?

*Chis.* Ah, ah, and if I was, you can't put me to the question.

*Not.* And why not, pray?

*Chis.* The law forbids you.

*Not.* Oh, indeed, the law? How so, pray?

*Chis.* Because I'm in the way ladies like to be who love Rebollo. [*Exeunt, carried off, etc.*

SCENE IV.—*A Room in CRESPO'S House.*

*Enter JUAN pursuing ISABEL with a dagger.*

*Isab.* Help, help, help!

[*Exit.*

*Juan.* You must not live!

*Enter CRESPO, who arrests him.*

*Cres.* Hold! What is this?

*Juan.* My father! To avenge our shame—

*Cres.* Which is to be avenged by other means, and not by you. How come you here?

*Juan.* Sent back by Don Lope last night, to see after some missing soldiers, on approaching the town I heard some cries—

*Cres.* And drew your sword on your officer, whom you wounded, and are now under arrest from me for doing it.

*Juan.* Father!

*Cres.* And Mayor of Zalamea. Within there!

*Enter Constables.*

Take him to prison.

*Juan.* Your own son, sir?

*Cres.* Ay, sir, my own father, if he transgressed the law I am made guardian of. Off with him! (*They carry off JUAN.*) So I shall keep him out of harm's way at least. And now for a little rest. (*He lays by his wand.*)

*Lope (calling within).* Stop! Stop!

*Cres.* Who's that calling without? Don Lope!

*Enter LOPE.*

*Lope.* Ay, Peter, and on a very confounded business too. But at least I would not put up anywhere but at your friendly house.

*Cres.* You are too good. But, indeed, what makes you back, sir, so suddenly?

*Lope.* A most disgraceful affair; the greatest insult to



the service ! One of my soldiers overtook me on the road, flying at full speed, and told me—Oh, the rascal !

*Cres.* Well, sir ?

*Lope.* That some little pettifogging mayor of the place had got hold of a captain in my regiment, and put him in prison ! In prison ! 'Fore Heaven, I never really felt this confounded leg of mine till to-day, that it prevented me jumping on horseback at once to punish this trumpery Jack-in-office as he deserves. But here I am, and, by the Lord, I'll thrash him within an inch of his life !

*Cres.* You will ?

*Lope.* Will I !

*Cres.* But will he stand your thrashing ?

*Lope.* Stand it or not, he shall have it.

*Cres.* Besides, might your captain happen to deserve what he met with ?

*Lope.* And, if he did, *I* am his judge, not a trumpery mayor.

*Cres.* This mayor is an odd sort of customer to deal with, I assure you.

*Lope.* Some obstinate clodpole, I suppose.

*Cres.* So obstinate, that if he's made up his mind to hang your captain, he'll do it.

*Lope.* Will he ? I'll see to that. And if you wish to see too, only tell me where I can find him.

*Cres.* Oh, close here.

*Lope.* You know him ?

*Cres.* Very well, I believe.

*Lope.* And who is it ?

*Cres.* Peter Crespo. (*Takes his wand.*)

*Lope.* By God, I suspected it.

*Cres.* By God, you were right.

*Lope.* Well, Crespo, what's said is said.

*Cres.* And, Don Lope, what's done is done.

*Lope.* I tell you, I want my captain.

*Cres.* And I tell you, I've got him.

*Lope.* Do you know he is the king's officer?

*Cres.* Do you know he ravished my daughter?

*Lope.* That you are out-stripping your authority in meddling with him?

*Cres.* Not more than he his in meddling with me.

*Lope.* Do you know my authority supersedes yours?

*Cres.* Do you know I tried first to get him to do me justice with no authority at all, but the offer of all my estate?

*Lope.* I tell you, I'll settle the business for you.

*Cres.* And I tell you I never leave to another what I can do for myself.

*Lope.* I tell you once more and for all, I must have my man.

*Cres.* And I tell you once more and for all, you shall—when you have cleared him of the depositions.

*Lope.* The depositions! What are they?

*Cres.* Oh, only a few sheets of parchment tagged together with the evidence of his own soldiers against him.

*Lope.* Pooh! I'll go myself, and take him from the prison.

*Cres.* Do, if you like an arquebuss ball through your body.

*Lope.* I am accustomed to that. But I'll make sure. Within there!

*Enter Orderly.*

Have the regiment to the market-place directly under arms, I'll see if I'm to have my prisoner or not.

[*Exit.*

*Cres.* And I—Hark ye!

[*Exit, whispering to a Constable.*

SCENE V.—*Before the Prison in Zalamea.  
A Street in the centre.*

*Enter on one side DON LOPE with Troops; at the other, before the Prison, Labourers, Constables, etc. armed: and afterward, CRESPO.*

*Lope.* Soldiers, there is the prison where your captain lies. If he be not given up instantly at my last asking, set fire to the prison; and, if further resistance be made, to the whole town.

*Cres.* Friends and fellow-townsmen, there is the prison where lies a rascal capitally convicted—

*Lope.* They grow stronger and stronger. Forward, men, forward! (*As the Soldiers are about to advance, trumpets and shouts of 'God save the King,' within.*)

*Lope.* The king!

*All.* The king!

*Enter KING PHILIP II. through centre Street, with Train, etc. Shouting, Trumpets, etc.*

*King.* What is all this?

*Lope.* 'Tis well your Majesty came so suddenly, or you would have had one of your whole towns by way of bonfire on your progress.

*King.* What has happened?

*Lope.* The mayor of this place has had the impudence to seize a captain in your Majesty's service, clap him in prison, and refuses to surrender him to me, his commander.

*King.* Where is this mayor?

*Cres.* Here, so please your Majesty.

*King.* Well, Mr. Mayor, what have you to offer in defence?

*Cres.* These papers, my Liege: in which this same captain is clearly proved guilty, on the evidence of his own soldiers, of carrying off and violating a maiden in a desolate place, and refusing her the satisfaction of marriage though peaceably entreated to it by her father with the endowment of all his substance.

*Lope.* This same mayor, my Liege, is the girl's father.

*Cres.* What has that to do with it? If another man had come to me under like circumstances, should I not have done him like justice? To be sure. And therefore, why not do for my own daughter what I should do for another's? Besides, I have just done justice against my own son for striking his captain; why should I be suspected of straining it in my daughter's favour? But here is the process; let his Majesty see for himself if the case be made out. The witnesses are at hand too; and if they or any one can prove I have suborned any evidence, or any way acted with partiality to myself, or malice to the captain, let them come forward, and let my life pay for it instead of his.

*King (after reading the papers).* I see not but the charge is substantiated: and 'tis indeed a heavy one. Is there any one here to deny these depositions? (*Silence.*) But, be the crime proved, *you* have no authority to judge or punish it. You must let the prisoner go.

*Cres.* You must send for him then, please your Majesty. In little towns like this, where public officers are few, the deliberative is forced sometimes to be the executive also.

*King.* What do you mean?

*Cres.* Your Majesty will see. (*The prison gates open, and the Captain is seen within, garrotted in a chair.*)

*King.* And you have dared, sir!—

*Cres.* Your Majesty said the sentence was just; and what is well said cannot be ill done.

*King.* Could you not have left it for my imperial Court to execute?

*Cres.* All your Majesty's justice is only one great body with many hands; if a thing be to be done, what matter by which? Or what matter erring in the inch, if one be right in the ell?

*King.* At least you might have beheaded him, as an officer and a gentleman.

*Cres.* Please your Majesty, we have so few *Hidalgos* hereabout, that our executioner is out of practice at beheading. And this, after all, depends on the dead gentleman's taste; if he don't complain, I don't think any one else need for him.

*King.* Don Lope, the thing is done; and, if unusually, not unjustly—Come, order all your soldiers away with me toward Portugal; where I must be with all despatch. For you—(*to CRESPO*) what is your name?

*Cres.* Peter Crespo, please your Majesty.

*King.* Peter Crespo, then, I appoint you perpetual Mayor of Zalamea. And so farewell.

[*Exit with Train.*]

*Cres.* (*kneeling*). God save your Highness!

*Lope.* Friend Peter, his Highness came just in time.

*Cres.* For your captain, do you mean?

*Lope.* Come now—confess, wouldn't it have been better to have given up the prisoner, who, at my

instance, would have married your daughter, saved her reputation, and made her wife of an Hidalgo?

*Cres.* Thank you, Don Lope, she has chosen to enter a convent and be the bride of one who is no respecter of Hidalgos.

*Lope.* Well, well, you will at least give me up the other prisoners, I suppose?

*Cres.* Bring them out. (JUAN, REBOLLEDO, CHISPA, *brought out.*)

*Lope.* Your son too!

*Cres.* Yes, 'twas he wounded his captain, and I must punish him.

*Lope.* Come, come, you have done enough—at least give *him* up to his commander.

*Cres.* Eh? well, perhaps so; I'll leave his punishment to you.

With which now this true story ends—

Pardon its many errors, friends.

Mr. Ticknor thinks Calderon took the hint of this play from Lope de Vega's 'Wise Man at Home'; and he quotes (though without noticing this coincidence) a reply of Lope's hero to some one advising him to assume upon his wealth, that is much of a piece with Crespo's answer to Juan on a like score in the first act of this piece. Only that in Lope the answer *is* an answer: which, as Juan says, in Calderon it is not; so likely to happen with a borrowed answer.

This is Mr. Ticknor's version from the older play:

He that was born to live in humble state  
Makes but an awkward knight, do what you will.  
My father means to die as he has lived,  
The same plain collier that he always was;  
And I too must an honest ploughman die.  
'Tis but a single step or up or down;  
For men there must be that will plough or dig,  
And when the vase has once been filled, be sure  
'Twill always savour of what first it held.

I must observe of the beginning of Act III., that in this translation Isabel's speech is intentionally reduced to prose, not only in measure of words, but in some degree of idea also. It would have been far easier to make at least verse of almost the most elevated and purely beautiful piece of Calderon's poetry I know ; a speech (the beginning of it) worthy of the Greek Antigone, which, after two Acts of homely talk, Calderon has put into his *Labradora's* mouth. This, admitting for all culmination of passion, and Spanish passion, must excuse my tempering it to the key in which (measure only kept) Calderon himself sets out.

BEWARE OF SMOOTH WATER



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DON ALONSO.

DONNA CLARA	}	.	.	.	<i>his Daughters.</i>
DONNA EUGENIA					

DON TORRIBIO	.	.	.	<i>his Nephew.</i>
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MARI NUÑO	}	.	.	.	<i>his Servants</i>
BRIGIDA					
OTÁÑEZ					

DON FELIX	}	.	.	.	<i>Gallants.</i>
DON JUAN					
DON PEDRO					

HERNANDO	.	.	.	<i>Don Felix's Servant.</i>
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# BEWARE OF SMOOTH WATER

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Room in DON ALONSO'S House at Madrid.*

*Enter ALONSO and OTAÑEZ, meeting.*

*Otañ.* My own dear master !

*Alon.* Welcome, good Otañez,

My old and trusty servant !

*Otañ.* Have I lived

To see what I so long have longed to see,

My dear old master home again !

*Alon.* You could not

Long for't, Otañez, more than I myself.

What wonder, when my daughters, who, you know,

Are the two halves that make up my whole heart,

Silently called me home, and silently

(For maiden duty still gagged filial love)

Out of the country shade where both have grown,

Urged me to draw the blossom of their youth

Where it might ripen in its proper day.

*Otañ.* Indeed, indeed, sir. Oh that my dear lady  
Were but alive to see this happy hour !

*Alon.* Nay, good Otañez, mar it not recalling

What, ever sleeping in the memory,  
Needs but a word to waken into tears.  
God have her in his keeping ! He best knows  
How I have suffered since the king, my master,  
Despatching me with charge to Mexico,  
I parted from her ne'er to see her more ;  
And now come back to find her gone for ever !  
You know 'twas not the long and roaring seas  
Frighted her for herself, but these two girls—  
For them she stayed—and full of years and honour  
Died, when God willed ! and I have hastened home  
Well as I may, to take into my hands  
The charge death slipped from hers.

*Otañ.*

Your own good self !

Though were there ever father, who could well  
Have left that charge to others, it was you,  
Your daughters so religiously brought up  
In convent with their aunt at Alcalá.  
Well, you are come, and God be praised for it !  
And, at your bidding, here are they, and I,  
And good old Mari Nuño—all come up  
To meet you at Madrid. I could not wait  
The coach's slower pace, but must spur on  
To kiss my old master's hand.

*Alon.*

Myself had gone

To meet them ; but despatches of the king's  
Prevented me. They're well ?

*Voices (within).*

Make way there—way !

*Otañ.* And lovely as the dawn. And hark ! are here  
To answer for themselves.

*Enter CLARA, EUGENIA, MARI NUÑO, as from travel.*

*Clara (kneeling).* Sir, and my father—by my daily  
prayers

Heaven, won at last in suffering me to kiss  
These honoured hands, leaves me no more to ask,  
Than at these honoured feet to die,  
With its eternal blessing afterward.

*Eug.* And I, my father, grateful as I am  
To Heaven, for coming to your feet once more,  
Have yet this more to ask—to live with you  
For many, many happy years to come!

*Alon.* Oh, not in vain did nature fix the heart  
In the mid bosom, like a sun to move  
Each circling arm with equal love around!  
Come to them—one to each—and take from me  
Your lives anew. God bless you!  
Come, we are here together in Madrid,  
And in the sphere where you were born to move.  
This is the house that is to be your own  
Until some happy lover calls you his;  
Till which I must be father, lover, husband,  
In one. Brigida!

*Enter BRIGIDA.*

*Brig.* Sir?

*Alon.* My daughters' rooms  
Are ready?

*Brig.* Ay, sir, as the sky itself  
For the sun's coming.

*Alon.* Go and see them then,  
And tell me how you like what I have bought,  
And fitted up for your reception.

*Clara.* I thank you, sir, and bless this happy day,  
Though leaving my loved convent far away.

*Eug. (aside).* And I twice bless it, that no longer  
hid  
In a dull cell, I come to see Madrid.

[*Exeunt CLARA and EUGENIA.*]

*Mari Nuño.* Now the young ladies, sir, have had  
their turn,  
Shall not I kiss your hand?

*Alon.* Oh, welcome too,  
Good Mari Nuño; who have been so long  
A mother to them both. And, by the by,  
Good Mari Nuño, now we are alone,  
I'd hear from you, who know them both so well,  
Their several characters and dispositions,  
And not as 'twere, come blindfold to the charge  
That Heaven has laid upon me.

*Mari.* You say well, sir.  
Well, I might say at once, and truly too,  
That nothing need be said in further praise  
But that they are your daughters. But to pass,  
Lest you should think I flatter,  
From general to individual,  
And to begin with the eldest, Donna Clara;  
Eldest in years and in discretion too,  
Indeed the very pearl of prudence, sir,  
And maidenly reserve; her eyes still fixt  
On earth in modesty, or heaven in prayer;  
As gentle as a lamb, almost as silent;  
And never known to say an angry word:  
And, such her love of holy quietude,  
Unless at your desire, would never leave  
Her cloister and her missal. She's, in short,  
An angel upon earth, whom to be near  
And wait on, one would sell oneself a slave.  
So much for her. Donna Eugenia,  
Though unexceptionable in heart and head,  
As, God forgive me, any child of yours  
Must be, is different,—not for me to say  
Better or worse,—but very different:  
Of a quick spirit, loving no control;

Indeed, as forward as the other shy ;  
Quick to retort, and sharply ; so to speak,  
Might sometimes try the patience of a saint ;  
Longing to leave a convent for the world,  
To see and to be seen ; makes verses too ;  
Would not object, I think, to have them made  
(Or love, may be) to her—you understand ;  
Not that I mean to say—

*Alon.*

Enough, enough.

Thanks for your caution as your commendation :  
How could I fortify against weak points  
Unless I knew of them ? And, to this end,  
Although Eugenia be the younger sister,  
I'll see her married first ; husband and children  
The best specific for superfluous youth :  
And to say truth, good Mari, the very day  
Of my arrival hither, I despatch'd  
A letter to my elder brother's son,  
Who still maintains our dwindled patrimony  
Up in the mountains, which I would reclaim,  
Or keep it rather in its lawful line,  
By an alliance with a child of mine,  
All falls out luckily. Eugenia  
Wedded to him shall make herself secure,  
And the two stems of Cuadradillos so  
Unite and once more flourish, at a blow.      [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in DON FELIX'S House.*

DON FELIX, and HERNANDO *dressing him.*

*Hern.* Such fine ladies, sir, come to be our neighbours.

*Fel.* So they ought to be, such a noise as they made in coming.

*Hern.* One of them already betrothed, however.

*Fel.* So let her, and married too, if she would only let me sleep quiet. But what kind of folks are they?

*Hern.* Oh, tip-top. Daughters of the rich old Indian has bought the house and gardens opposite, and who will give them all his wealth when they marry, which they say he has brought them to Madrid expressly to do.

*Fel.* But are they handsome?

*Hern.* I thought so, sir, as I saw them alighting.

*Fel.* Rich and handsome then?

*Hern.* Yes, sir.

*Fel.* Two good points in a woman, at all events, of which I might profit, such opportunities as I have.

*Hern.* Have a care, sir for the old servant who told me this, told me also that the papa is a stout fiery old fellow, who'd stick the Great Turk himself if he caught him trifling with his daughters.

*Fel.* That again is not so well; for though I'm not the Great Turk, I've no mind to share that part of his fortune. But of the two girls, what said your old servant? who, as such, I suppose told you all that was amiss in them at least.

*Hern.* Well, you shall judge. One, the oldest, is very discreet.

*Fel.* Ah, I told you so.

*Hern.* The other lively.

*Fel.* Come, that sounds better. One can tackle her hand to hand, but the grave one one can only take a long shot at with the eyes.

*Hern.* Whichever it be, I should like to see you yourself hit one of these days, sir.

*Fel.* Me? The woman is not yet cast who will do that. If I meddle with these it is only because they lie so handy.

*Hern.* And handsome as well as handy !

*Fel.* Pooh ! I wouldn't climb a wall to pluck the finest fruit in the world. But hark ! some one's at the door. See who 'tis.

*Enter DON JUAN in travelling dress.*

*Juan.* I, Felix, who seeing your door open, could not but walk in without further ado.

*Fel.* You know that it and my heart are ever open to you. Welcome, welcome, Don Juan ! all the more welcome for being unexpected : for though I had heard we might one day have you back, I did not think to see you yet.

*Juan.* Why, the truth is I got my pardon sooner than I expected.

*Fel.* Though not than I prayed for. But tell me all about it.

*Juan.* You know I was obliged to fly to Italy after that unlucky duel. Well, there the great duke of Terranova, who (as good luck would have it) was then going ambassador to Hungary, took a fancy to me, and carried me with him ; and, pleased with what service I did him, interested himself in my fortunes, and one good day, when I was least expecting it, with his own hand put my pardon into mine.

*Fel.* A pardon that never should have needed asking, all of an unlucky quarrel at cards.

*Juan.* So you and the world suppose, Felix : but in truth there was something more behind.

*Fel.* Ah ?

*Juan.* Why the truth is, I was courting a fair lady, and with fair hope of success, though she would not confess it, urging that her father being away at the



time, her mother would not consent in his absence. Suddenly I found I had a rival, and took occasion of a casual dispute at cards to wipe out the score of jealousy ; which I did with a vengeance to both of us, he being killed on the spot, and I, forced to fly the country, must, I doubt, ere this, have died out of my lady's memory, where only I cared to live.

*Fel.* Ay, you know well enough that in Madrid Oblivion lies in the very lap of Remembrance, whether of love or loathing. I thank my stars I never pinned my faith on woman yet.

*Juan.* Still the same sceptic?

*Fel.* Ay, they are fine things, but my own heart's ease is finer still ; and if one party must be deceived, I hold it right in self-defence it should not be I. But come ; that you may not infect me with your faith, nor I you with my heresy, tell me about your journey.

*Juan.* How could it be otherwise than a pleasant one, such pageants as I had to entertain me by the way?

*Fel.* Oh, you mean our royal master's nuptials?

*Juan.* Ay !

*Fel.* I must hear all about them, Juan ; even now, upon the spot.

*Juan.* Well then, you know at least, without my telling you, how great a debt Germany has owed us—

*Enter DON PEDRO hastily.*

*Ped.* My dear Don Felix !

*Fel.* Don Pedro ! By my faith, my door must be the door of heaven, I think ; for all the good keep coming in by't. But how comes your University term so soon over ?

*Ped.* Alas, it's *not* over, but—

*Fel.* Well?

*Ped.* I'll tell you.

*Juan.* If I be in your way—

*Ped.* No, no, sir, if you are Felix's friend you command my confidence. My story is easily told. A lady I am courting in Alcalá is suddenly come up to Madrid, and I am come after her. And to escape my father's wrath at playing truant, I must beg sanctuary in your house awhile.

*Fel.* And this once will owe me thanks for your entertainment, since I have Don Juan's company to offer you.

*Juan.* Nay, 'tis I have to thank you for Don Pedro's.

*Fel.* Only remember, both of you, that however you may amuse one another, you are not to entertain me with your several hearts and darts. Hernando, get us something to eat; and till it comes you shall set off rationally at least, Juan, with the account of the royal nuptials you were beginning just as Don Pedro came in.

*Juan.* On condition you afterwards recount to me your rejoicings in Madrid meanwhile.

*Fel.* Agreed.

*Ped.* I come in happy time to hear you both.

*Juan.* You know, as I was saying, what a debt Germany has owed us since our fair Maria  
Her title of the Royal Child of Spain  
Set in the crown of Hungary—a debt  
They only could repay us as they do,  
Returning us one of the self-same stock,  
So like herself in beauty and desert,  
We seem but taking what we gave away.  
If into Austria's royal hand we gave

Our royal rose, she now returns us one  
Sprung of the self-same stem, as fair, as sweet  
In maiden graces ; and if double-dyed  
In the imperial purple, yet so fresh,  
She scarce has drunk the dawns of fourteen Aprils.  
The marriage contract signed, the marriage self  
Delayed, too long for loyal Spain's desire,  
That like the bridegroom for her coming burned,  
(But happiness were hardly happiness  
Limped it not late,) till her defective years  
Reached their due blossom—Ah, happy defect,  
That every unconditioned hour amends !  
At last arose the day—the day of days—  
When from her royal eyrie in the North  
The imperial eaglet flew. Young Ferdinand,  
King of Bohemia and Hungary  
Elect, who not in vain Rome's holy hand  
Awaits to bind the laurel round his brow,  
As proxy for our king espoused her first,  
And then, all lover-like, as far as Trent  
Escorted her, with such an equipage  
As when the lords and princes of three realms  
Out-do each other in magnificence  
Of gold and jewel, ransackt from the depths  
Of earth and sea, to glitter in the eye  
Of Him who sees and lights up all from heaven.  
So, like a splendid star that trails her light  
Far after her, she crossed fair Italy,  
When Doria, Genoa's great Admiral,  
Always so well-affected to our crown,  
Took charge of her sea-conduct ; which awhile,  
Till winds and seas were fair, she waited for  
In Milan ; till, resolved on embarkation,  
The sea, that could not daunt her with his rage,  
Soon as her foot was on his yellow shore,

Call'd up his Tritons and his Nereids  
Who love and make a calm, to smooth his face  
And still his heaving breast ; on whose blue flood  
The golden galley in defiance burn'd,  
Her crew in wedding pearl and silver drest ;  
Her silken sail and cordage, fluttering  
With myriad flags and streamers of all dye,  
Sway'd like a hanging garden over-head,  
Amid whose blossoms stood the royal bride,  
A fairer Venus than did ever float  
Over the seas to her dominions  
Arm'd with the arrows of diviner love.  
Then to the sound of trump and clarion  
The royal galley, and with her forty more  
That follow'd in her wake as on their queen,  
Weigh'd, shook out sail, and dipp'd all oars at once,  
Making the flood clap hands in acclamation ;  
And so with all their streamers, as 'twere spring  
Floating away to other hemispheres,  
Put out to sea ; and touching not the isles  
That gem the midway deep—not from distrust  
Of friendly France in whose crown they are set,  
And who (as mighty states contend in peace  
With courtesies as with hard blows in war).  
Swell'd the triumphal tide with pageantries  
I may not stop to tell—but borne upon,  
And (as I think) bearing, fair wind and wave,  
'The moving city on its moving base  
With sail and oar enter'd the Spanish Main,  
Which, flashing emerald and diamond,  
Leap'd round the golden prow that clove between,  
And kiss'd the happy shore that first declined  
To meet its mistress. Happy Denia,  
That in her golden sand holds pearly-like  
The first impression of that royal foot !

I will not tell—let Felix, who was here,  
And has new breath—how, landed happily,  
Our loyal Spain—yea, with what double welcome—  
Received the niece and consort of our king,  
Whom, one and both, and both in one, may Heaven  
Bless with fair issue, and all happiness,  
For years and years to come !

*Enter* HERNANDO.

*Hern.* Sir, sir !

*Fel.* Well ?

*Hern.* Your two new neighbours—just come to the window.

*Fel.* Gentlemen, we must waive my story then, for as the proverb goes, '*My Lady first.*' (*He looks out.*) By Heaven, they are divine !

*Juan.* Let me see. (*Aside.*) By Heaven, 'tis she !

*Ped.* Come, it is my turn now. (*Aside.*) Eugenia ! I must keep it to myself.

*Fel.* I scarce know which is handsomest. .

*Juan.* Humph ! both pretty girls enough.

*Ped.* Yes, very well.

*Fel.* Listen, gentlemen ; whether handsome, or pretty, or very well, or all three, you must not stare at them from my window so vehemently ; being the daughters of a friend of mine, and only just come to Madrid.

*Juan* (*aside*). That the first thing I should see on returning to Madrid, is she for whose love I left it !

*Ped.* (*aside*). That the first thing I see here is what I came for the very purpose of seeing !

*Hernando* (*entering*). Table is served, sir.

*Fel.* To table, then. I know not how it is with you, gentlemen, but for myself, my appetite is stronger than my love.

*Juan* (*aside to FELIX*). You jest as usual ; but I assure you it is one of those very ladies on whom my fortune turns ! [*Exit.*

*Fel.* Adieu to one then.

*Ped.* All this is fun to you, Felix ; but believe me, one of those ladies is she I have followed from Alcalá. [*Exit.*

*Fel.* Adieu to both then—unless indeed you are both of you in love with the same. But, thank God,  
I that am in love with neither,  
Need not plague myself for either.  
The least expense of rhyme or care  
That man can upon woman spare.  
But they are very handsome nevertheless. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in DON ALONSO'S  
House.*

*Enter CLARA and EUGENIA.*

*Clara.* Is't not a pretty house, Eugenia,  
And all about it ?

*Eug.* I dare say you think so.

*Clara.* But do not you then ?

*Eug.* No—to me it seems  
A sort of out-court and repository,  
Fit but for old Hidalgos and Duennas,  
'Too stale and wither'd for the blooming world,  
'To wear away in.

*Clara.* I like its quietude ;  
'This pretty garden too.

*Eug.* A pretty thing  
To come for to Madrid—a pretty garden !  
I tell you were it fuller of all flowers  
Than is a Dutchman's in his tulip-time,  
I want the lively street whose flowers are shops,  
Carriages, soldiers, ladies, cavaliers,  
Plenty of dust in summer, dirt in winter,  
And where a woman sitting at her blind  
Sees all that passes. Then this furniture !

*Clara.* Well—surely velvet curtains, sofas, chairs,  
Rich Indian carpets, beds of Damascene,  
Chandeliers, gilded mirrors, pictures too—  
What would you have, Eugenia ?

*Eug.* All very well,  
But, after all, no marvellous result  
Of ten years spent in golden India.  
Why, one has heard how fine a thing it is  
To be my Lord Mayor's daughter ; what must be,  
Methought, to own a dowry from Peru !  
And when you talk about the furniture,  
Pictures, chairs, carpets, mirrors, and all that—  
The best of all is wanting.

*Clara.* What is that ?

*Eug.* Why, a coach, woman ! Heaven and earth,  
a coach !  
What use is all the money-bonds and gold  
He has been boasting of in all his letters,  
Unless, now come at last, he plays the part  
We've heard so long rehearsing ?

*Clara.* Not to spare  
Your father even, Eugenia ! For shame !  
'Tis time to tie your roving tongue indeed.  
Consider, too, we are not in the country,  
Where tongue and eyes, Eugenia, may run wild  
Without offence to uncensorious woods ;

But in a city, with its myriad eyes  
Inquisitively turn'd to watch, and tongues  
As free and more malicious than yours  
To tell—where honour's monument is wax,  
And shame's of brass. I know, Eugenia,  
High spirits are not in themselves a crime ;  
But if to men they *seem* so?—that's the question.  
For it is almost better to do ill  
With a good outward grace than well without ;  
Especially a woman ; most of all  
One not yet married ; whose reputation  
One breath of scandal, like a flake of snow,  
May melt away ; one of those tenderest flowers  
Whose leaves ev'n the warm breath of flattery  
Withers as fast as envy's bitterest wind,  
That surely follows short-lived summer praise.  
Ev'n those who praise your beauty, grace, or wit,  
Will be the first, if you presume on them,  
To pull the idol down themselves set up,  
Beginning with malicious whispers first,  
Until they join the storm themselves have raised.  
And most if one be given oneself to laugh  
And to make laugh : the world will doubly yearn  
To turn one's idle giggle into tears.  
I say this all by way of warning, sister,  
Now we are launght upon this dangerous sea.  
Consider of it.

*Eug.*                    ' Which that all may do  
May Heaven—' Come, Clara, if the sermon's done,  
Pray finish it officially at once,  
And let us out of church. These homilies  
In favour of defunct proprieties,  
Remind one of old ruff and armour worn  
By Don Punctilio and Lady Etiquette  
A hundred years ago, and past with them



And all their tedious ancestors for ever.  
I am alive, young, handsome, witty, rich,  
And come to town, and mean to have my fling,  
Not caring what malicious people say,  
If nothing true to say against my honour.  
And so with all sail set, and steamers flying,  
(A coach shall be my ship, and I will have it !)  
I mean to glide along the glittering streets  
And down the Prado, as I go along  
Capturing what eyes and hearts I find by the way,  
Heedless of every little breath of scandal  
'That such as you turn back affrighted by.  
I'll know the saints' days better than the saints  
'Themselves ; the holidays and festivals  
Better than over-done apprentices.  
If a true lover comes whom I can like  
As he loves me, I shall not turn away :  
As for the rest who flutter round in love,  
Not with myself, but with my father's wealth,  
Or with themselves, or any thing but me,  
You shall see, Clara, how I'll play with them,  
Till, having kept them on my string awhile  
For my own sport, I'll e'en turn them adrift  
And let them go, the laugh all on my side.  
And therefore when you see—

*Clara.* How shall I dare  
To see what even now I quake to hear !

*Enter ALONSO.*

*Alon.* Clara ! Eugenia !

*Both.* Sir ?

*Alon.* Good news, good news, my girls ! What  
think you ? My nephew, Don Torribio Cuadradillos,  
my elder brother's elder son, head of our family and

inheritor of the estate, is coming to visit me ; will be here indeed almost directly. What think you now ?

*Eug. (aside).* One might have thought, from such a flourish of trumpets, the king was coming at least.

*Alon.* Mari Nuño !

*Mari (entering).* Sir ?

*Alon.* Let a chamber be got ready for my nephew, Don Torribio, directly. Brigida !

*Brig. (entering).* Sir ?

*Alon.* See that linen be taken up into Don Torribio's room. Otañez, have dinner ready for my nephew, Don Torribio, directly he arrives. And you two, (*to his daughters,*) I expect you will pay him all attention ; as head of the family, consider. Ay, and if he *should* take a fancy to one of you—I know not he will—but if he *should*, I say, whichever it be, she will take precedence of her sister for ever. (*Aside.*) This I throw out as a bait for Eugenia.

*Eug.* It must be Clara, then, sir, for she is oldest you know.

*Clara.* Not in discretion and all wife-like qualities, Eugenia.

*Eug.* Clara !

*Alon.* Hark ! in the court !

*Don Torribio (speaking loud within).* Hoy ! good man there ! Can you tell me if my uncle lives hereabout ?

*Alon.* 'Tis my nephew, surely !

*Torr. (within).* Why, fellow, I mean of course Don Alonso—who has two daughters, by the token I'm to marry *one* of 'em.

*Alon.* 'Tis he ! I will go and receive him. [*Exit.*

*Torr. (within).* Very well then. Hold my stirrup, Lorenzo.

*Eug.* What a figure !

*Enter ALONSO and TORRIBIO.*

*Alon.* My nephew, Don Torribio, giving thanks to Heaven for your safe arrival at my house, I hasten to welcome you as its head.

*Torr.* Ay, uncle, and a head taller, I promise you, than almost any body in the parish.

*Alon.* Let me introduce your cousins to you, who are so anxious for your acquaintance.

*Torr.* Ah, that's proper of 'em, isn't it?

*Both.* Welcome, sir.

*Alon.* And how are you, nephew?

*Torr.* Very tired, I promise you: for the way is long and my horse a rough goer, so as I've lost leather.

*Alon.* Sit down, and rest till they bring dinner.

*Torr.* Sitting an't the way to mend it. But, however—(*Sits.*) Nay, though I be head of the house, I an't proud—you can all of you sit down too.

*Clara (aside).* Amiable humility!

*Eug. (aside).* No wonder the house is crazy if this be its head!

*Torr.* Well, now I come to look at you, cousins, I may say you are both of you handsome girls, indeed; which'll put me to some trouble.

*Clara.* How so, cousin?

*Torr.* Why, didn't you ever hear that if you put an ass between two bundles of hay, he'll die without knowing which to begin on, eh? •

*Alon.* His father's pleasant humour!

*Clara.* A courteous comparison!

*Eug. (aside).* Which holds as far as the ass at least.

*Torr.* Well, there's a remedy. I say, uncle, mustn't cousins get a dispensation before they marry?

*Alon.* Yes, nephew.

*Torr.* Well then, when you're about it, you can get two dispensations, and I can marry both my cousins. Aha! Well, but, uncle, how are you? I had forgot to ask you that.

*Alon.* Quite well, in seeing you in my house at last, and to reap, I trust, the fruits of all my travel.

*Torr.* Ah, you may say that. Oh, cousins, if you could only see my pedigree and patent, in a crimson velvet case; and all my forefathers painted in a row—I have it in my saddle bags, and if you'll wait a minute—

*Enter MARI NUÑO.*

*Mari.* Dinner's ready.

*Torr.* (*looking at MARI*). Lord a' mercy, uncle, what's this? something you brought from India, belike; does it speak?

*Alon.* Nay, nephew, 'tis our Duenna.

*Torr.* A what?

*Alon.* A Duenna.

*Torr.* A tame one?

*Alon.* Come, come, she tells us dinner's ready.

*Torr.* Yes, if you believe her; but I've heard say, Duennas always lie. However, I'll go and see for myself. [*Exit.*

*Clara.* What a cousin!

*Eug.* What a lover!

*Mari.* Foh! I wonder how the watch came to let the plague into the city! [*Exit.*

*Alon.* You are silent, both of you?

*Both.* Not I, sir.

*Alon.* I understand you ; Don Torribio  
Pleases you not—Well, he's a little rough ;  
But wait a little ; see what a town life  
Will do for him ; all come up so at first,  
The finest diamonds, you know, the roughest—  
Oh, I rejoice my ancestor's estate  
Shall to my grandchildren revert again !  
For this I tell you—one, I care not which,  
But one of you, shall marry Don Torribio :  
And let not her your cousin does not choose, '  
For one more courtly think herself reserved ;  
By Heaven she shall marry, if e'er marry,  
One to the full as rough and country-like.  
What, I to see my wealth, so hardly won,  
Squander'd away by some fine town gallant,  
In silks and satins ! see my son-in-law  
Spend an estate upon a hat and feather !  
I tell you I'll not have it. One of you  
Must marry Don Torribio. [*Exit.*

*Clara.*

I'll die first.

*Eug.* And I'll live an old maid—which much is  
worst.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Room in DON FELIX'S House.*

FELIX and HERNANDO ; to whom Enter JUAN.

*Fel.* Well, Juan, and how slept you ?

*Juan.*

As one must

In your house, Felix ; had not such a thought  
No house can quiet woke me long ere dawn.

*Fel.* Indeed ! How so ?

*Juan.* Felix, the strangest thing—  
But now we are alone I'll tell you all.  
Last night—the very moment that I saw  
That angel at the window, as at Heaven's gate—  
The fire that I myself had thought half dead  
Under the ashes of so long an absence,  
Sprung up anew into full blaze. Alas!  
But one brief moment did she dawn on us,  
Then set, to rise no more all the evening,  
Watch as I would. But day is come again,  
And as I think, Felix, the holiday  
When our new Queen shall make her solemn entry  
Into Madrid; and she, my other Queen,  
Will needs be up—be up and out betimes;  
So I forestall the sun in looking for her,  
And now will to the door beneath her window  
Better to watch her rising.  
But, as you love me, not a word of this  
Breathe to Don Pedro. [*Exit.*

*Fel.* And does he think  
Because his memory of her is quick,  
Hers is of him? Aha!

*Hern.* Nay, if he like it,  
'Oh, let him be deceived !'

*Fel.* 'Twas wisely said  
By him who self-deception used to call  
The cheapest and the dearest thing of all.  
Ha! here's the other swain! and now to see  
How he has prosper'd. I begin to think  
My house is turn'd into a Lazar-house  
Of crazy lovers.

*Enter PEDRO.*

Good day, Don Pedro.

*Ped.* As it needs must be  
To one who hails it in your house, and opposite  
My lady's ! Oh, you cannot think, my Felix,  
With what a blessed conscience of all this  
I woke this morning ! I can scarce believe 't.  
Why, in your house, I shall have chance on chance,  
Nay, certainty of seeing her—*to-day*  
Most certainly. But I'll go post myself  
Before the door ; she will be out betimes  
To mass.

*Fel.* Well, you will find Don Juan there.

*Ped.* Eh ? Well, so much the better, I can do 't  
With less suspicion, nay, with none at all  
If you will go with us. Only, Don Felix,  
Breathe not a word to him about my love.

*As he is going, re-enter JUAN.*

*Fel.* Juan again ?

*Juan.* I only came to ask  
What church we go to ? (*Aside to FELIX.*) Let us  
keep at home.

*Fel.* Don Pedro, what say you ?

*Ped.* Oh, where you please.  
(*Aside.*) Stir not !

*Fel. (aside).* How easy to oblige two friends  
Who ask the same, albeit with divers ends !  
(*Aloud.*) What, are your worships both in love,  
perhaps,  
As Spanish cavaliers are bound to be,  
And think I've nothing else to do, forsooth,  
Than follow each upon his wildgoose chase ?  
Forgetting I may take 't into my head  
To fall in love myself—perhaps with one,  
Or both, of those fair ladies chance has brought

Before my windows. Now I think upon 't,  
I am, or mean to be, in love with one ;  
And, to decide with which, I'll e'en wait here  
Till they both sally forth to church themselves.  
So, gentlemen, would you my company,  
I must not go with you, you stay with me.

*Ped.* Willingly.

*Juan.* Oh, most willingly ! (*Aside to FELIX.*) How  
well

You managed it.

*Ped.* (*aside to FELIX.*) 'Tis just as I could wish.

*Fel.* (*aside*). And just as I, if thereby I shall learn  
Whether they love the same ; and, if the same,  
Whether the one—But come, come ! 'tis too late  
For wary me to wear love's cap and bells.

*Juan.* Since we must do your bidding on this  
score,

We'll e'en make you do ours upon another,  
And make you tell us, as you promised both,  
And *owe* to me—what, when our Queen was landed,  
You fine folks of Madrid did in her honour.

*Ped.* Ay, if you needs will fetter our free time,  
Help us at least to pass it by the story  
You had begun.

*Fel.* Well then, to pick it up  
Where *Juan* left it for us, on the shore.  
There, when our Queen was landed, as I hear,  
The Countess Medellin, her Chamberlain,  
Of the Cordona family, received her,  
And the Lord Admiral on the king's part,  
With pomp that needed no excuse of haste  
And such a retinue (for who claims not  
To be the kinsman, friend, or follower,  
Of such a name ?) as I believe Castile  
Was almost drain'd to follow in his wake.



Oh, noble house ! in whom the chivalry  
Of courage, blameless worth, and loyalty,  
Is nature's patent of inheritance  
From generation to generation !  
And so through ringing Spain, town after town,  
And every town a triumph, on they pass'd.  
Madrid meanwhile—

*Juan.* Stop, stop ! They're coming out !

*Ped.* Where ! Let me see.

*Juan.* The servant only.

*Fel.* Nay,

They'll follow soon.

*Juan.* Till when, on with your story.

*Fel.* Madrid then, sharing in the general joy  
Of her king's marriage, and with one whose mother  
Herself had nurst—though, as you said, half sick  
Of hope deferr'd, had, at the loyal call,  
That never fails in Spain, drawn to her heart  
The life-blood of the realm's nobility  
To do her honour ; not only when she came,  
But, in anticipation of her coming,  
With such prelusive pomps, as if you turn  
Far up time's stream as history can go,  
In hymeneals less august than these,  
You shall find practised—torchéd troop and masque,  
With solemn and preliminary dance,  
Epithalamium and sacrifice,  
Invoking Hymen's blessing. So Madrid,  
Breathing new Christian life in Pagan pomp,  
With such epithalamium as all Spain  
Raised up to Heaven, into sweet thunder tun'd  
Beyond all science by a people's love,  
Began her pageant. First, the nightly masque,  
So fair as I have never seen the like,  
Nor shall again ; nor which, unless you draw

On your imagination for the type  
Of what I tell, can I depict to you ;  
When, to the sound of trumpet and recorder,  
The chiming poles of Spain and Germany  
Beginning, drew the purple mountain down,  
Glittering with veins of ore and silver trees,  
All flower'd with plumes, and taper-starr'd above,  
With monster and volcano breathing fire,  
While to and fro torch-bearing maskers ran  
Like meteors ; all so illuminating night,  
That the succeeding sun hid pale in cloud,  
And wept with envy, till he dawn'd at length  
Upon the famous Amphitheatre,  
Which, in its masonry out-doing all  
That Rome of a like kind in ruin shows,  
This day out-did itself,  
In number, rank, and glory of spectators,  
Magnificence of retinue, multitude,  
Size, beauty, and courage, of the noble beasts  
Who came to dye its yellow dust with blood ;  
As each horn'd hero of the cloven hoof,  
Broad-chested, and thick-neckt, and wrinkle-brow'd,  
Rush'd roaring in, and tore the ground with's  
foot,  
As saying, ' Lo ! this grave is yours or mine ! '  
While that yet nobler beast, noblest of all,  
Who knights the very knighthood that he carries,  
Proud in submission to a nobler will,  
Spurn'd all his threats, and, touch'd by the light  
spur,  
His rider glittering like a god aloft,  
'Turn'd onset into death. Fight follow'd fight,  
Till darkness came at last, sending Madrid  
Already surfeited with joy, to dream  
Of greater, not unanxious that the crown

And centre of the centre of the world  
Should not fall short of less renowned cities  
In splendour of so great a celebration ;  
While too the hundreds of a hundred nations,  
In wonder or in envy cramm'd her streets ;  
Until her darling come at last, whose spouse  
Shall lay his own two empires at her feet,  
And crown her thrice ; as Niece, and Spouse, and  
Queen.

*Juan.* A charming story, finisht just in time,  
For look ! (*They look out.*)

*Fel.* That is the father, Don Alonso.

*Juan.* Indeed !

*Ped. (aside).* That's he then ! But that strange  
man with him,

Who's he ?

*Hern.* Oh, I can tell you that ;  
His nephew, an Asturian gentleman,  
Betroth'd to one of the daughters.

*Juan (aside).* Not to mine !

*Ped. (aside).* Not my Eugenia, or by Heaven—  
But we shall scarcely see them, Felix, here,  
Wrapt in their mantles too.

*Fel.* And I would pay  
My compliment to Don Alonso.

*Juan.* Come,  
Let us go down with you into the street.  
(*Aside.*) Oh love, that in her memory survive  
One thought of me, not dead if scarce alive !

*Ped. (aside.)* Oh, may her bosom whisper her 'tis  
still

Her eyes that draw me after where they will !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Street between the Houses of ALONSO  
and FELIX.*

*ALONSO and TORRIBIO waiting.*

*Alon.* If you really affect Eugenia, nephew—  
(*aside*) as I wished,—I will communicate with her  
after church, and if all be well (as I cannot doubt)  
get a dispensation forthwith. But they are coming.

*Enter from ALONSO'S door CLARA, EUGENIA in  
mantles, the latter with a handkerchief in her  
hand; MARI NUÑO, BRIGIDA, and OTAÑEZ  
behind; and at the same time FELIX, JUAN, and  
PEDRO opposite.*

*Clara.* Cover your face, Eugenia. People in the  
street.

*Eug.* Well, I'm not ashamed of it. (*Aside.*) Don  
Pedro! and Don Juan!

*Fel. (whispers).* Which is it, Don Juan?

*Juan.* She with the handkerchief in her hand.  
I'll go wait for her at the church. [*Exit.*

*Ped. (to FELIX).* That is she with the white ker-  
chief in her hand. I'll follow them.

*Fel. (aside).* The same, then!

*Clara.* Eugenia, lend me your handkerchief, it is  
hot. (*Takes the handkerchief and uncovers her face  
towards FELIX.*) And let us go, and do not you  
look behind you.

*Fel.* And she I most admired.

[*Exeunt CLARA, EUGENIA, etc.,  
PEDRO after them.*

*Torr.* Uncle, what are these fellows hanging about our dogs for?

*Alon.* Nay, 'tis the public street, you know.

*Torr.* What, my cousins' street?

*Alon.* To be sure.

*Torr.* I'll not suffer any one I don't like to hang about it, however, and least of all these perfumery puppies.

*Alon.* But if they happen to live here, nephew?

*Torr.* Don't let 'em live here, then.

*Alon.* But if they own houses?

*Torr.* They mustn't own houses, then.

*Fel.* Don Alonso, permit me to kiss your hand on your arrival among us. I ought indeed first to have waited upon you in your own house; but this happy chance makes me anticipate etiquette.

*Torr.* Coxcomb!

*Alon.* Thank you, sir; had I known you intended me such a favour, I should have anticipated your anticipation by waiting upon you. Give me leave to present to you my nephew, Don Torribio de Cuadradillos, who will also be proud of your acquaintance.

*Torr.* No such thing, I shan't at all.

*Alon.* Nephew, nephew!

*Fel.* I trust you are well, sir?

*Torr.* Oh, so, so, thank ye, for the matter of that, neither well nor ill, but mixt-like. (*ALONSO salutes FELIX and exit with TORRIBIO.*)

*Fel.* Now then, I know both face, and dress, and name,

And that my rival friends both love the same;

The same too that myself of the fair pair

Thought yester-eve the fairest of the fair:

Was't not enough for my two friends that they

Turn enemies—must I too join the fray?  
Oh, how at once to reconcile all three,  
Those two with one another, and with me!

*Re-enter JUAN hastily.*

*Juan.* On seeing me, my friend, her colour  
chang'd :

She loves me still, Don Felix! I am sure  
She loves me! Is not the face—we know it is,  
The tell-tale index of the heart within?  
Oh happiness! at once within your house,  
And next my lady's! What is now to do  
But catch the ball good fortune throws at us!  
You know her father, you will visit him  
Of course, and then—and then—what easier?  
Draw me in with you, or after you—or perhaps  
A letter first—ay, and then afterward—  
But why so dumb?

*Fel.* I scarce know how to answer.  
*Juan,* you know I am too much your friend  
To do you any spite?

*Juan.* How could I dream it?

*Enter PEDRO hastily.*

*Ped.* Oh, Felix, if my love—

*Fel. (aside).* The other now!

He must be stopt. A moment, gentlemen,  
Before you speak, and let me tell you first  
A case of conscience you must solve for me.  
You both have mighty matters, I doubt not,  
To tell me, such a warm young gentlemen  
Are never at a loss for in Madrid;  
But I may have my difficulties too.  
(*Aside.*) The same will serve for both.

*Ped.* Well, let us hear.

*Fel.* Suppose some friend of yours, dear as you will,

Loving your neighbour's daughter—(such a case  
Will do as well as any)—ask'd of you  
To smuggle him, his letters, or himself,  
Into that neighbour's house, there secretly  
To ply a stolen love ; what would you do ?

*Ped.* Do it of course !

*Juan.* Why not ?

*Fel.* Well, I would not.

*Ped.* But why ?

*Fel.* Because, however it turn'd out,  
I must do ill ; if one friend's love succeeded  
I had play'd traitor to the other still ;  
If unsuccessful, not that cost alone,  
But also, without counter-profiting,  
Him whom I sacrificed so much to serve.

*Ped.* If that be your determination,  
I have no more to say. [*Exit.*

*Juan.* Nor I : farewell ;  
I must find other means. [*Exit.*

*Fel.* Of all the plagues,  
For one with no love profit of his own  
Thus to be pester'd with two lovers' pains !  
And yet, what, after all, between the two—  
Between the *three*, perhaps, am I to do ?  
Fore Heaven, I think 'twill be the only way  
To get her to untie who drew the knot ;  
No woman ever at a loss  
To mend or mar a matter as she wills.  
Yet 'tis an awkward thing to ask a lady,  
'Pray, madam, which of these two sighing swains  
'Do you like best ? or both ? or neither, madam ?'  
Were not a letter best ? But then who take it ?

Since to commit her letter, would so far  
Commit her honour to another's hands?  
By Heaven, I think I've nothing left to do,  
But ev'n to write it, and to take it too;  
A ticklish business—but may fair intent  
And prudent conduct lead to good event!    [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in DON ALONSO's House.*

*Enter CLARA, EUGENIA, MARI NUÑO, etc.*

*Clara.* Here, take my mantle, Mari. Oh, I wish we had a chaplain of our own in the house, not to go abroad through the crowded streets!

*Eug.* And I, that church were a league of crowded street off, and we obliged to go to it daily.

*Mari.* I agree with Señora Clara.

*Brigida.* And I with Señora Eugenia.

*Mari.* And why, pray?

*Brig.* Oh, madam, I know who it is deals most in sheep's eyes.

*Enter DON ALONSO.*

*Alon. (talking to himself as he enters).* How lucky he should have pitcht on the very one I wanted! (*Aloud.*) Oh, Eugenia, I would speak with you. Nay, retire not, Clara, for I want you to pardon me for the very thing Eugenia is to thank me for.

*Clara.* A riddle, sir. I pardon you?

*Alon.* Listen, both of you. Your cousin Don Torribio has declared his love for Eugenia: and though I could have wished to marry you, Clara, first, and to the head of our house too, yet my regret at



your missing it is almost cancelled by the joy of your sister's acceptance.

*Clara.* And so with me, believe me, sir. I am well content to be slighted so long as she is happy : which may she be with my cousin these thousand years to come. (*Aside.*) Oh, providential rejection! [Exit.

*Torribio (peeping in).* Ah ! what a wry face she makes !

*Alon.* And you, Eugenia, what say you ?

*Eug. (aside).* Alas ! surprise on surprise ! (*Aloud.*) Nay, sir, you know, I hope, that I am ever ready to obey you.

*Alon.* I looked for nothing else of you.

*Torr.* Nor I.

*Alon.* Your cousin is waiting your answer in his chamber. I will tell him the good news, and bring him to you. [Exit.

*Eug.* Only let him come ! Alas !

*Torr. (entering).* How lightly steps a favour'd lover forth ! Give you joy, cousin.

*Eug.* The wretch !

*Torr.* Being selected by the head of your house.

*Eug.* Sir, one word, I wouldn't marry you if it should cost me my life.

*Torr.* Ah, you are witty, cousin, I know.

*Eug.* Not to you, sir. And now especially, I mean to tell you sober truth, and abide by it, so you had better listen. I tell you once again, and once for all, I wouldn't marry you to save my life !

*Torr.* Cousin ! After what I heard you tell your father ?

*Eug.* What I said then was out of duty to him ; and what I now say is out of detestation of you.

*Torr.* I'll go and tell him this, I declare I will.

*Eug.* Do, and I'll deny it. -But I mean it all the same, and swear it.

*Torr.* Woman, am I not your cousin?

*Eug.* Yes.

*Torr.* And head of the family?

*Eug.* I dare say.

*Torr.* An Hidalgo?

*Eug.* Yes.

*Torr.* Young?

*Eug.* Yes.

*Torr.* Gallant?

*Eug.* Very.

*Torr.* And disposed to you?

*Eug.* Very possibly.

*Torr.* What do you mean then?

*Eug.* Whatever you choose, so long as you believe I mean what I say. I'll never marry you. You might be all you say, and fifty other things beside, but I'll never marry any man without a capacity.

*Torr.* Capacity! without a Capacity! I who have the family estate, and my ancestors painted in a row on the patent in my saddle-bags! I who—

*Enter ALONSO.*

*Alon.* Well, nephew, here you are at last; I've been hunting every where to tell you the good news.

*Torr.* And what may that be, pray?

*Alon.* That your cousin Eugenia cordially accepts your offer, and—

*Torr.* Oh, indeed, does she so? I tell you she's a very odd way of doing it then. Oh uncle, she has said that to me I wouldn't say to my gelding.

*Alon.* To you?

*Torr.* Ay, to me—here—on this spot—just now.

*Alon.* But what?

*Torr.* What? why, that I had no Capacity! But I'll soon settle that; I either have a Capacity or not—If I have, she lies; if not, I desire you to buy me one directly, whatever it may cost.

*Alon.* What infatuation!

*Torr.* What, it costs so much, does it? I don't care, I'll not have it thrown in my teeth by her or any woman; and if you won't, I'll go and buy a Capacity, and bring it back with me, let it cost—ay, and weigh—what it will.

*Exit.*

*Alon.* Nephew, nephew! Stop him there!

*Enter CLARA and EUGENIA.*

*Clara.* What is the matter, sir?

*Alon.* Oh, graceless girl, what have you been saying to your cousin?

*Eug.* I sir? Nothing.

*Alon.* Oh! if you deceive me! But I must first stop his running after a Capacity! [*Exit.*

*Eug.* What can I have done?

*Clara.* Nay, attempt not dissimulation with me, who know how you would risk even your advancement for a sarcasm.

*Eug.* It was all for your sake, if I did, Clara.

*Clara.* For my sake! oh, indeed, you think I can have no lovers but what you reject? Poor little fool! I could have enough if I chose to lay out for them as some do; but many will pluck at an apple who will retire from a fortress.

*Eug.* Hark! they are coming back; I dare not face them both as yet. [*Exit.*

*Enter DON FELIX.*

*Fel.* Permit me, madam—

*Clara.* Who is this?

*Fel.* One, madam,

Who dares to ask one word with you.

*Clara.* With me?

*Fel.* Indeed with you.

*Clara.* You cannot, sir, mean me.

*Fel.* Once more, and once for all, with you indeed ;

Let me presume to say so, knowing well

I say so in respect, not in presumption.

*Eug. (peeping).* Why, whom has my staid sister got with her?

*Clara.* With me ! My very silence and surprise  
Bid you retire at once.

*Fel.* Which I will do

When you will let this silence speak to you

With less offence perhaps than could my tongue.

*(Offering her a letter.)*

*Eug.* Oh, if he would but try if fort or apple !

*Clara.* A letter too !—for me !

*Fel.* And, madam, one

It most imports your honour you should read.

For, that being once in question, I make light

That my friends' lives, Don Juan and Don Pedro,

Are in the balance too.

*Eug.* Don Juan ! Don Pedro !

*Clara.* What, sir, is this to me, who neither know  
Don Juan, nor Don Pedro, nor yourself?

*Fel.* Having then done my duty to my friends,  
And (once again I say 't) to yourself, madam,

Albeit in vain—I'll not offend you more  
By my vain presence. *(Going.)*

*Clara.* Nay, a moment—wait.

I must clear up this mystery. Indeed,  
I would not be discourteous or ungrateful :  
But ere I thank you for your courtesy,  
Know you to whom you do it ?

*Fel.* To Donna Eugenia.

*Clara.* Well, sir ?

*Eug.* Oh, the hypocrite !

*Fel.* You are the lady ?

*Clara.* Enough—give me the letter, and adieu.

*Eug.* I can forbear no longer. *(Coming out.)*

Sister, stop !

Oh ! what to do !—the letter—

*Clara.* Well ?

*Eug.* I tell you

My father and my cousin are coming up,  
And if they see—

*Clara.* Well, if they see ? what then !  
I wish them both to see and hear it all.

*(Calling.)* Sir ! Father ! Cousin ! Otañez !

*Alon. (within).* Clara's voice ?

*Fel.* What to do now ?

*Eug.* Alas, to tell the truth,

When I but wish'd to lie !

*Clara (calling).* This way, sir, here !

*Eug.* Will you expose us both ? In here ! in  
here ! *[She hides FELIX behind arras.]*

*Enter ALONSO, TORRIBIO, MARI NUÑO,  
OTAÑEZ, etc.*

*Alon.* What is the matter ?

*Clara.* There is some one in the house, sir. A

man—I saw him stealing along the corridor, towards the garret.

*Brigida.* It must be a robber.

*Alon.* A robber?

*Mari.* What more likely in a rich Indian's house?

*Alon.* I'll search the house.

*Torr.* I'll lead the forlorn hope, though that garret were Maestricht itself. Now, cousin, you shall see if I've a Capacity or not.

[*Exeunt ALONSO and the men.*]

*Clara.* Do you two watch in the passage. (*Exeunt MARI NUÑO and BRIGIDA.*) And now, sir, the door is open, give me the letter and begone.

*Fel.* Adieu, madam, neglect not its advice.

*Eug.* Alas, alas, she has it!

*Fel.* She's all too fair! come, honour, come, and shame

False love from poaching upon friendship's game!

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter ALONSO, etc.*

*Alon.* We can see nothing of him, daughter.

*Clara.* Nay, sir, he probably made off when the alarm was given. Take no more trouble.

*Alon.* Nay, we'll search the whole house.

*Torr.* What do you say to my Capacity now, cousin? [*Exeunt ALONSO, TORRIBIO, etc.*]

*Clara.* You see, Eugenia, in what your enterprises end. At the first crack, you faint and surrender. I have done all this to show you the difference between talking and doing. And now go; I have got the letter, and want to read it.

*Eug.* And so do I! but—

*Clara.* Go! I am mistress now. (*Exit EUGENIA.*) May they not have written to me under cover of her

name? let me see. (*Reads.*) 'Let not him offend honour by the very means he takes to secure it; at least let his good intention excuse his ill seeming. Don Juan, more than ever enamoured of you, hangs about your doors; Don Pedro follows every step you take; they are both in my house; it is impossible but the secret must soon escape both, who must then refer their rivalry to the sword, and all to the scandal of your name. You can, by simply disowning both, secure their lives, your own reputation, and my peace of mind as their friend and host. Adieu!'

Oh what perplexing thoughts this little letter  
Buzzes about my brain, both what it says,  
And leaves unsaid!—oh, can it be for me?  
And is the quiet nun really lov'd  
Under the cover of an idle flirt?  
Or is it but for her—the vain, pert thing,  
Who thinks her eye slays all it looks upon?  
If it be so, and she, not I, is lov'd,  
I yet may be reveng'd—

*Eug. (entering).* On whom?

*Clara.* Eugenia!

This letter that has fallen to my hands,  
But meant for you—

*Eug.* Oh, I know all about it.

*Clara.* Know all about it! know then that two  
men

Are even now following your steps like dogs  
To tear your reputation between them,  
And then each other for that worthless sake,  
And yet—

*Eug.* A moment, you shall see at once  
How easily I shall secure myself,  
And them, and supersede your kind intentions.  
Signor Don Pedro! (*Calls at the window.*)

*Clara.*                              What are you about ?

*Eug.* Listen and you will hear.

*Clara.*                              You dare not do it !

*Eug.* My father's safely lockt up in his room,  
(Thanks to the gout your false alarm has brought.)  
My cousin gone to buy capacities,  
And now's my time.                      (*Calling at the window.*)

Don Pedro ! Signor Don Pedro !

*Ped.* (*coming below to the window*).

He well may wait to have his name thrice call'd  
When such a goddess—

*Eug.*                              Listen, sir, to me.

It is because, I say, *because* this room,  
Away from father's and duenna's ears,  
Allows some harmless speech, it also bars  
All nearer access than the ears and eyes  
Of father or duenna both could do.  
But, seeing harm of harmless trifling come,  
I now entreat, implore, command you, sir,  
To leave this window and my threshold clear,  
Now and for ever !

*Ped.*                              Hear me—

*Eug.*                              Pardon me,

I cannot.

*Ped.*                      But this once—

*Eug.*                              If you persist

I must be rude.

*Ped.*                      Oh, how do worse than—

*Eug.* (*shutting the blinds down*).                      Thus !

*Clara.* And to your other gallant ?

*Eug.*                              Why not think

If he were here, I'd do the same to him ?

Oh, Clara, be assured my levities

Are but the dust on youth's butterfly wing,

Though prudes and sinners too take fright at them ;



Like that benighted traveller, you know,  
Who, frightened by a shallow brook that jump'd  
And bubbled at his right, swerved to the left  
And tumbled into one that lay quite still,  
But deep enough to drown him for his pains.

[*Exit.*

*Clara.* What, did she hear what to myself I said?  
Or saw my colour change from white to red?  
Or only guess'd me waiting for the prey  
Her idle chatter ought to fright away?  
If chance have done more than all prudence could,  
Prudence at least may make occasion good.  
And if these lovers by mistake should woo,  
Why (by mistake) should I not listen too?  
And teach the teacher, to her proper cost,  
Those waters are least deep that prattle most.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Room in ALONSO'S House.*

CLARA and MARI NUÑO.

*Clara.* It is so, indeed.

*Mari.* You know you can always rely on my old love to you. But indeed I cannot but wonder at your sister's forwardness.

*Clara.* Yes; to think of two cavaliers after her at once! I look upon it as my duty to set all to right; to do this I must once more speak to him who warned me of it; and I want you to give him this letter—in *her* name, remember—this will bring him here to-night, and I shall undeceive him for ever. But hark! some one—

TORRIBIO *is about to enter.*

*Mari.* 'Tis that wretch. Stay, sir, no man comes in here.

*Torr.* Away, troublesome duenna.

*Mari.* It's not decent, I tell you.

*Torr.* An't my cousin decent; and an't I?

*Clara.* What is the matter?

*Torr.* This old woman won't let me come in.

*Clara.* She is right, unless my father be with you.

*Torr.* Oh, I understand—

Those that are out  
Still will pout.

*Clara.* Well, since she who is in, and may grin, is not here, you have no business neither. For me, what grudge I have against you, be assured I can and will repay. *Mari*, remember. *[Exit.*

*Mari.* Hark! some one at the door. *[Exit.*

*Torr.* By heaven and earth, I do begin suspect!

I say again I do begin suspect!—

And valour rises with suspicion—

I shall ere long be very terrible.

Ancestors! Head of house! Capacity!

For passing through the house—let me not say it,

Till I have told my tongue it lies to say it—

In passing through the passage, what saw I

Within Eugenia's room, behind her bed!

I saw— *(Re-enter MARI NUÑO with a letter.)*

*Mari.* A letter, madam,—Where is she?

*Torr.* Woman, she was, but is not. A letter too?  
Give it me.

*Mari.* You too!

*Torr.* Give it me, or dread  
My dreadful vengeance on your wither'd head.

*Mari.* Leave hold of it.—

*Torr.* I'll not ! The more you pull,  
The more—

*Mari.* Then take that on your empty skull !  
(*Deals him a blow, and calls.*)

Help ! Help !

*Torr.* You crying, when two teeth are out—

*Mari.* ' As swelling prologues of '—Help ! murder !  
murder !

*Enter* EUGENIA, CLARA, ALONSO, BRIGIDA, *etc.*

*Alon.* What is the matter now ?

*Mari.* Don Torribio, sir, because I wouldn't let him have my young lady's letter, has laid violent hands on me.

*Torr.* I ?

*All.* Don Torribio !

*Torr.* I tell you—

*Alon.* Indeed, nephew, your cholerick jealousy carries you too far. A respectable female in my house !

*Torr.* I tell you that it is *me* who—

*Alon.* I know—enough—make not the matter worse by worse excuses. Give me the letter has been the cause of such unseemly conduct.

*Eug. (aside).* If it should be from one of them !

*Clara (aside to EUGENIA).* Nothing I hope from your gallants.

*Alon. (reads).* ' My dear nieces, this being the day of the Queen's public entry, I have engaged a balcony, and will send my coach for you directly to come and see it with me.' This, you see, nephew, is all your suspicions amount to ! My cousin, Donna Violante,

inviting my daughters to witness this august ceremony !  
If you still suspect ; here, take it, and read it for yourself.

*Torr.* (*after looking at the letter*). I tell you what, uncle, if they wait till I've read it, they'll not see the sight at all.

*Alon.* Why so ?

*Torr.* Because I can't read.

*Alon.* That this should be !

*Torr.* But that's no matter neither. They can teach me before they go.

*Alon.* What, when it's to-day ? almost directly ?

*Torr.* Can't it be put off ?

*Alon.* 'Tis useless saying more. Daughters, such a ceremony happens, perhaps, but once in a life ; you must see it. On with your mantles, whether Don Torribio approve or not. I am lame, you see, and must keep at home ; to hear about it all from you on your return.

*Clara.* At your pleasure, sir.

*Eug.* Shall I stay with you, sir, while Clara—

*Alon.* No, no. Both of you go.

*Clara* (*aside to MARI, while putting on her mantle*). Remember the letter !

*Mari.* Trust to me.

*Eug.* (*aside*). I wonder if they will be there !

[*Exeunt all but TORRIBIO.*]

*Torr.* Whether the Queen enter to-day,  
To-morrow, or keep quite away,  
Let those go see who have a mind ;  
I am resolved to stay behind :  
And now all gone, and coast quite clear,  
Clear up the secret I suspect and fear.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in FELIX'S House.*

FELIX and HERNANDO.

*Hern.* Not going to see the Entry, sir?*Fel.* What use going to a festival if one has no spirits for it?*Hern.* Humph, what makes you out of spirits?*Fel.* Why should you ask?*Hern.* Nay, then, you have already answer'd me. You are in love.*Fel.* I scarce know whether you are right or wrong, Hernando. I have indeed seen a lady whose very beauty forbids all hope of my attaining it.*Hern.* How so, sir?*Fel.* She who has enslaved Don Juan and Don Pedro has fetter'd me, at last! I should care little for their rivalry, had not each made me keeper of his love, so that—Hark!*Mari Nuño (within).* Don Felix!*Fel.* Who is that?*Hern.* Some one calling you.*Mari (within).* Señor Don Felix!*Fel.* Well?*Mari (within).* From Donna Eugenia!*[A letter is thrown in at the window.]**Fel.* From Eugenia! (*Reads.*) 'Grateful to you for your advice, I have already begun to follow it; but, in order to that, I must see you once again, this evening! Adieu!' Here's a dilemma! For if—*Hern.* Don Juan!

*Enter* JUAN.

*Juan* (*aside*).

What was that?

*Fel.*

Don Juan back,

When such a festival—

*Juan.*

And you? Oh, Felix,

I know not how to speak or hold my tongue!

*Fel.* A riddle! How is that?

*Juan.*

Why, if I speak

I needs must anger you; if not, myself.

*Fel.* I do not understand it yet.

*Juan.*

Nor I;

Yet if you give me leave (as leave they give  
To children and to fools to say their mind)

I'll say mine.

*Fel.*

Surely say it.

*Juan.*

Tell me then—

That letter I saw flying in at the window

As I came up, what was it?

*Fel.*

That of all

That you could ask, Juan, I cannot answer—

Must not—relying on our old regard

For fair construction.

*Juan.*

I believe it, Felix:

Yet seeing that you first excused yourself

From helping on my suit, upon the score

Of other obligation; and that now,

Ev'n now, but a few wretched minutes back,

Eugenia herself, in the public street,

Forbad me from her carriage angrily

From following her more—What can I think

But that she loves another? when besides,

Coming back suddenly, I hear her name

Whisper'd—oh what so loud as an ill whisper!—  
By you, and see a letter too thrown in,  
Which on my coming up confused you hide,  
And will not say from whom—I say, Don Felix,  
What can I think?

*Fel. (aside).* And I, what can I do?  
Who, even if I may excuse myself,  
Must needs embroil Don Pedro!

*Juan.* Answer me.

*Fel.* Have I not answer'd you sufficiently,  
In saying that my old and well-tried love  
Should well excuse my silence?

*Juan.* I confess  
Your love, old and well tried as you profess;  
And on that very score ask of you, Felix,  
What you would do if one as true and tried  
In a like case seal'd up his lips to you.

*Fel.* Leave them unlockt in fullest confidence.

*Juan.* Alas! how much, much easier to give  
Than follow ev'n the counsel one implores!  
Felix, in pity I entreat of you,  
Show me that letter!

*Fel.* Gladly should you see it  
If no one but myself were implicate.

*Juan.* There *is* then some one else?

*Fel.* There is.

*Juan.* Who else?

*Fel.* That's what I cannot tell you.

*Juan.* Dare not trust  
A friend as true to you as you to him?

*Fel.* In anything but this.

*Juan.* What can this do  
But aggravate my worst suspicions?

*Fel.* I cannot help it.

*Juan.* I must tell you then

My friendship for you, Felix, may defer,  
But not forgo, the reading of that letter.

*Fel.* I am sorry, sir, your friendship must abide  
In ignorance till doomsday.

*Juan.* You'll not show it?

*Fel.* No, never.

*Juan.* Follow me, sir.

*Fel.* Where you please.

*As they are going out, enter PEDRO.*

*Ped.* How now? Don Juan and Felix quarrelling?

*Fel.* Nay, only walking out.

*Ped.* What, walking out,  
With hands upon your swords and inflam'd faces?  
You shall not go.

*Hern.* That's right, sir, keep them back,  
They were about—

*Fel.* Peace, rascal !

*Ped.* Friends may quarrel,  
But surely not to such extremity  
But that a third may piece the quarrel up  
Without the sword. The cause of your dispute ?

*Fel.* I must be silent.

*Juan.* And so must not I ;  
Who will not have it thought  
That I forgot my manners as a guest  
For any idle reason. You, Don Pedro,  
Though lately known to me, are a gentleman,  
And you shall hear my story.

*Fel.* Not a word,  
Or else—

*Ped.* Nay, Felix—



*Juan.* I will speak it out !  
Don Pedro, I confided to Don Felix,  
My friend and host, the love I long have borne  
For one with whom he could advance my suit,  
And promised so to do it ; but instead,  
Yea, under the very mask of doing it,  
Has urged his own ; has even now received  
A letter through that ready window thrown,  
He dares not show me ; and to make all sure,  
I heard him whispering as I came upstairs,  
The very name of my Eugenia—

*Ped.* Hold !  
This is my quarrel.  
He who pretends to love Eugenia  
Must answer it to me.

*Juan.* Two rivals, then !  
*Fel.* Two enemies grown out of two old friends  
By the very means I used to keep them so !

*Juan.* Keep them, indeed !  
*Ped.* When with base treachery—  
*Juan.* Hypocrisy—  
*Ped.* Under the name of friend—  
*Juan.* A pretty friend—  
*Ped.* You robb'd me—  
*Juan (turning to PEDRO).* You ! Dare you

Pretend—  
*Ped. (to JUAN).* Dare I ! Dare you, sir ?  
*Fel.* Peace, I say,

And hear me speak !

*Juan (to FELIX).* The time is past for that.  
Follow me, sir.

*Ped.* No, *me.*  
*Fel.* One, or the other, or together both,  
I'll either lead or follow, nothing loath !

[*Exeunt wrangling.*]

SCENE III.—ALONSO *sitting*.*Enter* TORRIBIO.*Torr.* Oh, uncle !*Alon.* Well, what now ?*Torr.* Oh, such a thing !    I suspected it !*Alon.* Well, tell me.*Torr.* Such a thing !*Alon.* Speak, man.*Torr.* When we were searching the house for the man cousin Clara told us of—*Alon.* Well ?*Torr.* Passing by cousin Eugenia's room, I saw—  
I have not breath to say it !*Alon.* Speak, sir.*Torr.* Those men in the house—those dandies about the door—I know how they get in now—when I found in my cousin's room—behind her very bed—*Alon.* Don Torribio !*Torr.* The very ladder they climb up by !*Alon.* A ladder ?*Torr.* Ah, and a very strong one too, all of iron and cord.*Alon.* If this were true—*Torr.* Wait till I show it you, then.                    [*Exit.*]*Alon.* Not in vain did Mari Nuño warn me of her dangerous disposition !    If he have such a proof of her incontinence how will he marry her ?*Re-enter* TORRIBIO *with a fardingale*.*Torr.* There, uncle, there it is, hoops, and steps, and all !

*Alon.* This a ladder?

*Torr.* Ah, that, if it were all let out, would scale the tower of Babel, I believe.

*Alon.* I can scarce control my rage. Fool! this is a fardingale, not a ladder.

*Torr.* A what-ingale?

*Alon.* A fardingale, fool!<sup>1</sup>

*Torr.* Why, that's worse than the ladder!

*Alon.* You will fairly drive me out of my senses! Go, sir, directly, and put it back where you took it from, and for Heaven's sake, no more of such folly!

[*Exit.*

*Torr.* Well—to think of this! and my cousin that looked so nice too!

*Voices (within).* Coach there! coach!

*Enter MARI NUÑO.*

*Mari.* They are come back. I must get lights. Who's this?

*Torr.* Nobody.

*Mari.* What are you doing with that fardingale; and where did you get it?

<sup>1</sup> 'A hoop of whalebone, used to spread out the petticoat to a wide circumference;'—Johnson; who one almost wonders did not spread out into a wider circumference of definition about the '*poore verdingales*,' that (according to Heywood)

——— 'must lie in the streete,

To have them no doore in the citye made meete.'

The Spanish name is '*guarda infanta*,' which puzzles Don Torribio, as to what his cousin had to do with infants. Our word was first, (as Heywood writes) *verdingale*: which, as Johnson tells us, 'much exercised the etymology of Skinner, who at last seems to determine that it is derived from *vertu garde*.' This, however, Johnson thinks does not at all get to the bottom of the etymology, which may, he says, be found in Dutch. Perhaps the old French *petenlair* was of the same kindred.

*Torr.* Nothing, and nowhere.

*Mari.* Come, give it me at once, lest I give you the fellow of the cuff I gave you before.

*Torr.* For fear of which, take that upon your wrinkled chaps. (*Strikes her, and calls out.*) Help! help! Murder! murder! Help!

*Enter ALONSO, CLARA, EUGENIA, etc. in mantles.*

*Alon.* What now?

*Torr.* Mari Nuño there, only because I wished her good night, laid violent hands on me.

*Mari.* Oh the wretch! he wanted to make love to me—and worse—declaring he would none of any who used such a thing as this. (*Showing fardingale.*)

*Alon.* Let us hear no more of such folly. There is something else to-day to tell of. Well, (*to his daughters,*) you have seen this procession?

*Eug.* Ay, sir; the greatest sight, I believe, that Spain has seen since she was greatest of nations.

*Alon.* I, who could not go myself, am to see it, you know, in your recital.

*Eug.* As best we can, sir.

*Clara* (*aside to MARI NUÑO*). Have you seen Don Felix?

*Mari* (*aside*). Enough, he will be here. But when?

*Clara.* When the story is done, and all weary are gone to bed.

*Mari.* Good. [*Exit; the rest sit down.*]

*Clara.* Begin you then, Eugenia, I will chime in.

*Eug.* This being the long-expected day  
When our fair Spain and fairest Mariana  
Should quicken longing hope to perfect joy

Madrid awoke, and dress'd her squares and streets  
In all their glory ; through all which we pass'd  
Up to the Prado, where the city's self,  
In white and pearl array'd, by ancient usage,  
Waited in person to receive the bride  
By a triumphal arch that rose heaven-high,  
The first of four all named and hung about  
With emblems of the four parts of the world,  
(Each with a separate element distinct,)  
Of which our sovereign lord was now to lay  
The four crowns at his sovereign lady's feet.

*Clara.* And this first arch was Europe ; typified  
By the wide Air, which temperatest she breathes,  
And which again, for double cognizance,  
Wore the imperial eagle for its crest ;  
With many another airy symbol more,  
And living statues supplementary  
Of Leon and Castile, each with its crown,  
Austria, the cradle of the royal bride,  
And Rome, the mistress of the faith of all.

*Eug.* Here then, when done the customary rite  
Of kissing hands and due obeisance,  
Drum, trumpet, and artillery thundering,  
With that yet lordliest salute of all,  
A people's universal acclamation ;  
(And never in the world were subjects yet  
So proud, and bow'd, and with so good a cause ;)  
Under a golden canopy she moved  
Tow'rd San Geronimo, whose second arch,  
Of no less altitude and magnificence,  
Deckt with the sixty crowns of Asia,  
Received her next, wearing for cognizance  
Earth, of which Asia is the largest piece ;  
Which Earth again carried a lion's mane,  
As proclamation of her noblest growth.

*Clara.* Thence passing on, came to where Africa,  
Her waste of arid desert emblem  
By Fire, whose incarnation, the Sun,  
Burn'd on this arch as in his house in heaven,  
Bore record of the trophies two great Queens  
Upon the torrid continent had won,  
Who, one with holy policy at home,  
The other in Granada by the sword,  
Extirpated deadly Mahometism.

*Eug.* Last, to the Holy Virgin dedicate,  
From whose cathedral by the holy choir  
Chaunted Te Deum, rose in splendid arch  
America, wearing for her device  
The silver image of the Ocean,  
That roll'd the holy cross to the New World.  
And so all pass'd to the Escorial,  
In front of which, in two triumphal cars,  
Two living statues were—one Mercury,  
Who, as divine ambassador, thus far  
Had brought the royal bride propitiously ;  
The other, Hymen, who took up the charge  
Mercury left, and with unquenching torch,  
While cannon, trumpet, choir, and people's voice  
Thunder'd her praises, took the palfrey's rein,  
Who gloried in the beauty that he bore,  
And brought and left her at her palace door.

*Alon.* Well done, well done, both of you, in whose  
lively antiphony I have seen it all as well as if I had  
been there.

*Torr.* Well, for my part I neither wanted to see  
it nor hear of it.

*Alon.* No? why so, nephew?

*Torr.* Lord, I've seen twice as good as that down  
in my country many a time, all the boys and girls  
dancing, and the mayor, and the priest, and—

*Alon.* Peace, peace. Come, Brigida, light me to my room, I am sleepy.

*Eug.* And I; with sight-seeing, and sight-telling, I suppose. (*Aside.*) And with a heavy heart, alas!

[*Exeunt ALONSO, EUGENIA, and BRIGIDA.*]

*Clara.* Will not you to bed too, sir?

*Torr.* Not till I've had my supper, I promise you. Oh, I don't care for all your sour looks, not I, nor your threats of revenge neither.

*Clara.* You don't?

*Torr.* No, I defy you.

*Clara.* Not if I were to prove to you that she you slighted me for loves another?

*Torr.* Oh, cousin Clara!

*Clara.* Shall I prove it to you?

*Torr.* Oh, if my ancestors could hear this, what would they say?

*Clara.* I don't know. But you may hear if you like what she says to your rival.

*Torr.* Ha!

*Clara.* Go into this balcony, and you will hear her talking to him in the street.

*Torr.* I knew! I guessed! the ladder!

(*He goes into the balcony and she shuts him in.*)

*Clara.* There cool yourself in the night till I let you out. And now to have *you* safe too. (*Locks EUGENIA'S door.*) And now, all safe, for the first time in my life Love and I meet in fair field. Mari Nuño! (*Enter MARI.*) Where is the Cavalier?

*Mari.* Waiting in my chamber.

*Clara.* Bring him. You understand it is all for Eugenia's good?

*Mari.* I understand.

[*Exit, and returns with FELIX.*]

*Fel.* I fly, madam, to your feet. (*Kneels.*)

*Clara.* Rise, sir, 'tis about your letter I sent to you.

*Fel.* Alas, madam, all is worse than ever !

*Clara.* What has happened ?

*Fel.* Not only did my two friends fall out with each other, as I expected, but with me for the very good services I was doing them ; insulted me till I could withhold my sword no longer ; we went out to fight ; were seen, pursued, and disperst by the alguazils. I returned home to await them, but as yet know nothing more of them.

*Clara.* Alas, sir, what do I not owe you for your care on my behalf ?

*Fel.* More perhaps than you imagine.

*Clara.* Tell me all at least, that I may at least know my debt, if unable to repay it.

*Fel.* Alas, I dare not say what is said in not saying.

*Clara.* Said, and not said ? I do not understand.

*Fel.* I, alas, too well !

*Clara.* Explain to me then, sir.

*Fel.* No, madam. If what I feel is so much on my friends' account, it is still more for their sakes that I keep it unsaid.

*Clara.* Hark ! what noise is that ? Mari Nuño, what is the matter ?

*Enter MARI NUÑO.*

*Mari.* Oh, madam, some one is getting over the garden wall ! Your father has heard the noise ; and is got up with his sword.

*Clara.* If he should find you !

*Fel.* He need not. This balcony—

*Clara.* No, no !



*Torribio (within).* Thieves! Murder! Help!

*(He opens the balcony; TORRIBIO falls forward on him, pushed in by JUAN with his sword drawn.)*

*Torr.* Murder! Murder!

<i>Juan (to FELIX).</i> Thou too here,	} <i>All at once.</i>
traitor!	
<i>Fel. (drawing his sword).</i> Who are these?	

*(Confusion, in which enter ALONSO with drawn sword, OTAÑEZ, BRIGIDA, etc.)*

*Alon.* Two! Torribio, to my side!

*Fel.* Wait! wait! Let me explain.

*Alon.* Don Felix!

*Fel.* Listen to me, all of you, I say! I was sent for to prevent, not to do, mischief, by Donna Eugenia herself—

*Enter EUGENIA.*

• *Eug.* By me, sir!

*Clara.* Hold, hold, Eugenia!

*Eug.* I will *not* hold when my name is in question without my— Sent for by me, sir!

*Fel.* Not by you, madam; by Donna Eugenia, *(pointing to CLARA)* to prevent—

*Alon. and Eug.* Clara!

*Torr.* Ah, 'twas she put me to freeze in the balcony, too.

*Clara (to FELIX).* Sir, you come here to save another from peril. Leave me not in it.

*Fel.* I leave you, madam, who would lay down my life for you! and all the rather if you are *not* Donna Eugenia.

*Alon.* None but her father or her husband must do that.

*Fel.* Then let me claim to do it as the latter.

(*Kneels to CLARA.*)

*Alon.* But Clara?

*Clara.* Sir, I am ready to obey my father—and my husband.

*Eug.* And I, sir. And to prove my duty, let me marry my cousin at once, and retire with him to the mountains.

*Torr.* Marry me! No, indeed! No Capacities, and ladders, and—what-d'ye-call-'ems—for me. I'll e'en go back as I came, with my ancestors safe in my saddle-bags, I will.

*Juan* (*to ALONSO*). Permit me, sir. I am Don Juan de Mendoza; a name at least not unknown to you. I have loved your daughter long; and might have had perchance favourable acceptance from her mother long ago, had not you yourself been abroad at the time.

*Alon.* I now remember to have heard something of the kind. What say you, Eugenia?

*Eug.* I am ready to obey my father—and my husband.

With which at last our comedy shall close,  
Asking indulgence both of friends and foes.

*Clara.* And ere we part our text for envoy give,—  
Beware of all smooth waters while you live!

---

This Comedy seems an Occasional Piece, to celebrate the marriage of Philip IV. with Anna Maria of Austria, and the pageants that Calderon himself was summoned to devise and manage. This marriage was in 1649; when Calderon, as old as the century, was in his prime; and I think the airy lightness of the dialogue, the play of character, the easy intrigue, and

the happily introduced wedding rhapsodies, make it one of the most agreeable of his comedies.

As I purposely reduced the swell of Isabel's speech in the last play, I must confess that the present version of these wedding pageants, though not unauthorised by the original, had perhaps better have been taken in a lighter tone to chime in with so much common dialogue. But they were done first, to see what could be made of them: and, as little dramatic interest is concerned, are left as they were; at least not the less like so much in Calderon, where love and loyalty are concerned; and to be excused by the reader as speeches *spouted* by boys on holiday occasions.

# THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN

TAKEN FROM CALDERON'S  
EL MAGICO PRODIGIOSO

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

AURELIO	.	.	.	<i>Viceroy of Antioch.</i>
LELIO	.	.	.	<i>his Son.</i>
FABIO	.	.	.	<i>a chief Officer in Antioch.</i>
FLORO	.	.	.	<i>his Son.</i>
LISANDRO	.	.	.	<i>an aged Christian.</i>
JUSTINA	.	.	.	<i>his Daughter.</i>
LIVIA	.	.	.	<i>their Servant.</i>
CIPRIANO	.	.	.	<i>a Professor of Learning.</i>
EUSEBIO	}	.	.	<i>his Scholars.</i>
JULIAN				
LUCIFER	.	.	.	<i>the Evil Spirit.</i>
.				
				CITIZENS, SOLDIERS, etc.

# THE MIGHTY MAGICIAN

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A retired Grove near Antioch.*

*Enter CIPRIANO, EUSEBIO, and JULIAN, with books.*

*Cipr.* This is the place, this the sequester'd spot  
Where, in the flower about and leaf above,  
I find the shade and quiet that I love,  
And oft resort to rest a wearied wing ;  
And here, good lads, leave me alone, but not  
Lonely, companion'd with the books you bring :  
'That while the city from all open doors  
Abroad her gaping population pours,  
To swell the triumph of the pomp divine  
That with procession, sacrifice, and song  
Convoys her tutelary Zeus along  
For installation in his splendid shrine ;  
I, flying from the hubbub of the throng  
That overflows her thoroughfares and streets,  
And here but faintly touches and retreats,  
In solitary meditation may  
Discount at ease my summer holiday.  
You to the city back, and take your fill  
Of festival, and all that with the time's,

And your own youth's, triumphant temper chimes ;  
Leaving me here alone to mine ; until  
Yon golden idol reaching overhead,  
Dragg'd from his height, and bleeding out his fires  
Along the threshold of the west, expires,  
And drops into the sea's sepulchral lead.

*Eusebio.* Nay, sir, think once again, and go with us,  
Or, if you will, without us ; only, go ;  
Lest Antioch herself as well as we  
Cry out upon a maim'd solemnity.

*Julian.* Oh, how I wish I had not brought the  
books,  
Which you have ever at command—indeed,  
Without them, all within them carry—here—  
Garner'd—aloft—

*Euseb.* In truth, if stay you will,  
I scarcely care to go myself.

*Cipr.* Nay, nay,  
Good lads, good boys, all thanks, and all the more,  
If you but leave it simply as I say.  
You have been somewhat over-tax'd of late,  
And want some holiday.

*Julian.* Well, sir, and you ?

*Cipr.* Oh, I am of that tougher age and stuff  
Whose relaxation is its work. Besides,  
Think you the poor Professor needs no time  
For solitary tillage of his brains,  
Before such shrewd ingatherers as you  
Come on him for their harvest unawares ?  
Away, away ! and like good citizens  
Help swell the general joy with two such faces  
As such as mine would only help to cloud.

*Euseb.* Nay, sir—

*Cipr.* But I say, Yea, sir ! and my scholars  
By yea and nay as I would have them do.

*Euseb.* Well, then, farewell, sir.

*Cipr.*

Farewell, both of you.

[*Exeunt EUSEBIO and JULIAN.*]

Away with them, light heart and wingèd heel,  
Soon leaving drowsy Pallas and her dull  
Professor out of sight, and out of mind.  
And yet not so perhaps ; and, were it so,  
Why, better with the frolic herd forgetting  
All in the youth and sunshine of the day  
Than ruminating in the shade apart.  
Well, each his way and humour ; some to lie  
Like Nature's sickly children in her lap,  
While all the stronger brethren are at play ;  
When ev'n the mighty Mother's self would seem  
Drest out in all her festival attire  
In honour of the universal Sire  
Whom Antioch as for her own to-day  
Propitiates. Hark, the music !—Speed, good lads,  
Or you will be too late. Ah, needless caution !  
Ev'n now already half way down the hill,  
Spurr'd by the very blood within their veins,  
They catch up others, who catching from them  
The fire they re-inflame, the flying troop  
Consuming fast to distance in a cloud  
Of dust themselves have kindled, whirls away  
Where the shrill music blown above the walls  
Tells of the solemn work begun within.  
Why, ev'n the shrieking pipe that pierces here,  
Shows me enough of all the long procession  
Of white-robed priest and chanting chorister,  
The milkwhite victim crown'd, and high aloft  
The chariot of the nodding deity,  
Whose brazen eyes that, as their sockets see,  
Stare at his loyal votaries. Ah, me !—  
Well, here too happier, if not wiser, those



Who, with the heart of unsuspecting youth,  
Take up tradition from their fathers' hands  
To pass it on to others in their turn ;  
But leaving me behind them in the race  
With less indeed than little appetite  
For ceremonies, and to gods, like these,  
That, let the rabble shout for as they please,  
Another sort begin to shake their heads at,  
And heaven to rumble with uneasily  
As flinging out some antiquated gear.  
So wide, since subtle Greece the pebble flung  
Into the sleeping pool of superstition,  
Its undulation spreads to other shores,  
And saps at the foundation of our schools.  
—Why, this last Roman, Caius Plinius—  
Who drawing nature's growth and history  
Down to her root and first cause—What says he ?—  
Ev'n at the very threshold of his book  
A definition laying, over which  
The clumsy mimic idols of our shrines  
Stumble and break to pieces—oh, here it is—  
' *Quapropter effigiem Dei formamque quærere,  
Imbecillitatis humanæ reor* '—  
' All visible effigies of God  
But types of human imbecility.'—  
But what has Antioch to say to that,  
Who at such cost of marble and of gold  
Has built the very temple into which  
She drags her tutelary Zeus to-day ?—  
Zeus veritable God, this effigy  
Is none of him at all ! But then, alas !  
This same *Quapropter* follows a premiss  
'That elbows out Zeus with his effigy.  
For—as I gather from his foreign word—  
Wherever, or Whatever, Deity—

*Si modo est alius*—if distinct at all  
From universal Nature—it must be  
One all-informing, individual Whole,  
All eye, all ear, all self, all sense, all soul—  
Whereas this Zeus of ours, though Chief indeed—  
Nay, *because* chief of other gods than he,  
Comes from this Roman's hand no God at all!—  
This is a knotty question.

*Lucifer (without).* Nor while I  
Tangle, for you, good doctor, to untie.

*Cipr.* What! The poor bird scarce settled on the  
bough,  
Before the fowler after him! How now?  
Who's there?

*Lucifer (entering habited as a Merchant).* A  
stranger; therefore pardon him,  
Who somehow parted from his company,  
And lost in his own thoughts (a company  
You know one cannot lose so easily)  
Has lost his way to Antioch.

*Cipr.* Antioch!  
Whose high white towers and temples ev'n from here  
Challenge the sight, and scarce a random line  
Traced by a wandering foot along the grass  
But thither leads for centre.

*Luc.* The old story,  
Of losing what one should have found on earth  
By staring after something in the clouds—  
Is it not so?

*Cipr.* To-day too, when so many  
Are flocking thither to the festival,  
Whose current might have told—and taken—you  
The way you wish'd to go.

*Luc.* To say the truth,  
My lagging here behind as much I think

From a distaste for that same festival  
(Of which they told us as we came along)  
As inadvertency—my way of life  
Busied enough, if not too much, with men  
To care for them in crowd on holidays,  
When business stands, and neither they nor I  
Gaping about can profit one another ;  
And therefore, by your leave—but only so—  
I fain would linger in this quiet place  
Till evening, under whose dusky cloak  
I may creep unobserved to Antioch.

*Cipr.* (*aside*). Humane address, at least. And  
why should I  
Grudge him the quiet I myself desire?—  
(*Aloud*) Nay, this is public ground—for you, as me,  
To use it at your pleasure.

*Luc.* Still with yours—  
Whom by your sober suit and composed looks,  
And by this still society of books,  
I take to be a scholar—

*Cipr.* And if so ?

*Luc.* Ill brooking idle company.

*Cipr.* Perhaps ;  
But that no wiser traveller need be—  
And, if I judge of you as you of me,  
Though with no book hung out for sign before,  
Perchance a scholar too.

*Luc.* If so, more read  
In men than books, as travellers are wont.  
But, if myself but little of a bookman,  
Addicted much to scholars' company,  
Of whom I meet with many on my travels,  
And who, you know, themselves are living books.

*Cipr.* And you have travell'd much ?

*Luc.* Ay, little else,

One may say, since I came into the world  
Than going up and down it : visiting  
As many men and cities as Ulysses,  
From first his leaving Troy without her crown,  
Along the charmèd coasts he pass'd, with all  
The Polyphemes and Circes in the way,  
Right to the Pillars where his ship went down.  
Nay, and yet further, where the dark Phœnician  
Digs the pale metal which the sun scarce deigns  
With a slant glance to ripen in earth's veins :  
Or back again so close beneath his own  
Proper dominion, that the very mould  
Beneath he kindles into proper gold,  
And strikes a living Iris into stone.

*Cipr.* One place, however, where Ulysses was,  
I think you have not been to—where he saw  
Those he left dead upon the field of Troy  
Come one by one to lap the bowl of blood  
Set for them in the fields of Asphodel.

*Luc.* Humph !—as to that, a voyage which if all  
Must take, less need to brag of ; or perchance  
Ulysses, or his poet, apt to err  
About the people and their doings there—  
But let the wonders in the world below  
Be what they may ; enough in that above  
For any sober curiosity,  
Without one's diving down before one's time :  
Not only countries now as long ago  
Known, till'd, inhabited, and civilized ;  
As Egypt, Greece, and Rome, with all their arts,  
Trades, customs, polities, and history :  
But deep in yet scarce navigated seas,  
Countries uncouth, with their peculiar growths  
Of vegetation or of life ; where men  
Are savage as the soil they never till ;

Or never were, or were so long ago,  
Their very story blotted from the page  
Of earth they wrote it on ; unless perchance  
From riot-running nature's overgrowth  
Of swarming vegetation, peeps some scarce  
Decypherable monument, which yet,  
To those who find the key, perchance has told  
Stories of men, more mighty men, of old,  
Or of the gods themselves who walk'd the world  
When with the dews of first creation wet.

*Cipr.* Oh knowledge from the fountain freshly  
drawn

Without the tedious go-between of books !  
But with fresh soul and senses unimpair'd  
What from the pale reflexion of report  
We catch at second hand, and much beside  
That in our solitary cells we miss.

*Luc.* Ay, truly we that travel see strange things,  
Though said to tell of stranger ; some of us,  
Deceived ourselves, or seeking to deceive,  
With prodigies and monsters which the world,  
As wide and full of wonders as it is,  
Never yet saw, I think, nor ever will :  
Which yet your scholars use for clay and straw  
Of which to build your mighty folios—  
For instance, this same bulky Roman here,  
Whose leaf you turn'd, I doubt impatiently,  
When my intrusion rustled in the leaves—

*Cipr.* Hah ! But how knew you—

*Luc.* Nay, if some stray words  
Of old familiar Latin met my ear  
As I stood hesitating.

*Cipr.* (*holding up the book*). This at least  
You read then ?

*Luc.* One might say before 'twas written.

*Cipr.* But how so?

*Luc.* Oh, this same sufficient Roman,  
What is he but another of the many  
Who having seen a little and heard more  
That others pick'd as loosely up before,  
Constructs his little bird's-nest universe  
Of shreds and particles of false and true  
Cemented with some thin philosophy,  
All filch'd from others, as from him to be  
By the next pilfering philosopher,  
Till blown away before the rising wind  
Of true discovery, or dropt to nothing  
After succeeding seasons of neglect.

*Cipr. (aside).* A strange man this—sharp wit and  
biting word.

*(Aloud)* Yet surely Man, after so many ages  
Of patient observation of the world  
He lives in, is entitled by the wit  
Vouchsafed him by the Maker of the world  
To draw into some comprehensive whole  
The stray particulars.

*Luc.* Ay, and forsooth,  
Not only the material world he lives in ;  
But, having of this undigested heap  
Composed a World, must make its Maker too,  
Of abstract attributes, of each of which  
Still more unsure than of the palpable,  
Forthwith he draws to some consistent One  
The accumulated ignorance of each  
In so compact a plausibility  
As light to carry as it was to build.

*Cipr.* But, since (I know not how) you hit upon  
The question I was trying when you came ;  
And, spite of your disclaiming scholarship,  
Seem versed in that which occupies the best—

If Plipz blunder with his single God,  
As in our twilight reason well he may,  
Confess however that a Deity  
Plural and self-discordant, as he says,  
Is yet more like frail man's imagination,  
Who, for his own necessities and lusts,  
Splits up and mangles the Divine idea  
To pieces, as he wants a piece of each ;  
Not only gods for all the elements  
Divided into land, and sea, and sky ;  
But gods of health, wealth, love, and fortune ; nay,  
Of war and murder, rape and robbery ;  
Men of their own worse nature making gods  
To serve the very vices that suggest them,  
Which yet upon their fellow-men they visit  
(Else were an end of human polity)  
With chain and fine and banishment and death.  
So that unless man made such gods as these,  
Then are these gods worse than the man they made.  
And for the attributes, which though indeed  
You gibe at us for canvassing, yourself  
Must grant—as whether one or manifold,  
Deity in its simplest definition  
Must be at least eternal—

*Luc.*

Well ?—

*Cipr.*

Yet those

Who stuff Olympus are so little that,  
That Zeus himself, the sovereign of all,  
Barely escaped devouring at his birth  
By his own father, who anticipated  
And found some such hard measure for himself ;  
And as for Zeus' own progeny—some born  
Of so much baser matter than his brain,  
As from his eggs, which the all-mighty swan  
Impregnated, and mortal Leda laid ;

And whose two chicken-deities once hatcht  
Now live and die on each alternate day.

*Luc.* Ay, but if much of this be allegory  
In which the wisdom of antiquity  
Veils the pure Deity from eyes profane—

*Cipr.* —Deity taking arms against itself  
Under Troy walls, wounding and wounded—ay,  
And, trailing heavenly ichor from their wounds,  
So help'd by others from the field to one  
Who knew the leech's art themselves did not.

*Luc.* Softly—if not to swear to allegory,  
Still less to all the poets sing of heaven,  
High up Parnassus as they think to sit.

*Cipr.* But these same poets, therefore sacred call'd,  
They are who these same allegories spin  
Which time and fond tradition consecrate ;  
What might have been of the divine within  
So overgrown with folly and with sin  
As but a spark of God would such impure  
Assimilation with himself abjure,  
Which yet with all the nostril that he may  
Zeus snuffs from Antioch's sacrifice to-day.  
Besides, beyond the reach of allegory  
The gods themselves in their own oracles  
Doubly themselves convict—  
As when they urge two nations on to war,  
By promising the victory to each ;  
Whereby on one side their omniscience  
Suffers, as their all-goodness on the other.

*Luc.* What if such seeming contradictions aim  
Where human understanding cannot reach ?  
But granting for the sake of argument,  
And for that only, what you now premise ;  
What follows ?

*Cipr.* Why, that if, as Pliny writes,



Deity by its very definition  
Be one, eternal, absolute, all wise,  
All good, omnipotent, all ear, all eyes,  
Incapable of disintegration—  
If this be Deity indeed—

*Luc.* Then what ?

*Cipr.* Simply—that we in Antioch know him not.

*Luc.* Rash leap to necessary non-conclusion  
From a premiss that quarrels with itself  
More than the deity it would impugn ;  
For if one God eternal and all wise,  
Omnipotent to do as to devise,  
Whence this disorder and discordance in—  
Not only this material universe,  
That seems created only to be rack'd  
By the rebellion of its elements,  
In earthquake and tempestuous anarchy—  
But also in the human microcosm  
You say created to reflect it all ?  
For Deity, all goodness as all wise,  
Why create man the thing of lust and lies  
You say reflects himself in his false god ?—  
By modern oracle no more convicted  
Of falsehood, than by that first oracle  
Which first creation settled in man's heart.  
No, if you must define, premise, conclude,  
Away with all the coward squeamishness  
That dares not face the universe it questions ;  
Blinking the evil and antagonism  
Into its very constitution breathed  
By him who, but himself to quarrel with,  
Quarrels as might the many with each other.  
Or would you be yourself one with yourself,  
Catch hold of such as Epicurus' skirt,  
Who, desperately confounded this confusion

Of matter, spirit, good and evil, yea,  
Godhead itself, into a universe  
That is created, roll'd along, and ruled,  
By no more wise direction than blind Chance.  
Trouble yourself no more with disquisition  
That by sad, slow, and unprogressive steps  
Of wasted soul and body lead to nothing :  
And only sure of life's short breathing-while,  
And knowing that the gods who threaten us  
With after-vengeance of the very crimes  
They revel in themselves, are nothing more  
Than the mere coinage of our proper brain  
To cheat us of our scanty pleasure here  
With terror of a harsh account hereafter ;—  
Eat, drink, be merry ; crown yourselves with flowers  
About as lasting as the heads they garland ;  
And snatching what you can of life's poor feast,  
When summon'd to depart, with no ill grace,  
Like a too greedy guest, cling to the table  
Whither the generations that succeed  
Press forward famish'd for their turn to feed.  
Nay, or before your time self-surfeited,  
Wait not for nature's signal to be gone,  
But with the potion of the spotted weed,  
That peradventure wild beside your door  
For some such friendly purpose cheaply grows,  
Anticipate too tardy nature's call :  
Ev'n as one last great Roman of them all  
Dismiss'd himself betimes into the sum  
Of universe ; not nothing to become ;  
For that can never cease that was before ;  
But not that sad Lucretius any more.

*Cipr.* Oh, were it not that sometimes through the  
dark,  
That walls us all about, a random ray

Breaks in to tell one of a better day  
Beyond—

*Enter LELIO and FLORO, as about to fight.*

*Lelio.* Enough—these branches that exclude the  
sun  
Defy all other inquisition.  
No need of further way.

*Floro.* Nor further word ;  
Draw, sir, at once—

*Lelio.* Nay, parry that yourself  
Which waited not your summons to be drawn.

*Cipr.* Lelio, and Floro ?

*Floro.* What, will the leaves blab ?

*Lelio.* And with their arms arrest a just revenge ?

*Cipr.* And well indeed may trees begin to talk,  
When men as you go babbling.

*Floro.* Whoso speaks  
And loves his life, hold back.

*Lelio.* I know the voice,  
But dazzled with the darkness—Cipriano ?

*Cipr.* Ay ; Cipriano, sure enough ; as you  
Lelio and Floro.

*Floro.* Well, let that suffice,  
And leave us as you find us.

*Cipr.* No, not yet—

*Floro.* Not yet !

*Lelio.* Good Cipriano—

*Cipr.* Till I know  
How it has come to pass that two such friends,  
Each of the noblest blood in Antioch,  
Are here to shed it by each other's hands.

*Lelio.* Sudden surprise, and old respect for you,

Suspend my sword a moment, Cipriano,  
That else—

*Floro.* Stand back, stand back! You are a scholar,  
And better versed in logic than the laws  
Of honour; and perhaps have yet to learn  
That when two noblemen have drawn the sword,  
One only must return it to the sheath.

*Lelio.* 'Tis so indeed—once more, stand off.

*Cipr.* And once more

Back, both of you, say I; if of your lives  
Regardless, not of mine, which thus, unarm'd,  
I fling between your swords—  
Lelio, I look to you—Floro, as ever  
Somewhat hot-headed and thrasonical—  
Or do you hold with him the scholar's gown  
Has smother'd all the native soldiery  
That saucy so-call'd honour to itself  
Alone mis-arrogates? You are deceived:  
I am like you by birth a gentleman,  
Under like obligation to the laws  
Of that true honour, which my books indeed  
May help distinguish from its counterfeit,  
But, older as I am, have yet not chill'd  
From catching fire at any just affront—  
And let me tell you this too—those same books,  
Ancient and modern, tell of many a hand  
That, turning most assiduously the leaf,  
When the time came, could wield as well the sword.  
I am unarm'd: but you, with all your swords,  
I say you shall not turn them on each other  
Till you have told me what the quarrel is;  
Which after hearing if I own for one  
That honour may not settle with good word,  
I pledge my own to leave it to the sword.  
Now, Lelio!—

*Lelio.* One answer does for both :  
He loves where I love.

*Floro.* No—I thus much more—  
He dares to love where I had loved before ;  
Betrayed friendship adding to the score  
Of upstart love.

*Lelio.* You hear him, Cipriano ?  
And after such a challenge—

*Cipr.* Yet a moment.  
As there are kinds of honour, so of love—  
And ladies—

*Lelio.* Cipriano, Cipriano !  
One friend my foe for daring love where I,  
Let not another, daring doubt that he  
Honours himself in so dishonouring me—

*Floro.* Slanting your sharp divisions on a jewel  
That if the sun turn'd all his beams upon  
He could not find, or make, a flaw—

*Cipr.* Nor I then,  
With far less searching scrutiny than Phœbus—  
I am to understand then, such a fair  
Jewel as either would in wedlock wear.

*Floro.* And rather die than let another dare.

*Cipr.* Enough, enough ! of Lelio's strange logic,  
And Floro's more intelligible rant,  
And back to sober metaphor. Which of you  
Has this fair jewel turn'd her light upon ?

*Floro (after a pause).* Why, who would boast—

*Lelio.* Indeed, how could she be  
The very pearl of chastity she is,  
Turn'd she her glances either left or right ?

*Cipr.* Which therefore each, as he obliquely steals,  
Counts on as given him only—

*Floro.* To have done  
With metaphor and logic, what you will,

So as we fall to work ;  
Or if you must have reason, this, I say,  
Resolves itself to a short syllogism—  
Whether she give or we presume upon—  
If one of us devote himself to win her,  
How dares another cross him ?

*Cipr.*

But if she

Not only turn to neither, but still worse,  
Or better, turn from both ?

*Lelio.* But love by long devotion may be won,  
That only one should offer—

*Floro.*

And that one

Who first—

*Lelio.* Who first !—

*Cipr.*

And all this while, forsooth,

The lady, of whose purity one test  
Is her unblemisht unpublicity,  
Is made a target for the common tongue  
Of Antioch to shoot reproaches at  
For stirring up two noblemen to blood.  
From which she only can escape, forsooth,  
By choosing one of two she cares not for  
At once ; or else, to mend the matter, when  
He comes to claim her by the other's blood.

*Lelio.* At least she will not hate him, live or dead,  
Who staked his life upon her love.

*Cipr.*

Small good

To him who lost the stake ; and he that won—  
Will she begin to love whom not before  
For laying unloved blood upon her door ;  
Or, if she ever loved at all, love more ?  
Is this fair logic, or of one who knows  
No more of woman's honour than of man's ?  
Come, come, no more of beating round the bush.  
You know how I have known and loved you both,

As brothers—say as sons—upon the score  
Of some few years and some few books read more—  
Though two such fiery fine young gentlemen,  
Put up your swords and be good boys again,  
Deferring to your ancient pedagogue ;  
If cold by time and studies, as you say,  
Then fitter for a go-between in love,  
And warm at least in loyalty to you.  
These jewels—to take up the metaphor  
Until you choose to drop it of yourselves,—  
These jewels have their caskets, I suppose—  
Kindred and circumstance, I mean—

*Lelio.*

Oh such

As by their honourable poverty  
Do more than doubly set their jewel off !

*Cipr.* Ev'n so? And may not one, who, you  
agree,

Proof-cold against suspicion of the kind,  
Be so far trusted, as, if not to see,  
To hear, at least, of where, and how, enshrined ?

*Floro.* I know not what to answer. How say you ?

*Lelio.* Relying on your honour and tried love—  
Justina, daughter of the old Lisandro.

*Cipr.* I know them ; her if scarcely, yet how far  
Your praises short of her perfections are ;  
Him better, by some little service done  
That rid him of a greater difficulty,  
And would again unlock his door to me—  
—And who knows also, if you both agree,  
Her now closed lips ; if but a sigh between  
May tell which way the maiden heart may lean ?

*Floro.* Again, what say you, Lelio ?

*Lelio.*

I, for one,

Content with that decision.

*Floro.*

Be it so.

*Cipr.* Why, after all, behold how luckily  
You stumbled on this rock in honour's road,  
That serves instead for Cupid's stepping-stone.  
And when the knightly courage of you both  
Was all at fault to hammer out the way,  
Who knows but some duenna-doctor may?  
And will—if but like reasonable men,  
Not angry boys, you promise to keep sheathed  
Your swords, while from her father or herself  
I gather, from a single sigh perhaps,  
To which, if either, unaware she turns;  
Provided, if to one, the other yield;  
But if to neither, both shall quit the field.  
What say you both to this?

*Lelio.*

Ay—I for one.

*Floro.* And I; provided on the instant done.

*Cipr.* No better time than now, when, as I think,  
The city, with her solemn uproar busy,  
Shuts her we have to do with close within.  
But you must come along with me, for fear  
Your hands go feeling for your swords again  
If left together: and besides to know  
The verdict soon as spoken.

*Lelio.*

Let us go. [*Exeunt.*

*Lucifer (re-appearing).* Ay, Cipriano, faster than  
you think;

For I will lend you wings to burn yourself  
In the same taper they are singed withal.—  
By the quick feelers of iniquity  
That from hell's mouth reach through this lower  
world,  
And tremble to the lightest touch of mischief,  
Warn'd of an active spirit hereabout  
Of the true God inquisitive, and restless  
Under the false by which I rule the world,



Here am I come to test it for myself.  
And lo ! two fools have put into my hand  
The snare that, wanting most, I might have miss'd ;  
That shall not him alone en-mesh, but *her*  
Whom I have long and vainly from the ranks  
Striv'n to seduce of Him, the woman-born,  
Who is one day to bruise the serpent's head—  
So is it written ; but meanwhile my hour  
On earth is not accomplisht, and I fain  
Of this detested race would hinder all  
From joining in the triumph of my fall  
Whom I may hinder ; and of these, these twain ;  
Each other by each other snaring ; yea,  
Either at once the other's snare and prey.  
Oh, my good doctor, you must doubt, you must,  
And take no more the good old gods on trust ;  
To Antioch then away ; but not so fast  
But I shall be before you, starting last. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A room in LISANDRO's house.*

*Enter LISANDRO, JUSTINA, and LIVIA.*

*Justina.* At length the day draws in.

*Lisandro.*

And in with it

The impious acclamation that all day,  
Block up our doors and windows as we may,  
Insults our faith, and doubly threatens it.  
Is all made fast, Justina ?

*Just.*

All shall be, sir,

When I have seen you safely to your rest.

*Lis.* You know how edict after edict aim'd  
By Rome against the little band of Christ—

And at a time like this, the people drunk  
With idol-ecstasy—

*Just.* Alas, alas !

*Lis.* Oh, gladly would I scatter these last drops  
That now so scarcely creep along my veins,  
And these thin locks that tremble o'er the grave,  
In such a martyrdom as swept to heav'n  
The holy Paul who planted, and all those  
Who water'd here the true and only faith,  
Were't not for thee, for fear of thee, Justina,  
Drawing you down at once into my doom,  
Or leaving you behind, alone, to hide  
From insult and suspicion worse than death—  
I dare not think of it. Make fast ; keep close ;  
And then, God's will be done ! You know we lie  
Under a double danger.

*Just.* How so, sir ?

*Lis.* Aurelio and Fabio, both, you know,  
So potent in the city, and but now  
Arm'd with a freshly whetted sword of vengeance  
Against the faith, but double-edged on us,  
Should they but know, as know they must, their sons  
Haunting the doors of this suspected house.

*Just.* Alas, alas !  
That I should draw this danger on your head !  
Which yet you know—

*Lis.* I know, I know—God knows,  
My darling daughter ; but that chaste reserve  
Serves but to quicken beauty with a charm  
They find not in the wanton Venus here :  
Drawn as they are by those withdrawing eyes  
Irradiate from a mother's, into whose  
The very eyes of the Redeemer look'd,  
And whom I dare not haste to join in heav'n  
At cost of leaving thee defenceless here.

*Just.* Sufficient for the day ! And now the day  
Is done. Come to your chamber—lean on me—  
Livia and I will see that all is fast ;  
And, that all seen to, ere we sleep ourselves,  
Come to your bedside for your blessing. Hark !  
Knocking ev'n now ! See to it, Livia.

*(She leads out LISANDRO, and returns.)*

Oh, well I got my father to his chamber !  
What is it ?—

*Livia.* One would see your father, madam.

*Just.* At such an hour ! He cannot, Livia ;  
You know, the poor old man is gone to rest—  
Tell him—

*Livia.* If not your father, then yourself,  
On matter that he says concerns you both.

*Just.* Me too !—Oh surely neither of the twain  
We both so dread ?

*Livia.* No, madam ; rather, one  
I think that neither need have cause to fear,—  
Cipriano.

*Just.* Cipriano ! The great scholar,  
Who did my father service, as I think,  
And now may mean another ; and God knows  
How much, or quickly, needed !

*Livia.* So he says.

*Just.* What shall I do ! Will not to-morrow—

*Cipriano (entering).* Oh, lady,  
You scarce can wonder more than I myself  
At such a visit, and at such an hour,  
Only let what I come to say excuse  
The coming, and so much unmannerly.

*Just.* My father is withdrawn, sir, for the night,  
Never more wanting rest ; I dare not rouse him,  
And least of all with any troubled news.  
Will not to-morrow—

*Cipr.* What I have to say  
Best told to-night, at once ; and not the less  
Since you alone, whom chiefly it concerns ,  
Are here to listen.

*Just.* I !—Well, sir, relying  
On your grave reputation as a scholar,  
And on your foregone favour to my father,  
If I should dare to listen—

*Cipr.* And alone ?

*Just.* Livia, leave us. [*Exit LIVIA.*]

*Cipr.* Oh, lady—oh, Justina—  
(Thus stammers the ambassador of love  
In presence of its sovereign)—  
You must—cannot but—know how many eyes  
Those eyes have wounded—

*Just.* Nay, sir,—

*Cipr.* Nay, but hear.

I do not come for idle compliment,  
Nor on my own behalf ; but in a cause  
On which hang life and death as well as love.  
Two of the noblest youths in Antioch,  
Lelio and Floro—Nay, but hear me out :  
Mine, and till now almost from birth each other's  
Inseparable friends, now deadly foes  
For love of you—

*Just.* Oh, sir !

*Cipr.* I have but now  
Parted their swords in mortal quarrel cross'd.

*Just.* Oh, that was well.

*Cipr.* I think, for several sakes—  
Their own, their fathers', even Antioch's,  
That would not lose one of so choice a pair ;  
And, I am sure you think so, lady, yours,  
So less than covetous of public talk,  
And least of all at such a fearful cost.

*Just.* Oh, for all sakes all thanks !

*Cipr.*

Yet little due

For what so lightly done, and it may be  
So insufficiently ; this feud not stopt—  
Suspended only, on a single word—  
Which now at this unseasonable hour  
I stand awaiting from the only lips  
That can allay the quarrel they have raised.

*Just.* Alas, why force an answer from my lips  
So long implied in silent disregard ?

*Cipr.* Yet, without which, like two fierce dogs, but  
more

Exasperated by the holding back,  
They will look for it in each other's blood.

*Just.* And think, poor men, to find their answer  
there !

Oh, sir, you are the friend, the friend of both,  
A famous scholar ; with authority  
And eloquence to press your friendship home.  
Surely in words such as you have at will  
You can persuade them, for all sakes—and yet  
No matter mine perhaps—but, as you say,  
Their fathers', Antioch's, their own—

*Cipr.*

Alas !

I doubt you know not in your maiden calm  
How fast all love and logic such as that  
Burns stubble up before a flame like this.

*Just. (aside).* And none in heaven to help them !

*Cipr.*

All I can

But one condition hardly wringing out  
Of peace, till my impartial embassy  
Have ask'd on their behalf, which of the twain—  
How shall I least offend ?—you least disdain.

*Just.* Disdain is not the word, sir ; oh, no, no !  
I know and honour both as noblemen

Of blood and station far above my own ;  
And of so suitable accomplishments.  
Oh, there are many twice as fair as I,  
And of their own conditions, who, with half  
My wooing, long ere this had worn the wreath  
Tied with a father's blessing, and all Antioch  
To follow them with Hymenæal home.

*Cipr.* But if these fiery men, do what one will,  
Will look no way but this?—

*Just.* Oh, but they will ;  
Divert their eyes awhile, a little while,  
Their hearts will follow ; such a sudden passion  
Can but have struck a shallow root—perhaps  
Ere this had perish'd, had not rival pride  
Between them blown it to this foolish height.

*Cipr.* Disdain is not the word then. Well, to  
seek,  
What still as wide as ever from assent—  
Could you but find it in your heart to feel  
If but a hair's-breadth less—say disesteem  
For one than for another—

*Just.* No, no, no !  
Even to save their lives I could not say  
What is not—cannot—nay, and if it could  
And I could say that was that is not—*can* not—  
How should that hair's-breadth less of hope to one  
Weigh with the other to desist his suit,  
Both furious as you tell me ?

*Cipr.* And both are :  
But ev'n that single hair thrown in by you  
Will turn the scale that else the sword must do.

*Just.* But surely must it not suffice for both  
That they who drew the sword in groundless hope  
Sheathe it in sure despair ? Despair ! Good God !  
For a poor creature like myself, despair !

That men with souls to which a word like that  
Lengthens to infinite significance,  
Should pin it on a wretched woman's sleeve !  
But as men talk—I mean, so far as I  
Can make them; as they say, despair of that  
Of which, even for this world's happiness,  
Despair is better hope of better things—  
Will not my saying—and as solemnly  
As what one best may vouch for ; that so far  
As any hope of my poor liking goes,  
Despair indeed they must—why should not this  
Allay their wrath, and let relapsing love  
In his old channel all the clearer run  
For this slight interjection in the current ?  
Why should it not be so ?

*Cipr.* Alas, I know not :  
For though as much they promised, yet I doubt  
When each, however you reject him now,  
Believes you might be won hereafter still,  
Were not another to divide the field ;  
Each upon each charging the exigence  
He will not see lies in himself alone,  
Might draw the scarcely sheathèd sword at once ;  
Or stifled hate under a hollow truce  
Blaze out anew at some straw's provocation,  
And I perhaps not by to put it out.

*Just.* What can, what can be done then ?

*Cipr.* Oh Justina,  
Pardon this iteration. Think once more,  
Before your answer with its consequence  
Travels upon my lip to destiny.  
I know you more than maiden-wise reserved  
To other importunities of love  
Than those which ev'n the pure for pure confess ;  
Yet no cold statue, which, however fair,

Could not inflame so fierce a passion ; but  
A breathing woman with a beating heart,  
Already touch'd with pity, you confess,  
For these devoted men you cannot love.  
Well, then—I will not hint at such a bower  
As honourable wedlock would entwine  
About your father's age and your own youth,  
Which ev'n for him—and much less for yourself—  
You would not purchase with an empty hand.  
But yet, with no more of your heart within  
Than what you now confess to—pity—pity,  
For generous youth wearing itself away  
In thankless adoration at your door,  
Neglecting noble opportunities ;  
Turning all love but yours to deadly hate—  
Sedate, and wise, and modestly resolved,  
Can you be, lady, of yourself so sure—  
(And surely they will argue your disdain  
As apt to yield as their devotion)—  
That, all beside so honourably faced,  
You, who now look with pity, and perhaps  
With gratitude, upon their blundering zeal,  
May not be won to turn an eye less loath  
On one of them, and blessing one, save both ?

*Just.* Alas ! I know it is impossible—  
Not if they wasted all their youth in sighs,  
And even slavish importunities,  
I could but pity—pity all the more  
That all the less what only they implore  
To yield ; so great a gulf between us lies.

*Cipr.* What—is the throne pre-occupied ?

*Just.*

If so,

By one that Antioch dreams little of.  
But it grows late : and if we spoke till dawn,  
I have no more to say.



*Cipr.* Nor more will hear?

*Just.* Alas, sir, to what purpose? When, all said,  
Said too as you have said it—

And I have but the same hard answer still;  
Unless to thank you once and once again,  
And charge you with my thankless errand back,  
But in such better terms,  
As, if it cannot stop ill blood, at least  
Shall stop blood-shedding 'tween these hapless men.

*Cipr.* And shall the poor ambassador who fail'd  
In the behalf of those who sent him here,  
Hereafter dare to tell you how he sped  
In making peace between them?

*Just.* Oh, do but that,  
And what poor human prayer can win from Heaven,  
You shall not be the poorer. So, good-night!

[*Exit.*

*Cipr.* Good-night, good-night! Oh Lelio and  
Floro!

If ever friends well turn'd to deadly foes,  
Wiser to fight than I to interpose.

[*Exit.*

*Lucifer* (*passing from behind*). The shaft has hit  
the mark; and by the care  
Of hellish surgery shall fester there.

[*Exit.*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*The sea-shore; a storm raging.*

*Cipriano* (*cavalierly drest*). Oh, mad, mad, mad  
ambition! to the skies  
Lifting to drop me deep as Hades down!—  
What! Cipriano—what the once so wise

Cipriano—quit his wonted exercise  
Among the sober walks of old renown,  
To fly at love—to swell the wind with sighs  
Vainer than learning—doff the scholar's gown  
For cap and feather, and such airy guise  
In which triumphant love is wont to go,  
But wins less acceptation in her eyes—  
The only eyes in which I cared to show—  
My heart beneath the borrow'd feather bleeding—  
Than in the sable suit of long ago,  
When heart-whole for another's passion pleading.  
She loves not Floro—loves not Lelio,  
Whose quarrel sets the city's throat agape,  
And turns her reputation to reproof  
With altercation of some dusky shape  
Haunting the twilight underneath her roof—  
Which each believes the other :—and, for me,  
The guilty one of the distracted three,  
She closest veils herself, or waves aloof  
In scorn ; or in such self-abasement sweet  
As sinks me deep and deeper at her feet,  
Bids me return—return for very shame  
Back to my proper studies and good name,  
Nor waste a life on one who, let me pine  
To death, will never but in death be mine.  
Oh, she says well—Oh, heart of stone and ice  
Unworthy of the single sacrifice  
Of one true heart's devotion ! Oh divine  
Creature, whom all the glory and the worth  
That ever ravaged or redeem'd the earth  
Were scanty worship offer'd at your shrine !  
Oh Cipriano, master-fool of all  
The fools that unto thee for wisdom call ;  
Of supercilious Pallas first the mock,  
And now blind Cupid's scorn, and laughing-stock ;

Who in fantastic arrogance at odds  
With the Pantheon of your people's gods  
Ransack'd the heavens for one more pure and whole  
To fill the empty temple of the soul,  
Now caught by retribution in the mesh  
Of one poor piece of perishable flesh—  
What baser demon of the pit would buy  
With all your ruin'd aspirations?

*Lucifer (within).* I!—

*Cipr.* What! The very winds and waters  
Hear, and answer to the cry  
She is deaf to!—Better thrown  
On distracted nature's bosom  
With some passion like my own  
Torn and tortured: where the sun  
In the elemental riot  
Ere his daily reign half done,  
Leaves half-quencht the tempest-drencht  
Welkin scowling on the howling  
Wilderness of waves that under  
Slash of whirlwind, spur of lightning,  
Roar of thunder, black'ning, whitening,  
Fling them foaming on the shore—  
Let confusion reign and roar!—  
Lightnings, for your target take me!  
Waves, upon the sharp rock break me,  
Or into your monstrous hollow  
Back regurgitating hurl;  
Let the mad tornado whirl me  
To the furthest airy circle  
Dissipated of the sky,  
Or the gaping earth down-swallow  
To the centre!—

*Lucifer (entering).* By-and-bye.

*Cipr.* Hark again! and in her monstrous

Labour, with a human cry  
Nature yearning—what portentous  
Glomeration of the storm  
Darkly cast in human form,  
Has she bolted !—

*Luc.* As among  
Flashes of the lightning flung  
Beside you, in its thunder now  
Aptly listen'd—

*Cipr.* What art thou ?

*Luc.* One of a realm, though dimly in your charts  
Discern'd, so vast that as from out of it  
As from a fountain all the nations flow,  
Back they shall ebb again ; and sway'd by One  
Who, without Oriental over-boast,  
Because from him all kings their crowns derive,  
Is rightfully saluted King of kings,  
Whose reign is as his kingdom infinite,  
Whose throne is heaven, and earth his footstool, and  
Sun, moon, and stars his diadem and crown.  
Who at the first disposal of his kingdom  
And distribution into sea and land—  
Me, who for splendour of my birth and grand  
Capacities above my fellows shone,  
Star of the Morning, Lucifer, alone—  
Me he made captain of the host who stand  
Clad as the morning star about his throne.  
Enough for all ambition but my own ;  
Who discontented with the all but all  
Of chiefest subject of Omnipotence  
Rebell'd against my Maker ; insolence  
Avenged as soon as done on me and all  
Who bolster'd up rebellion, by a fall  
Far as from heaven to Hades. Madness, I know ;  
But worse than madness whining to repent

Under a rod that never will relent.  
Therefore about the land and sea I go  
Arm'd with the very instrument of hate  
That blasted me : lightnings anticipate  
My coming, and the thunder rolls behind ;  
Thus charter'd to enlarge among mankind,  
And to recruit from human discontent  
My ranks in spirit, not in number, spent.  
Of whom, in spite of this brave gaberdine,  
I recognize thee one : thee, by the line  
Scarr'd on thy brow, though not so deep as mine ;  
Thee by the hollow circles of those eyes  
Where the volcano smoulders but not dies :  
Whose fiery torrent running down has scarr'd  
The cheek that time had not so deeply marr'd.  
Do not I read thee rightly ?

*Cipr.*

But too well ;

However come to read me—

*Luc.*

By the light

Of my own darkness reading yours—how deep !  
But not, as mine is, irretrievable :  
Who from the fulness of my own perdition  
Would, as I may, revenge myself on him  
By turning to fruition your despair—  
What if I make you master at a blow,  
Not only of the easy woman's heart  
You now despair of as impregnable,  
And waiting but my word to let you in,  
But lord of nature's secret, and the lore  
That shall not only with the knowledge, but  
Possess you with the very power of him  
You sought so far and vainly for before :  
So far All-eyes, All-wise, Omnipotent—  
If not to fashion, able yet to shake  
That which the other took such pains to make—

As in the hubbub round us ; I who blurr'd  
The spotless page of nature at a word  
With darkness and confusion, will anon  
Clear it, to write another marvel on.—

By the word of power that binds  
And loosens ; by the word that finds  
Nature's heart through all her rinds,  
Hearken, waters, fires, and winds ;  
Having had your roar, once more  
Down with you, or get you gone.

*Cipr.* With the clatter and confusion  
Of the universe about me  
Reeling—all within, without me,—  
Dizzy, dazzled—if delusion,  
Waking, dreaming, seeing, seeming—  
Which I know not—only, lo !  
Like some mighty madden'd beast  
Bellowing in full career  
Of fury, by a sudden blow  
Stunn'd, and in a moment stopt  
All the roar, or into slow  
Death-ward-drawing murmur, leaving  
Scarce the fallen carcase heaving,  
With the fallen carcase dropt.—

Behold ! the word scarce fallen from his lips,  
Swift almost as a human smile may chase  
A frown from some conciliated face,  
The world to concord from confusion slips :  
The winds that blew the battle up dead slain,  
Or with their tatter'd standards swept amain  
From heaven ; the billows of the erected deep  
Roll'd with their crests into the foaming plain ;  
While the scared earth begins abroad to peep  
And smooth her ruffled locks, as from a rent  
In the black centre of the firmament,

Revening his unnatural eclipse,  
The Lord of heaven from its ulterior blue  
That widens round him as he pierces through  
The folded darkness, from his sovereign height  
Slays with a smile the dragon-gloom of night.

*Luc.* All you have heard and witness'd hitherto  
But a foretaste to quicken appetite  
For that substantial after-feast of power  
That I shall set you down to take your fill of:  
When not the fleeting elements alone  
Of wind, and fire, and water, floating wrack,  
But this same solid frame of earth and stone,  
Yea, with the mountain loaded on her back,  
Reluctantly, shall answer to your spell  
From a more adamant heart stone-cold  
Than her's you curse for inaccessible.  
What, you would prove it? Let the mountain  
there

Step out for witness. Listen, and behold.

Monster upshot of upheaving<sup>1</sup>  
Earth, by fire and flood conceiving;  
Shapeless ark of refuge, whither,  
When came deluge creeping round,  
Man retreated—to be drown'd—  
Now your granite anchor, fast  
In creation's centre, cast,  
Come with all your tackle cleaving  
Down before the magic blast—

*Cipr.* And the unwieldy vessel, lo!  
Rib and deck of rock, and shroud  
Of pine, top-gallanted with cloud,  
All her forest-canvas squaring,

<sup>1</sup> The Phenomena that follow, and are here supposed to be magic illusions created in Cipriano's Eyes, are in the original represented by theatrical Machinery.

Down the undulating woodland  
As she flounders to and fro  
All before her tearing, bearing  
Down upon us—

*Luc.* Anchor, ho !—  
Behold the ship in port ! And what if freighted  
With but one jewel, worthy welcome more  
Than ever full-fraught Argosy awaited,  
At last descried, by desperate eyes ashore ;  
From the first moment of her topsail showing  
Like a thin cobweb spun 'twixt sea and sky ;  
Then momentarily before a full wind blowing  
Into her full proportions, till athwart  
The seas that bound beneath her, by and bye  
She sweeps full sail into the cheering port—  
Strangest bark that ever plied  
In despite of wind and tide,  
At the captain's magic summons  
Down your granite ribs divide,  
And show the jewel hid inside.

*Cipr.* Justina !—

*Luc.* Soft ! The leap that looks so easy  
Yet needs a longer stride than you can master.

*Cipr.* Oh divine apparition, that I fain  
Would all my life as in Elysium lose  
Only by gazing after ; and thus soon  
As rolling cloud across the long'd-for moon,  
The impitiable rocks enclose again !—  
But was it she indeed ?

*Luc.* She that shall be,  
And yours, by means that, bringing her to you,  
Possess you of all nature, which in vain  
You sigh'd for ere for nature's masterpiece.  
And thus much, as I told you, only sent  
As foretaste of that great accomplishment,



Which if you will but try for, you can reach  
By means which, if I practise, I can teach.

*Cipr.* And at what cost?

*Luc.* You that have flung so many years away  
In learning and in love that came to nothing,  
Think not to win the harvest in a day!  
The God you search for works, you know, by means  
(That your philosophers call second cause),  
And we by means must underwork him—

*Cipr.* Well!—

*Luc.* To comprehend, and, after, to constrain  
Whose mysteries you will not count as vain  
A year in this same mountain lock'd with me?—

*Cipr.* Where she is?—

*Luc.* As I told you, where shall be  
At least this mountain after a short labour  
Has brought forth something better than a mouse;  
And what then after a whole year's gestation  
Accomplish under our joint midwifery,  
Under a bond by which you bind you mine  
In fewer and no redder drops than needs  
The leech of land or water when he bleeds?  
Let us about—but first upon his base  
The mountain we must study in replace,  
That else might puzzle your geography.  
Come, take your stand upon the deck with me,  
Till with her precious cargo safe inside,  
And all her forest-colours flying wide,  
The mighty vessel put again to sea—  
What, are you ready?—Wondrous snack,  
As without a turn or tack  
Hither come, so thither back,  
And let subside the ruffled deep  
Of earth to her primæval sleep.—  
How steadily her course the good ship trims,

While Antioch far into the distance swims,  
With all her follies bubbling in the wake ;  
Her scholars that more hum than honey make :  
Muses so chaste as never of their kind  
Would breed, and Cupid deaf as well as blind :  
For Cipriano, wearied with the toil  
Of so long working on a thankless soil,  
At last embarking upon magic seas  
In a more wondrous Argo than of old,  
Sets sails with me for such Hesperides  
As glow with more than dragon-guarded gold.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III

SCENE I.—*Before the mountain.* CIPRIANO.

*Cipriano.* Now that at last in his eternal round  
Hyperion, after skirting either pole,  
Of his own race has set the flaming goal  
In heaven of my probation under-ground :  
Up from the mighty Titan with his feet  
Touching the centre, and his forest-hair  
Entangling with the stars ; whose middle womb  
Of two self-buried lives has been the tomb ;  
At last, my year's apprenticeship complete,  
I rise to try my cunning, and as one  
Arm'd in the dark who challenges the sun.  
You heavens, for me your azure brows with cloud  
Contract, or to your inmost depth unshroud :  
Thou sapphire-floating counterpart below,  
Obsequious of my moon-like magic flow :  
For me you mountains fall, you valleys rise,  
With all your brooks and fountains far withdrawn ;

You forests shudder underneath my sighs ;  
And whatsoever breathes in earth and skies ;  
You birds that on the bough salute the dawn ;  
And you wild creatures that through wood and glen  
Do fly the hunter, or the hunter flies ;  
Yea, man himself, most terrible to men ;  
Troop to my word, about my footstep fawn ;  
Yea, ev'n you spirits that by viewless springs  
Move and perplex the tangled web of things,  
Wherever in the darkest crypt you lurk  
Of nature, nature to my purpose work ;  
That not the dead material element,  
But complicated with the life beyond  
Up to pure spirit, shall my charm resent,  
And take the motion of my magic wand ;  
And, once more shaken on her ancient throne,  
In me old nature a new master own.

*Lucifer.* But how is this, Cipriano, that misled  
By hasty passion you affront the day  
Ere master of the art of darkness ?

*Cipr.* Nay,  
By that same blazing witness overhead  
Standing in heaven to mark the time foretold,  
Since first imprison'd in this mountain-hold  
My magic so preluded with the dread  
Preliminary kingdom of the dead,  
That not alone the womb of general earth  
Which Death has crowded thick with second birth,  
But monuments with marble lips composed  
To dream till doomsday, suddenly disclosed,  
And woke their sleepers centuries too soon  
To stare upon the old remember'd moon.  
Wearied of darkness, I will see the day :  
Sick of the dead, the living will assay :  
And if the ghastly year I have gone through

Bear half its promised harvest, will requite  
With a too warm good-morrow the long night  
That one cold living heart consign'd me to.

*Luc.* Justina !

*Cipr.* Ay, Justina : now no more  
Obsequiously sighing at the door  
That never open'd, nor the heart of stone  
On which so long I vainly broke my own ;  
But of her soul and body, when and how  
I will, I claim the forfeit here and now.

*Luc.* Enough : the hour is come ; do thou design  
The earth with circle, pentagram, and trine ,  
The wandering airs with incantation twine ;  
While through her sleep-enchanted sense I shake  
The virgin constancy I cannot break.

*(Clouds roll before the mountain, hiding CIPRIANO.)*

Thou nether realm of darkness and despair,  
Whose fire-enthronèd emperor am I ;  
Where many-knotted till the word they lie,  
Your subtlest spirits at the word untie,  
And breathe them softly to this upper air ;  
With subtle soft insinuation fair  
Of foul result encompass and attain  
The chastity of the rebellious saint  
Who dares the Spirit of this world defy.  
Spirits that do shapeless float  
In darkness as in light the mote,  
At my summons straightway take  
Likeness of the fairest make,  
And, her sleeping sense about  
Seal'd from all the world without,  
Through the bolted eyelids creep ;  
Entheatre the walls of sleep  
With an Eden where the sheen

Of the leaf and flower between  
All is freshest, yet with Eve's  
Apple peeping through the leaves ;  
Through whose magic mazes may  
Melancholy fancy stray  
Till she lose herself, or into  
Softer passion melt away :  
While the scent-seducing rose  
Gazing at her as she goes  
With her turning as she turns,  
Into her his passion burns :  
While the wind among the boughs  
Whispers half-remember'd vows ;  
Nightingale interpreters  
Into their passion translate hers ;  
And the murmurs of a stream  
Down one current draw the dream.  
While for hidden chorus, I  
At her dreaming ear supply  
Such a comment as her own  
Heart to nature's shall atone :  
Till the secret influence  
Of the genial season even  
Holy blood that sets to heaven  
Draws into the lower sense ;  
Till array'd in angel guise  
Earthly memories surprise  
Ev'n the virgin soul, and win  
Holy pity's self to sin.

*(The clouds roll away, and discover JUSTINA asleep  
in her chamber.)*

*Lucifer (at her ear).* Come forth, come forth,  
Justina, come ; for scared

Winter is vanish'd, and victorious Spring  
Has hung her garland on the boughs he bared :  
Come forth ; there is a time for everything.

*Justina (in her sleep).* That was my father's voice  
—come, Livia—

My mantle—oh, not want it?—well then, come.

*Luc.* Ay, come abroad, Justina ; it is Spring ;  
The world is not with sunshine and with leaf  
Renew'd to be the tomb of ceaseless grief ;  
Come forth : there is a time for everything.

*Just.* How strange it is—  
I think the garden never look'd so gay  
As since my father died.

*Luc.* Ev'n so : for now,  
Returning with the summer wind, the hours  
Dipp'd in the sun re-dress the grave with flowers,  
And make new wreaths for the survivor's brow ;  
Whose spirit not to share were to refuse  
The power that all creating, all renews  
With self-diffusive warmth, that, with the sun's,  
At this due season through creation runs,  
Nor in the first creation more express'd  
Than by the singing builder of the nest  
That waves on this year's leaf, or by the rose  
That underneath them in his glory glows ;  
Life's fountain, flower, and crown ; without whose  
giving  
Life itself were not, nor, without, worth living.

*Chorus of Voices.* Life's fountain, flower, and  
crown ; without whose giving  
Life itself were not, nor, without, worth living.

*Song.*

Who that in his hour of glory  
Walks the kingdom of the rose,

And misapprehends the story  
 Which through all the garden blows ;  
 Which the southern air who brings  
 It touches, and the leafy strings  
 Lightly to the touch respond ;  
 And nightingale to nightingale  
 Answering a bough beyond—

*Chorus.* Nightingale to nightingale  
 Answering a bough beyond.

*Just.* These serenaders—singing their old songs  
 Under one's window—

*Luc.* Ay, and if nature must decay or cease  
 Without it ; what of nature's masterpiece ?  
 Not in her outward lustre only, but  
 Ev'n in the soul within the jewel shut ;  
 What but a fruitless blossom ; or a lute  
 Without the hand to touch it music-mute :  
 Incense that will not rise to heaven unfired ;  
 By that same vernal spirit uninspired  
 That sends the blood up from the heart, and speaks  
 In the rekindled lustre of the cheeks ?

*Chorus.* Life's fountain, flower, and crown ; with-  
 out whose giving  
 Life itself were not, nor, without, worth living.

*Song.*

Lo the golden Girasolé,  
 That to him by whom she burns,  
 Over heaven slowly, slowly,  
 As he travels ever turns ;  
 And beneath the wat'ry main  
 When he sinks, would follow fain,  
 Follow fain from west to east,  
 And then from east to west again.

*Chorus.* Follow would from west to east,  
 And then from east to west again.

*Just.* He beckon'd us, and then again was gone ;  
Oh look ! under the tree there, Livia—  
Where he sits—reading—scholar-like indeed !—  
With the dark hair that was so white upon  
His shoulder—but how deadly pale his face !—  
And, statue-still-like, the quaint evergreen  
Up and about him creeps, as one has seen  
Round some old marble in a lonely place.

*Luc.* Ay, look on that—for, as the story runs,  
Ages ago, when all the world was young,  
That ivy was a nymph of Latium,  
Whose name was Hedera : so passing fair  
That all who saw fell doting on her ; but  
Herself so icy-cruel, that her heart  
Froze dead all those her eyes had set on fire.  
Whom the just God who walk'd that early world,  
By right-revenging metamorphosis  
Changed to a thing so abject-amorous,  
She grovels on the ground to catch at any  
Wither'd old trunk or sapling, in her way :  
So little loved as loathed, for strangling those  
Whom once her deadly-deathless arms enclose.

*Song.*

So for her who having lighted  
In another heart the fire,  
'Then shall leave it unrequited  
In its ashes to expire :  
After her that sacrifice  
Through the garden burns and cries ;  
In the sultry breathing air :  
In the flowers that turn and stare—  
'What has she to do among us,  
Falsely wise and frozen fair ?'

*Luc.* Listen, Justina, listen and beware.



*Just.* Again! That voice too?—But you know my father

Is ill—is in his chamber—

How sultry 'tis—the street is full and close—

Let us get home—why do they stare at us?

And murmur something—'Cipriano?—Where

'Is Cipriano?—lost to us—some say,

'And to himself,—self-slain—mad— Where is he?'

Alas, alas, I know not—

*Luc.*

Come and see—

*Justina* (*waking*). Mercy upon me! Who is this?

*Luc.*

Justina, your good angel,

Who, moved by your relenting to the sighs

Of one who lost himself for your disdain,

Will lead you to the cavern where he lies

Subsisting on the memory of your eyes—

*Just.* 'Twas all a dream!—

*Luc.*

That dreaming you fulfil.

*Just.* Oh, no, with all my waking soul renounce.

*Luc.*

But, dreaming or awake, the soul is one,  
And the deed purposed in Heaven's eyes is done.

*Just.* Oh Christ! I cannot argue—I can pray,  
Christ Jesus, oh, my Saviour, Jesu Christ!

Let not hell snatch away from Thee the soul

Thou gavest Thy life to save!—Livia!—Livia!

*Enter LIVIA.*

Where is my father? where am I? Oh, I know—

In my own chamber—and my father—oh!—

But, Livia, who was it that but now

Was here—here in my very chamber—

*Livia.*

Madam?

*Just.* You let none in? oh, no! I know it—but

Some one there was—here—now—as I cried out—  
A dark, strange figure—

*Livia.* My child, compose yourself ;  
No one has come, or gone, since you were laid  
In your noon-slumber. This was but a dream.  
The air is heavy ; and the melancholy  
You live alone with since your father's death—

*Just.* A dream, a dream indeed—oh Livia,  
That leaves his pressure yet upon my arm—  
And that without the immediate help of God  
I had not overcome—Oh, but the soul,  
The soul must be unsteady in the faith,  
So to be shaken even by a dream.  
Oh, were my father here ! But he's at rest—  
I know he is—upon his Saviour's breast ;  
And—who knows !—may have carried up my cries  
Ev'n to His ear upon whose breast he lies !  
Give me my mantle, Livia ; I'll to the church ;  
Where if but two or three are met in prayer  
Together, He has promised to be there—  
And I shall find Him.

*Livia.* Oh, take care, take care !  
You know the danger—in broad daylight too—  
Or take me with you.

*Just.* And endanger two ?  
Best serve us both by keeping close at home,  
Praying for me as I will pray for you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Entrance to the mountain cavern.*

CIPRIANO, *in a magician's dress, with wand, etc.*

What ! do the powers of earth, and air, and hell,  
Against their upstart emperor rebel ?

Lo, in obedience to the rubric dark  
The dusky cheek of earth with mystic mark  
Of pentagram and circle I have lined,  
And hung my fetters on the viewless wind,  
And yet the star of stars, for whose ascent  
I ransack all the lower firmament,  
In unapparent darkness lags behind :  
Whom once again with adjuration new  
Of all the spirits whom these signs subdue,  
Whether by land or water, night or day,  
Whether awake or sleeping, yea or nay,  
I summon now before me.—

*Enter slowly a veiled Figure of JUSTINA.*

*The Figure.*    What dark spell  
From the sequester'd sadness of my cell,  
Through the still garden, through the giddy street,  
And up the solitary mountain-side,  
Leads me with sleep-involuntary feet?—

*Cipr.* 'Tis she, as yet though clouded!—oh divine Justina!—

*The Figure.* Cipriano!—

*Cipr.* At last here,  
In such a chamber where ev'n Phœbus fails  
To pierce, and baffled breezes tell no tales,  
At last, to crown the labour of a year  
Of solitary toil and darkness—here !—  
And at a price beside—but none too dear—  
Oh year-long night well borne for such a day !  
Oh soul, for one such sense well sold away !  
Oh Now that makes for all the past amends,  
Oh moment that eternal life transcends  
To such a point of ecstasy, that just

About to reap the wishes that requite  
All woes—

*The Figure (unveiling a skull and vanishing as it speaks).*

Behold, the World and its delight  
Is dust and ashes, dust and ashes, dust—

*Cipr. (flinging down his wand).* Lucifer ! Lucifer !  
Lucifer !—

*Luc.* My son !

*Cipr.* Quick ! With a word—

*Luc.* How now ?—

*Cipr.* With a word—at once—

With all your might—

*Luc.* Well, what with it ?—

*Cipr.* The charm—

Shatter it ! shatter it, I say !—Is't done ?

Is't vanish'd—

*Luc.* What has thus unsensed you ?

*Cipr.* Oh !—

You know it—saw it—did it—

*Luc.* Come—be a man :

What, scared with a mere death's-head ?

*Cipr.* Death's, indeed !—

*Luc.* What was it more ?—

*Cipr.* Justina's seeming self—

After what solitary labour wrought,

And after what re-iterated charms,

Step by step here in all her beauty brought

Within the very circle of these arms,

Then to death's grisly lineaments resign'd

Slipp'd through them, and went wailing down the  
wind

'Ashes and dust and ashes'—

Nay, nay, pretend not that the fault was mine—  
The written incantation line by line  
I mutter'd, and the mystic figure drew ;  
You only are to blame—you only, you,  
Cajoling me, or by your own cajoled,  
Bringing me fleshless death for the warm life  
For which my own eternal life is sold.

*Luc.* You were too rash,—I warn'd you, and if  
not,

Who thinks at a first trial to succeed ?  
Another time—

*Cipr.* No, no ! No more of it !  
What, have I so long dabbled with the dead,  
That all I touch turns to corruption ?  
Was it indeed herself—her living self—  
Till underneath my deadly contact slain ;  
Or having died during the terrible year  
I have been living worse than dead with you,  
What I beheld not she, but what she was,  
Out of the tomb that only owns my spell  
Drawn into momentary lifeliness  
To mock me with the phantom of a beauty  
Whose lineaments the mere impalpable air  
Let in upon disfeatures—Was it she ?

*Luc.* She lives, and shall be yours.

*Cipr.* Not if herself,  
In more than all her living beauty breathing,  
Come to efface that deadly counterfeit.—  
Oh, what have I been doing all this while,  
From which I wake as from a guilty dream,  
But with my guilt's accomplice at my side  
To prove its terrible reality ?  
Where were my ears, my eyes, my senses ? where  
The mother-wit which serves the common boor,  
Not to resent that black academy,

Mess-mating with dead men and living fiends,  
And not to know no good could come of it?—  
My better self—the good that in me grew  
By nature, and by good instruction till'd,  
Under your shadow turn'd to poisonous weed ;  
And ev'n the darker art you bribed me with,  
To master, if by questionable ways,  
The power I sigh'd for in my better days,  
So little reaching to the promised height,  
As sinking me beneath the lowest fiend,  
Who, for the inestimable self I sold,  
Pays the false self you made me with false gold !

*Luc.* When will blind fury, falling foul of all,  
Light where it should ? Suppose a fault so far,  
As knowledge working through unpractised hands  
Might fail at first encounter ; all men know  
How a mere sand will check a vast machine ;  
And in these complicated processes  
An agency so insignificant  
As to be wholly overlook'd it was  
At the last moment foil'd us.

*Cipr.* But she lives !  
Lives—from your clutches saved, and saved from  
mine—

Ev'n from that only shadow of my guilt  
That could have touch'd her, saved—unguilty shame,  
That now is left with all the guilt to me.  
Oh that I knew a God in all the heavens  
To thank, or ev'n of Tartarus—ev'n thee,  
Thee would I bless, whatever power it be  
That with that shadow saved her, and mock'd me  
Back to my better senses. If not she,  
What was it ?

*Luc.* What you saw.

*Cipr.*

A phantom ?

*Luc.* Well,  
A phantom.  
*Cipr.* But how raised?  
*Luc.* What if by her?  
She is a sorcerer as her father was.

*Cipr.* A sorcerer! She a sorcerer! oh, black lie  
To whiten your defeat! and, were it true,  
Oh mighty doctor to be foil'd at last  
By a mere woman!—If a sorcerer,  
Then of a sort you deal not with, nor hell—  
And ev'n Olympus likes the sport too well—  
Raising a phantom not to draw me down  
To deeper sin, but with its ghastly face  
And hollow voice both telling of the tomb  
They came from, warning me of what complexion  
Were all the guilty wishes of this world.  
But let the phantom go where gone it is—  
Not of what mock'd me, but what saved herself,  
By whatsoever means—ay, what was it,  
That pitiful agency you told me of  
So insignificant, as overlook'd  
At the last moment thwarted us?

*Luc.* What matter?  
When now provided for, and which when told  
You know not—

*Cipr.* Which I will be told to know—  
For as one ris'n from darkness tow'rd the light,  
A veil seems clearing from before my sight—  
She is a sorcerer, and of the kind  
That old Lisandro died suspected of?—  
Oh cunning doctor, to outwit yourself,  
Outwitted as you have been, and shall be  
By him who if your devilish magic fail'd  
To teach its purposed mischief,  
Thus on his teacher turns it back in full

To force him to confess the counter-power  
That foil'd us both. (*He catches up his wand.*)

*Luc.* Poor creature that you are!  
Did not the master from his scholars hold  
One sleight of hand that masters all the rest,  
What magic needed to compel the devil  
To convict those who find him out too late?  
Yet to increase your wrath by leaving it  
Blind in the pit your guilt consigns you to,  
I shall not answer—

*Cipr.* Then if your own hell  
Cannot enforce you; by that Unknown Power  
That saved Justina from your fangs, although  
Yourself you cannot master, if you know,  
I charge you name him to me!—

*Luc.* (*after a great flash of lightning, and thunder.*)  
Jesus 'Christ!

*Cipr.* (*after a pause.*) Ev'n so!—Christ Jesus—  
Jesus Christ—the same

That poor Lisandro died suspected of,  
And I had heard and read of with the rest  
But to despise, in spite of all the blood  
By which the chosen few their faith confess'd—  
The prophet-carpenter of Nazareth,  
Poor, persecuted, buffeted, reviled,  
Spit upon, crown'd with thorns, and crucified  
With thieves—the Son of God—the Son of man,  
Whose shape He took to teach them how to live,  
And doff'd upon the cross to do away  
The sin and death you and your devil-deities  
Had heap'd on him from the beginning?

*Luc.* Yea!—

*Cipr.* Of the one sun of Deity one ray  
That was before the world was, and that made  
The world and all that is within it?



*Luc.* Yea !

*Cipr.* Eternal and Almighty then : and yet  
Infinite Centre as he is of all  
The all but infinite universe he made,  
With eyes to see me plotting, and with ear  
To hear one solitary creature pray,  
From one dark corner of his kingdom ?

*Luc.* Yea !

*Cipr.* All one, all when, all where, all good, all  
mighty,  
All eye, all ear, all self-integrity—  
Methinks this must be He of whom I read  
In Greek and Roman sages dimly guess'd,  
But never until now fully confess'd  
In this poor carpenter of Nazareth,  
With poor Justina for his confessor—  
And now by thee—by thee—once and again  
Spite of thyself—for answer me you must,  
Convicted at the bar of your own thunder—  
Is this the God for whom I sought so long  
In mine own soul and those of other men,  
Who from the world's beginning till to-day  
Groped or were lost in utter darkness ?

*Luc.* Yea !

*Cipr.* Enough ; and your confession shall be  
mine—

*Luc.* And to like purpose ; to believe, confess,  
And tremble, in the everlasting fire  
Prepared for all who Him against their will  
Confess, and in their deeds deny Him—

*Cipr.* Oh,  
Like a flogg'd felon after full confession  
Released at last !

*Luc.* To bind you mine for ever.

*Cipr.* Thine ! What art thou ?

*Luc.* The god whom you must worship.

*Cipr.* There is no God but one, whom you and I  
Alike acknowledge, as in Jesus Christ  
Reveal'd to man. What other god art thou?

*Luc.* Antichrist! He that all confessing Christ  
Confess; Satan, the Serpent, the first Tempter,  
Who tempted the first Father of mankind  
With the same offer to a like result  
That I have tempted thee with; yea, had power  
Even Him in His humanity to tempt,  
Though Him in vain; the god of this world; if  
False god, true devil; true angel as I was,  
Son of the morning, Lucifer, who fell  
(As first I told thee, had'st thou ears to hear)  
For my rebellion down from heaven to hell  
More terrible than any Tartarus,  
Where over those who fell with me I reign.  
Whom, though with them bound in the self-same  
chain

Of everlasting torment, God allows  
To reach my hands out of my prison-house  
On all who like me from their God rebel,  
As thou hast done.

*Cipr.* Not when for God I knew Him.

*Luc.* Ay, but who but for pride and lust like  
mine

Had known Him sooner—

*Cipr.* And had sooner known  
But for thy lying gods that shut Him out.

*Luc.* Which others much less wise saw through  
before.

*Cipr.* All happy they then! But all guilty I,  
Yet thus far guiltless of denying Him  
Whom even thou confessest.

*Luc.* But too late—

Already mine, if not so sworn before,  
Yet by this bond—

*Cipr.* For service unperform'd !  
But unperform'd, or done, and payment due,~  
I fling myself and all my debt on Him  
Who died to undertake them—

*Luc.* He is the Saviour of the innocent,  
Not of the guilty.

*Cipr.* Who alone need saving !

*Luc.* Damnation is the sinner's just award,  
And He is just.

*Cipr.* And being just, will not  
For wilful blindness tax the want of light :  
And All-good as Almighty, and therefore  
As merciful as just, will not renounce  
Ev'n the worst sinner who confesses Him,  
And testifies confession with his blood.  
Which, not to waste a moment's argument,  
Too like the old logic that I lost my life in,  
And hangs for ever dead upon the cross ;  
I will forthwith shout my confession,  
Into the general ear of Antioch,  
And from the evidence of thine own mouth,  
Not thee alone, but all thy lying gods,  
Convict ; and you convicting before God,  
Myself by man's tribunal judged and damn'd,  
Trust by my own blood mixing with the tide  
That flow'd for me from the Redeemer's side,  
From those few damning drops to wash me free  
That bound me thine for ever—

*Lucifer (seizing him).*

Take my answer—

*Cipriano (escaping).* Oh, Saviour of Justina, save  
Thou me !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Hall of Justice in Antioch.*

AURELIO, FABIO, SENATORS, *etc.*, just risen from  
Council.

*Aurelio.* You have done well indeed; the very  
Church

These Christians flock'd to for safe blasphemy  
Become the very net to catch them in.

How many, think you?

*Fabio.* Not so many, sir,

As some that are of the most dangerous.

*Aur.* Among the rest this girl, Lisandro's daughter,  
As you and I know, Fabio, to our cost :  
But now convicted and condemn'd is safe  
From troubling us or Antioch any more.  
Come, such good service asks substantial thanks ;  
What shall it be?

*Fabio.* No other, if you please,  
Than my son Floro's liberation,  
Whom not without good reason for so long  
You keep under the city's lock and key.

*Aur.* As my own Lelio, and for a like cause ;  
Who both distracted by her witchery  
Turn'd from fast friends to deadly enemies,  
And, in each other's lives, so aim'd at ours.  
But no more chance of further quarrel now  
For one whom Death anticipates for bride  
Ere they again gird weapon at their side,  
Set them both free forthwith.— [*Exit FABIO.*  
This cursèd woman whose fair face and foul  
Behaviour was the city's talk and trouble,  
Now proved a sorceress, is well condemn'd ;

Not only for my sake and Fabio's,  
But for all Antioch, whose better youth  
She might, like ours, have carried after her  
Through lust and duel into blasphemy.

*Re-enter FABIO with LELIO and FLORO.*

*Lelio.* Once more, sir, at you feet—

*Aur.* Up, both of you.

Floro and Lelio, you understand  
What I have done was of no testy humour,  
But for three several sakes—  
Your own, your fathers', and the city's peace.  
Henceforward, by this seasonable use  
Of public law for private purpose check'd,  
Your fiery blood to better service turn.  
Take hands, be friends; the cause of quarrel gone—

*Lelio.* The cause of quarrel gone!—

*Aur.* Be satisfied;

You will know better by and bye; meanwhile  
Taking upon my word that so it is;  
Which were it not indeed, you were not here  
To doubt.

*Floro (aside).* Oh flimsy respite of revenge!—

*Aur.* And now the business of the day well  
crown'd

With this so happy reconciliation,  
You and I, Fabio, to our homes again,  
Our homes once more, replenish'd with the peace  
We both have miss'd so long.—What noise is that?

*(Cries without.)* Stop him! A madman! Stop  
him!—

*Aur.* What is it, Fabio?

*Fabio.* One like mad indeed,  
In a strange garb, with flaring eyes, and hair

That streams behind him as he flies along,  
Dragging a cloud of rabble after him.

*Aur.* This is no place for either—shut the doors,  
And post the soldiers to keep peace without—

(*Cries without.*) Stop him!

*Floro and Lelio.*

'Tis Cipriano!—

*Aur.*

Cipriano!—

*Enter CIPRIANO.*

*Cipriano.* Ay, Cipriano, Cipriano's self,  
Heretofore mad as you that call him so,  
Now first himself.—Noble Aurelio,  
Who sway'st the sword of Rome in Antioch  
And you, companions of my youthful love  
And letters; you grave senate ranged above;  
And you whose murmuring multitude below  
Do make the marble hall of justice rock  
From base to capital—hearken unto me:  
Yes, I am Cipriano: I am he  
So long and strangely lost, now strangely found—  
The famous doctor of your schools, renown'd  
Not Antioch only but the world about  
For learning's prophet-paragon forsooth;  
Who long pretending to provide the truth  
For other men in fields where never true  
Wheat, but a crop of mimic darnel grew,  
Reap'd nothing for himself but doubt, doubt, doubt.  
Then 'twas that looking with despair and ruth  
Over the blasted harvest of my youth,  
I saw Justina: saw, and put aside  
The barren Pallas for a mortal bride  
Divinelier fair than she is feign'd to be:  
But in whose deep-entempled chastity,  
'That look'd down holy cold upon my fire,

Lived eyes that but re-doubled vain desire.  
Till this new passion, that more fiercely prey'd  
Upon the wither'd spirit of dismay'd  
Ambition, swiftly by denial blew  
To fury that, transcending all control,  
I made away the ruin of my soul  
To one whom no chance tempest at my feet  
In the mid tempest of temptation threw.  
Who blinding me with the double deceit  
Of loftier aspiration and more low  
Than mortal or immortal man should owe  
Fulfill'd for me, myself for his I bound ;  
With him and death and darkness closeted  
In yonder mountain, while about its head  
The sun his garland of the seasons wound,  
In the dark school of magic I so read,  
And wrought to such a questionable power  
The black forbidden art I travail'd in,  
That though the solid mountain from his base  
With all his forest I might counterplace,  
I could not one sweet solitary flower  
Of beauty to my magic passion win,  
Because her God was with her in that hour  
To guard her virtue more than mountain-fast :  
That only God, whom all my learning past  
Fail'd to divine, but from the very foe  
That would have kept Him from me come to know  
I come to you, to witness and make known :  
One God, eternal, absolute, alone ;  
Of whom Christ Jesus—Jesus Christ, I say—  
And, Antioch, open all your ears to-day—  
Of that one Godhead one authentic ray,  
Vizor'd awhile his Godhead in man's make,  
Man's sin and death upon Himself to take ;  
For man made man ; by man unmade and slain

Upon the cross that for mankind He bore—  
Dead—buried—and in three days ris'n again  
To His hereditary glory, bearing  
All who with Him on earth His sorrow sharing  
With Him shall dwell in glory evermore.  
And all the gods I worship'd heretofore,  
And all that you now worship and adore,  
From thundering Zeus to cloven-footed Pan,  
But lies and idols, by the hand of man  
Of brass and stone—fit emblems as they be,  
With ears that hear not ; eyes that cannot see ;  
And multitude where only One can be—  
From man's own lewd imagination built ;  
By that same devyl held to that old guilt  
Who tempted me to new. To whom indeed  
If with my sin and blood myself I fee'd  
For ever his—that bond of sin and blood  
I trust to cancel in the double flood  
Of baptism past, and the quick martyrdom  
To which with this confession I am come.  
Oh delegate of Cæsar to devour  
The little flock of Jesus Christ ! Behold  
One lost sheep just admitted to the fold  
Through the pure stream that rolling down the same  
Mountain in which I sinn'd, and as I came  
By holy hands administer'd, to-day  
Shall wash the mountain of my sin away.  
Lo, here I stand for judgment ; by the blow  
Of sudden execution, or such slow  
Death as the devil shall, to maintain his lies,  
By keeping life alive in death, devise.  
Hack, rack, dismember, burn—or crucify,  
Like Him who died to find me ; Him that I  
Will die to find ; for whom, with whom, to die  
Is life ; and life without, and all his lust,



But dust and ashes, dust and ashes, dust—

*(He falls senseless to the ground.)*

*Aurelio (after a long pause).* So public and  
audacious blasphemy

Demands as instant vengeance. Wretched man,  
Arise and hear your sentence—

*Lelio.* Oh, sir, sir!

You speak to ice and marble—Cipriano!

Oh look'd for long, and best for ever lost!

But he is mad—he knows not what he says—

You would not, surely, on a madman visit

What only sane confession makes a crime?

*Aur.* I never know how far such blasphemy,  
Which seems to spread like wild-fire in the world,

Be fault or folly: only this I know,

I dare not disobey the stern decree

That Cæsar makes my office answer for.

Especially when one is led away

Of such persuasion and authority,

Still drawing after him the better blood

Of Antioch, to better or to worse.

*Lelio.* Cipriano! Cipriano!. Yet, pray the gods  
He be past hearing me!

*Fabio (to Aurelio).* Sir, in your ear—

Justina's hour is come; and through the room

Where she was doom'd, she passes to her doom.

*Aur.* Let us be gone; they must not look on her

Nor know she is to die until 'to die'

Be past predicament. Here let her wait,

Till he she drew along with her to sin

Revive to share with her its punishment.

Come, Lelio—come, Floro—be assured

I loved and honour'd this man as yourselves

Have honour'd him—but now—

*Lelio.*

Nay, sir, but—

*Aur.*

Nay,

Not I, but Cæsar, Lelio. Come away.

*[Exeunt. Then JUSTINA is brought in by soldiers, and left alone.]**Just.* All gone—all silence—and the sudden stroke,

Whose only mercy I besought, delay'd  
To make my pang the fiercer.—What is here?—  
Dead?—By the doom perhaps I am to die,  
And laid across the threshold of the road  
To trip me up with terror—Yet not so,  
If but the life, once lighted here, has flown  
Up to the living Centre that my own  
Now trembles to!—God help him, breathing still?—  
—Cipriano!—

*Cipr.*

Ay, I am ready—I can rise—

Is my time come?—Oh, God!

Have I repented and confess'd too late,  
And this terrible witness of my crime  
Stands at the door of death from which it came  
To draw me deeper—

*Just.*

Cipriano!

*Cipr.*

Yet

Not yet disfeatured—nor the voice—

Oh, if not *That*—this time unsummon'd—come  
To take me with you where I raised you from—  
Once more—once more—assure me!—

*Justina (taking his hand).*

Cipriano!—

*Cipr.* And this, too, surely, is a living hand:  
Though cold, oh, cold indeed—but yet, but yet,  
Not dust and ashes, dust and ashes—

*Just.*

No—

But soon to be—

*Cipr.*

But soon—but soon to be—

But not as then?—

*Just.* I understand you not—

*Cipr.* I scarce myself—I must have been asleep—  
But now not dreaming?

*Just.* No, not dreaming.

*Cipr.* No—

This is the judgment-hall of Antioch,  
In which—I scarcely mind how long ago—  
Is sentence pass'd on me?—

*Just.* This is indeed  
The judgment-hall of Antioch; but why  
You here, and what the judgment you await,  
I know not—

*Cipr.* No.—But stranger yet to me  
Why you yourself, Justina,—Oh my God!—  
What, all your life long giving God his due,  
Is treason unto Cæsar?—

*Just.* Ay, Cipriano—  
Against his edict having crept inside  
God's fold with that good Shepherd for my guide,  
My Saviour Jesus Christ!

*Cipr.* My Saviour too,  
And Shepherd—oh, the only good and true  
Shepherd and Saviour—

*Just.* You confess Him! *You*  
Confess Him, Cipriano!

*Cipr.* With my blood:  
Which being all to that confession pledged,  
Now waits but to be paid.

*Just.* Oh, we shall die,  
And go to heaven together!

*Cipr.* Amen! Amen!—  
And yet—

*Just.* You do not fear—and yet no shame—  
What I have faced so long, that present dread  
Is almost lost in long anticipation—

*Cipr.* I fear not for this mortal. Would to God  
This guilty blood by which in part I trust  
To pay the forfeit of my soul with Heaven  
Would from man's hand redeem the innocence  
That such atonement needs not.

*Just.* Oh, to all  
One faith and one atonement—

*Cipr.* But if both,  
If both indeed must perish by the doom  
That one deserves and cries for—Oh, Justina,  
Who upward ever with the certain step  
Of faith hast follow'd unrepress'd by sin ;  
Now that thy foot is almost on the floor  
Of heaven, pray Him who opens thee the door,  
Let with thee one repenting sinner in !

*Just.* What more am I ? And were I close to Him  
As he upon whose breast he lean'd on here,  
No intercessor but Himself between  
Himself and the worst sinner of us all—  
If but repenting we believe in Him.

*Cipr.* I do believe—I do repent—my faith  
Have sign'd in water, and will seal in blood—

*Just.* I have no other hope, but, in that, all.

*Cipr.* Oh hope that almost is accomplishment,  
Believing all with nothing to repent !

*Just.* Oh, none so good as not to need—so bad  
As not to find, His mercy. If you doubt  
Because of your long dwelling in the darkness  
To which the light was folly—oh 'twas shown  
To the poor shepherd long before the wise ;  
And if to me, as simple—oh, not mine,  
Not mine, oh God ! the glory—nor ev'n theirs  
From whom I drew it, and—Oh, Cipriano,  
Methinks I see them bending from the skies  
To take me up to them !

*Cipr.* Whither could I  
But into heaven's remotest corner creep,  
Where I might only but discern thee, lost  
With those you love in glory—

*Just.* Hush! hush! hush!  
These are wild words—if I so speak to one  
So wise, while I am nothing—  
But as you know—Oh, do not think of me,  
But Him, into whose kingdom all who come  
Are as His angels—

*Cipr.* Ay, but to come there!—  
Where if all intercession, even thine,  
Be vain—you say so—yet before we pass  
The gate of death together, as we shall,—  
If then to part—for ever, and for ever—  
Unless with your forgiveness—

*Just.* I forgive!  
Still I, and I, again! Oh, Cipriano,  
Pardon and intercession both alike  
With Him alone; and had I to forgive—  
Did not He pray upon the cross for those  
Who slew Him—as I hope to do on mine  
For mine—He bids us bless our enemies  
And persecutors; which I think, I think,  
You were not, Cipriano—why do you shudder?—  
Save in pursuit of that—if vain to me,  
Now you know all—

*Cipr.* I now know all—but you  
Not that, which asking your forgiveness for,  
I dare not name to you, for fear the hand  
I hold as anchor-fast to, break away,  
And I drive back to hell upon a blast  
That roar'd behind me to these very doors,  
But stopt—ev'n in the very presence stopt,  
That most condemns me his.

*Just.* Alas, alas,  
Again all wild to me. The time draws short—  
Look not to me, but Him tow'rd whom alone  
Sin is, and pardon comes from—

*Cipr.* Oh, Justina,  
You know not how enormous is my sin—

*Just.* I know, not as His mercy infinite.

*Cipr.* To Him—to thee—to Him through thee—

*Just.* 'Tis written,  
Not all the sand of ocean, nor the stars  
Of heaven so many as His mercies are.

*Cipr.* What! ev'n for one who, mad with pouring  
vows

Into an unrelenting human ear,  
Gave himself up to Antichrist—the Fiend—  
Though then for such I knew him not—to gain  
By darkness all that love had sought in vain!  
—Speak to me—if but that hereafter I  
Shall never, never, hear your voice again—  
Speak to me—

*Just.* (after a long pause). By the Saviour on His  
cross

A sinner hung who but at that last hour  
Cried out to be with Him; and was with Him  
In Paradise ere night.

*Cipr.* But was his sin  
As mine enormous?—

*Just.* Shall your hope be less,  
Offering yourself for Christ's sake on that cross  
Which the other only suffer'd for his sin?  
Oh, when we come to perish, side by side,  
Look but for Him between us crucified,  
And call to Him for mercy; and, although  
Scarlet, your sin shall be as white as snow!

*Cipr.* Ev'n as you speak, yourself, though yet yourself,

In that full glory that you saw reveal'd  
With those you love transfigured, and your voice  
As from immeasurable altitude  
Descending, tell me that, my shame and sin  
Quench'd in the death that opens wide to you  
The gate, ev'n this great sinner shall pass through,  
With Him, with them, with thee !—

*Just.*

Glory to God !—

Oh blest assurance on the very verge  
That death is swallow'd up in victory !  
And hark ! the step of death is at the door—  
Courage !—Almighty God through Jesus Christ  
Pardon your sins and mine, and as a staff  
Guide and support us through the terrible pass  
That leads us to His rest !—

*Cipr.*

My own beloved !

Whose hand—Oh let it be no sin to say it !—  
Is as the staff that God has put in mine—  
To lead me through the shadow—yet ev'n now—  
Ev'n now—at this last terrible moment—  
Which, to secure my being with thee, thee  
Forbids to stand between my Judge and me,  
And in a few more moments, soul and soul  
May read each other as an open scroll—  
Yet, wilt thou yet believe me not so vile  
To thee, to Him who made thee what thou art,  
Till desperation of the only heart  
I ever sigh'd for, by I knew not then  
How just alienation, drove me down  
To that accursèd thing ?

*Just.*

My Cipriano !

Dost thou remember, in the lighter hour—  
Then when my heart, although you saw it not,  
All the while yearn'd to thee across the gulf  
That yet it dared not pass—my telling thee

That only Death, which others disunites,  
Should ever make us one? Behold! and now  
The hour is come, and I redeem my vow.

---

*(Here the play may finish: but for any one who  
would follow Calderon to the end,—*

*Enter FABIO with Guard, who lead away CIPRIANO  
and JUSTINA. Manent EUSEBIO, JULIAN, and  
Citizens.)*

*Citizen 1.* Alas! alas! alas! So young a pair!  
And one so very wise!

*Cit. 2.* And one so fair!

*Cit. 3.* And both as calmly walking to their death  
As others to a marriage festival.

*Julian.* Looking as calm, at least, Eusebio,  
As when, do you remember, at the last  
Great festival of Zeus, we left him sitting  
Upon the hill-side with his books?

*Eusebio.* I think  
Almost the last we saw of him: so soon,  
Flinging his studies and his scholars by,  
He went away into that solitude  
Which ended in this madness, and now death  
With her he lost his wits for.

*Cit. 1.* And has found  
In death whom living he pursued in vain.

*Cit. 2.* And after death, as they believe; and so  
Thus cheerfully to meet it, if the scaffold  
Divorce them to eternal union.

*Cit. 3.* Strange that so wise a man  
Should fall into so fond a superstition  
Which none but ignorance has taken up.



*Cit.* 1. Oh, love, you know, like time works wonders.

*Eusebio.*

Well—

Antioch will never see so great a scholar.

*Julian.* Nor we so courteous a Professor—  
I would not see my dear old master die  
Were all the wits he lost my legacy.

*Citizens talking.*

One says that, as they went out hand in hand,  
He saw a halo like about the moon  
About their head, and moving as they went.

— I saw it—

—

Fancy! fancy!—

—

Any how,  
They leave it very dark behind them—Thunder!

— They talk of madness and of blasphemy;  
Neither of these, I think, looking much guilty.

— And he, at any rate, I still maintain,  
Least like to be deluded by the folly  
For which the new religion is condemn'd.

— Before his madness, certainly: but love  
First crazed him, as I told you.

—

Well, if mad,

How guilty?

— Hush! hush! These are dangerous words.

— Be not you bitten by this madness, neighbour.

Rome's arm is long.

—

Ay, and some say her ears.

— Then, ev'n if bitten, bark not—Thunder  
again!

— And what unnatural darkness!

—

Well—a storm—

— They say, you know, he was a sorcerer—  
 Indeed we saw the mystic dress he wore  
 All wrought with figures of astrology ;  
 Nay, he confess'd himself as much ; and now  
 May raise a storm to save—

— There was a crash !

— A bolt has fallen somewhere—the walls  
 shake—

— And the ground under—

— Save us, Zeus—

*Voices.* Away—

The roof is falling in upon us—

*(The wall at the back falls in, and discovers a scaffold  
 with CIPRIANO and JUSTINA dead, and LUCIFER  
 above them.)*

*Lucifer.*

Stay !—

And hearken to what I am doom'd to tell.  
 I am the mighty minister of hell  
 You mis-call heaven, and of the hellish crew  
 Of those false gods you worship for the True ;  
 Who, to revenge *her* treason to the blind  
 Idolatry that has hoodwinkt mankind,  
 And *his*, whose halting wisdom after-knew  
 What her diviner virtue fore-divined,  
 By devilish plot and artifices thought  
 Each of them by the other to have caught ;  
 But, thwarted by superior will, those eyes  
 That, by my fuel fed, had been a flame  
 To light them both to darkness down, became  
 As stars to lead together to the skies,  
 By such a doom as expiates his sin,  
 And her pure innocence lets sooner in  
 To that eternal bliss where, side by side,  
 They reign at His right hand for whom they died.

While I, convicted in my own despite  
Thus to bear witness to the eternal light  
Of which I lost, and they have won the crown,  
Plunge to my own eternal darkness down.

HÚNDESE.

SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE  
MADE OF

A DRAMA

TAKEN FROM

CALDERON'S "LA VIDA ES SUEÑO"

---

For Calderon's Drama sufficient would seem  
The title he chose for it—"Life is a Dream ;"  
Two words of the motto now filch'd are enough  
For the impudent mixture they label—"Such stuff !"

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BASILIO	.	.	<i>King of Poland.</i>
SEGISMUND	.	.	<i>his Son.</i>
ASTOLFO	.	.	<i>his Nephew.</i>
ESTRELLA	.	.	<i>his Niece.</i>
}			
CLOTALDO	.	.	<i>a General in Basilio's Service.</i>
ROSAURA	.	.	<i>a Muscovite Lady.</i>
FIFE	.	.	<i>her Attendant.</i>

CHAMBERLAIN, LORDS IN WAITING, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS,  
ETC., IN BASILIO'S SERVICE.

---

*The Scene of the first and third Acts lies on the Polish  
frontier: of the second Act, in Warsaw.*

# SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS ARE MADE OF

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A pass of rocks, over which a storm is rolling away, and the sun setting: in the foreground, half-way down, a fortress.*

*Enter first from the topmost rock ROSAURA, as from horse-back, in man's attire; and, after her, FIFE.<sup>1</sup>*

*Rosaura.* There, four-footed Fury, blast-  
-engender'd brute, without the wit  
Of brute, or mouth to match the bit  
Of man—art satisfied at last?  
Who, when thunder roll'd aloof,  
Tow'rd the spheres of fire your ears

<sup>1</sup> As this version of Calderon's drama is not for acting, a higher and wider mountain-scene than practicable may be imagined for Rosaura's descent in the first Act and the soldiers' ascent in the last. The bad watch kept by the sentinels who guarded their state-prisoner, together with much else (not all!) that defies sober sense in this wild drama, I must leave Calderon to answer for; whose audience were not critical of detail and probability, so long as a good story, with strong, rapid, and picturesque action and situation, was set before them.

Pricking, and the granite kicking  
 Into lightning with your hoof,  
 Among the tempest-shatter'd crags  
 Shattering your luckless rider  
 Back into the tempest pass'd?

There then lie to starve and die,

~~Or find another Phaeton~~

Mad-mettled as yourself; for I,  
 Wearied, worried, and for-done,  
 Alone will down the mountain try,  
 That knits his brows against the sun.

*Fife (as to his mule).* There, thou mis-begotten

~~thing,~~

Long-ear'd lightning, tail'd tornado,

Griffin-hoof-in hurricano,—

(I might swear till I were almost

Hoarse with roaring Asonante)

Who forsooth because your betters

Would begin to kick and fling—

You forthwith your noble mind

Must prove, and kick me off behind,

Tow'rd the very centre whither

Gravity was most inclined.

There where you have made your bed

In it lie; for, wet or dry,

Let what will for me betide you,

Burning, blowing, freezing, hailing;

Famine waste you: devil ride you:

Tempest baste you black and blue:—

(*To Rosaura.*) There! I think in downright  
 railing.

I can hold my own with you.

*Ros.* Ah, my good Fife, whose merry loyal pipe,

Come weal, come woe, is never out of tune—

What, you in the same plight too?

*Fife.*

Ay ;

And madam—sir—hereby desire,  
 When you your own adventures sing  
 Another time in lofty rhyme,  
 You don't forget the trusty squire  
 Who went with you Don-quixoting.

*Ros.* Well, my good fellow—to leave Pegasus,  
 Who scarce can serve us than our horses worse—  
 They say no one should rob another of  
 The single satisfaction he has left

Of singing his own sorrows ; one so great,  
 So says some great philosopher, that trouble  
 Were worth encount'ring only for the sake  
 Of weeping over—what perhaps you know  
 Some poet calls the 'luxury of woe.'

*Fife.* Had I the poet or philosopher  
 In place of her that kick'd me off to ride,  
 I'd test his theory upon his hide.

But no bones broken, madam—sir, I mean?—

*Ros.* A scratch here that a handkerchief will heal—  
 And you?—

*Fife.* A scratch in *quiddity*, or kind:  
 But not in 'quo'—my wounds are all behind.  
 But, as you say, to stop this strain,  
 Which, somehow, once one's in the vein,  
 Comes clattering after—there again!—  
 What are we twain—deuce take't!—we two,  
 I mean, to do—drench'd through and through—  
 Oh, I shall choke of rhymes, which I believe  
 Are all that we shall have to live on here.

*Ros.* What, is our victual gone too?—

*Fife.* Ay, that brute  
 Has carried all we had away with her,  
 Clothing, and cate, and all.

*Ros.* And now the sun,



Our only friend and guide, about to sink  
Under the stage of earth.

*Fife.* And enter Night,  
With Capa y Espada—and—pray heaven!—  
With but her lanthorn also. *refs to the ar*

*Ros.* Ah, I doubt

To-night, if any, with a dark one—or  
Almost burnt out after a month's consumption.)  
Well! well or ill, on horseback or afoot,  
This is the gate that lets me into Poland;  
And, sorry welcome as she gives a guest  
Who writes his own arrival on her rocks  
In his own blood—  
Yet better on her stony threshold die,  
Than live on unrevenged in Muscovy.

*Fife.* Oh what a soul some women have—I mean,  
Some men—

*Ros.* Oh, Fife, Fife, as you love me, Fife,  
Make yourself perfect in that little part,  
Or all will go to ruin!

*Fife.* Oh, I will,  
Please God we find some one to try it on.  
But, truly, would not any one believe  
Some fairy had exchanged us as we lay  
Two tiny foster-children in one cradle?

*Ros.* Well, be that as it may, Fife, it reminds me  
Of what perhaps I should have thought before,  
But better late than never—You know I love you,  
As you, I know, love me, and loyally  
Have follow'd me thus far in my wild venture:  
Well! now then—having seen me safe thus far—  
Safe if not wholly sound—over the rocks  
Into the country where my business lies—  
Why should not you return the way we came,  
The storm all clear'd away, and, leaving me

(Who now shall want you, though not thank you, less,  
Now that our horses gone) this side the ridge,  
Find your way back to dear old home again ;  
While I—Come, come !—  
What, weeping, my poor fellow ?—

*Fife.* Leave you here  
Alone—my Lady—Lord ! I mean my Lord—  
In a strange country—among savages—  
Oh, now I know—you would be rid of me  
For fear my stumbling speech—

*Ros.* Oh, no, no, no !—  
I want you with me for a thousand sakes .  
To which that is as nothing—I myself  
More apt to let the secret out myself  
Without your help at all—Come, come, cheer up !  
And if you sing again, '~~Come weal, come woe,~~'  
Let it be that ; for we will never part  
Until you give the signal.

*Fife.* 'Tis a bargain.  
\* *Ros.* Now to begin, then. 'Follow, follow me,  
'You fairy elves that be.'

*Fife.* Ay, and go on—  
Something of 'following darkness like a dream,'  
For that we're after.

*Ros.* No, after the sun ;  
Trying to catch hold of his glittering skirts  
That hang upon the mountain as he goes.

*Fife.* Ah, he's himself past catching—as you spoke  
He heard what you were saying, and—just so—  
Like some scared water-bird,  
As we say in my country, *dōve* below.

*Ros.* Well, we must follow him as best we may.  
Poland is no great country, and, as rich  
In men and means, will but few acres spare  
To lie beneath her barrier mountains bare.

We cannot, I believe, be very far  
From mankind or their dwellings.

*Fife.*

Send it so !

And well provided for man, woman, and beast.  
No, not for beast. Ah, but my heart begins \*  
To yearn for her—

*Ros.*

Keep close, and keep your feet  
From serving you as hers did.

*Fife.*

As for beasts,

If in default of other entertainment,  
We should provide them with ourselves to eat—  
Bears, lions, wolves—

*Ros.*

Oh, never fear.

*Fife.*

Or else,

Default of other ~~beasts~~ <sup>manly</sup> beastlier men,  
Cannibals, Anthropophagi, bare Poles  
Who never knew a tailor but by taste.

*Ros.* Look, look ! Unless my fancy misconceive  
With twilight—down among the rocks there, Fife—  
Some human dwelling, surely—  
Or think you but a rock torn from the rocks  
In some convulsion like to-day's, and perch'd  
Quaintly among them in mock-masonry ?

*Fife.* Most likely that, I doubt.

*Ros.*

No, no—for look !

A square of darkness opening in it—

*Fife.*

Oh,

I don't half like such openings !—

*Ros.*

Like the loom  
Of night from which she spins her outer gloom—

*Fife.* Lord, Madam, pray forbear this tragic vein

In such a time and place—

*Ros.*

And now again

Within that square of darkness, look ! a light  
That feels its way with hesitating !

As we do, through the darkness that it drives  
To blacken into deeper night beyond.

*Fife.* In which could we follow that light's example,  
As might some English Bardolph with his nose,  
We might defy the sunset—Hark, a chain!

*Ros.* And now a lamp, a lamp! And now the  
hand  
That carries it.

*Fife.* Oh, Lord! that dreadful chain!

*Ros.* And now the bearer of the lamp; indeed  
As strange as any in Arabian tale,  
So giant-like, and terrible, and grand,  
Spite of the skin he's wrapt in.

*Fife.* Why, 'tis his own:  
Oh, 'tis some wild man of the woods; I've heard  
They build and carry torches—

*Ros.* Never Ape  
Bore such a brow before the heavens as that—  
Chain'd as you say too!—

*Fife.* Oh, that dreadful chain!

*Ros.* And now he sets the lamp down by his side,  
And with one hand clench'd in his tangled hair  
And with a sigh as if his heart would break—

[*During this SEGISMUND has entered from  
the fortress, with a torch.*

*Segismund.* Once more the storm has roar'd itself  
away,

Splitting the crags of God as it retires;  
But sparing still what it should only blast,  
This guilty piece of human handiwork,  
And all that are within it. Oh, how oft,  
How oft, within or here abroad, have I  
Waited, and in the whisper of my heart  
Pray'd for the slanting hand of heaven to strike  
The blow myself I dared not, out of fear

"SUCH STUFF AS,"

Of that Hereafter, worse, they say, than here,  
Plunged headlong in, but, till dismissal waited,  
To wipe at last all sorrow from men's eyes,  
And make this heavy dispensation clear.  
Thus have I borne till now, and still endure,  
Crouching in sullen impotence day by day,  
Till some such out-burst of the elements  
Like this rouses the sleeping fire within;  
And standing thus upon the threshold of  
Another night about to close the door  
Upon one wretched day to open it  
On one yet wretcheder because one more;—  
Once more, you savage heavens, I ask of you—  
I, looking up to those relentless eyes  
That, now the greater lamp is gone below,  
Begin to muster in the listening skies;  
In all the shining circuits you have gone  
About this theatre of human woe,  
What greater sorrow have you gazed upon  
Than down this narrow chink you witness still;  
And which, did you yourselves not fore-devise,  
You register'd for others to fulfil!

*Fife.* This is some Laureate at a birth-day ode;  
No wonder we went rhyming.

*Ros.* Hush! And now  
See, starting to his feet, he strides about  
Far as his tether'd steps—

*Seg.* And if the chain  
You help'd to rivet round me did contract  
Since guiltless infancy from guilt in act;  
Of what in aspiration or in thought  
Guilty, but in resentment of the wrong  
That wrecks revenge on wrong I never wrought  
By excommunication from the free  
Inheritance that all created life,

Beside myself, is born to—from the wings  
That range your own immeasurable blue,  
Down to the poor, mute, scale-imprison'd things,  
That yet are free to wander, glide, and pass  
About that under-sapphire, whereinto  
Yourselves transfusing you yourselves englass !

*Ros.* What mystery is this ?

*Fife.*

Why, the man's mad :

That's all the mystery. That's why he's chain'd—  
And why—

*Seg.* Nor Nature's guiltless life alone—

But that which lives on blood and rapine ; nay,  
Charter'd with larger liberty to slay  
Their guiltless kind, the tyrants of the air  
Soar zenith-upward with their screaming prey,  
Making pure heaven drop blood upon the stage  
Of under earth, where lion, wolf, and bear,  
And they that on their treacherous velvet wear  
Figure and constellation like your own,<sup>1</sup>  
With their still living slaughter bound away  
Over the barriers of the mountain cage,  
Against which one, blood-guiltless, and endued  
With aspiration and with aptitude  
Transcending other creatures, day by day  
Beats himself mad with unavailing rage !

*Fife.* Why, that must be the meaning of my mule's  
Rebellion—

*Ros.*

Hush !

*Seg.*

But then if murder be  
The law by which not only conscience-blind  
Creatures, but man too prospers with his kind ;

<sup>1</sup> ' Some report that they '—(panthers)—' have one marke on the shoulders resembling the moone, growing and decreasing as she doth, sometimes showing a full compasse, and otherwhiles hollowed and pointed with tips like the hornes.'—*Philemon Holland's Pliny*, b. viii. c. 17.

Who leaving all his guilty fellows free,  
Under your fatal auspice and divine  
Compulsion, leagued in some mysterious ban—  
Against one innocent and helpless man,  
Abuse their liberty to murder mine :  
And sworn to silence, like their masters mute  
In heaven, and like them twining through the mask  
Of darkness, answering to all I ask,  
Point up to them whose work they execute !

*Ros.* Ev'n as I thought, some poor unhappy  
wretch,  
By man wrong'd, wretched, unrevenged, as I !  
Nay, so much worse than I, as by those chains  
Clipt of the means of self-revenge on those  
Who lay on him what they deserve. And I,  
Who taunted Heaven a little while ago  
With pouring all its wrath upon my head—  
Alas ! like him who caught the cast-off husk  
Of what another bragg'd of feeding on,  
Here's one that from the refuse of my sorrows  
Could gather all the banquet he desires !  
Poor soul, poor soul !

*Fife.* Speak lower—he will hear you.

*Ros.* And if he should, what then ? Why, if he  
would,  
He could not harm me—Nay, and if he could,  
Methinks I'd venture something of a life  
I care so little for—

*Seg.* Who's that ? Clotaldo ? Who are you, I  
say,  
That, venturing in these forbidden rocks,  
Have lighted on my miserable life,  
And your own death ?

*Ros.* You would not hurt me, surely ?

*Seg.* Not I ; but those that, iron as the chain

In which they slay me with a lingering death,  
Will slay you with a sudden—Who are you?

*Ros.* A stranger from across the mountain there,  
Who, having lost his way in this strange land  
And coming night, drew hither to what seem'd  
A human dwelling hidden in these rocks,  
And where the voice of human sorrow soon  
Told him it was so.

*Seg.* Ay? But nearer—nearer—  
That by this smoky supplement of day  
But for a moment I may see who speaks  
So pitifully sweet.

*Fife.* Take care! take care!

*Ros.* Alas, poor man, that I, myself so helpless,  
Could better help you than by barren pity,  
And my poor presence—

*Seg.* Oh, might that be all!  
But that—a few poor moments—and, alas!  
The very bliss of having, and the dread  
Of losing, under such a penalty  
As every moment's having runs more near,  
Stifles the very utterance and resource  
They cry for quickest; till from sheer despair  
Of holding thee, methinks myself would tear  
To pieces—

*Fife.* There, his word's enough for it.

*Seg.* Oh, think, if you who move about at will,  
And live in sweet communion with your kind,  
After an hour lost in these lonely rocks  
Hunger and thirst after some human voice  
To drink, and human face to feed upon;  
What must one do where all is mute, or harsh,  
And ev'n the naked face of cruelty  
Were better than the mask it works beneath?—  
Across the mountain then! Across the mountain!



What if the next world which they tell one of  
Be only next across the mountain then,  
Though I must never see it till I die,  
And you one of its angels?

*Ros.*

Alas! alas!

'No angel! And the face you think so fair,  
'Tis but the dismal frame-work of these rocks  
That makes it seem so; and the world I come from—  
Alas, alas, too many faces there  
Are but fair vizors to black hearts below,  
Or only serve to bring the wearer woe!  
But to yourself—If haply the redress  
That I am here upon may help to yours.  
I heard you tax the heavens with ordering,  
And men for executing, what, alas!  
I now behold. But why, and who they are  
Who do, and you who suffer—

*Seg. (pointing upwards).* Ask of them,  
Whom, as to-night, I have so often ask'd,  
And ask'd in vain.

*Ros.*

But surely, surely—

*Seg.*

Hark!

The trumpet of the watch to shut us in.  
Oh, should they find you!—Quick! Behind the  
rocks!  
To-morrow—if to-morrow—

*Ros. (flinging her sword toward him).* Take my  
sword!

ROSAURA and FIFE *hide in the rocks;*

*Enter CLOTALDO.*

*Clotaldo.* These stormy days you like to see the  
last of  
Are but ill opiates, Segismund, I think,

For night to follow : and to-night you seem  
More than you wont disorder'd. What ! A sword ?  
Within there !

• *Enter SOLDIERS with black vizors and torches.*

*Fife.* Here's a pleasant masquerade !

*Clo.* Whosoever watch this was  
Will have to pay head-reckoning. Meanwhile,  
This weapon had a wearer. Bring him here,  
Alive or dead.

*Seg.* Clotaldo ! good Clotaldo !—

*Clo.* (*to Soldiers who enclose Segismund ; others  
searching the rocks*). You know your duty.

*Soldiers* (*bringing in Rosaura and Fife*). Here are  
two of them,

Whoever more to follow—

*Clo.* Who are you,  
That in defiance of known proclamation  
Are found, at night-fall too, about this place ?

*Fife.* Oh, my Lord, she—I mean he—

*Ros.* Silence, Fife,  
And let me speak for both.—Two foreign men,  
To whom your country and its proclamations  
Are equally unknown ; and, had we known,  
Ourselves not masters of our lawless beasts  
That, terrified by the storm among your rocks,  
Flung us upon them to our cost.

*Fife.* My mule—

*Clo.* Foreigners ? Of what country ?

*Ros.* Muscovy.

*Clo.* And whither bound ?

*Ros.* Hither—if this be Poland ;  
But with no ill design on her, and therefore

Taking it ill that we should thus be stopt  
Upon her threshold so uncivilly.

*Clo.* Whither in Poland?

*Ros.* To the capital.

*Clo.* And on what errand?

*Ros.* Set me on the road,  
And you shall be the nearer to my answer.

*Clo.* (*aside*). So resolute and ready to reply,  
And yet so young—and— (*Aloud*) Well,—  
Your business was not surely with the man  
We found you with?

*Ros.* He was the first we saw,—  
And strangers and benighted, as we were,  
As you too would have done in a like case,  
Accosted him at once.

*Clo.* Ay, but this sword?

*Ros.* I flung it toward him.

*Clo.* Well, and why?

*Ros.* And why?  
But to revenge himself on those who thus  
Injuriouly misuse him.

*Clo.* So—so—so!  
'Tis well such resolution wants a beard—  
And, I suppose, is never to attain one.  
Well, I must take you both, you and your sword,  
Prisoners.

*Fife.* (*offering a cudgel*). Pray take mine, and welcome, sir;  
I'm sure I gave it to that mule of mine  
To mighty little purpose.

*Ros.* Mine you have;  
And may it win us some more kindness  
Than we have met with yet.

*Clo.* (*examining the sword*). More mystery!  
How came you by this weapon?

*Ros.* From my father.

*Clo.* And do you know whence he?

*Ros.* Oh, very well :

From one of this same Polish realm of yours,  
Who promised a return, should come the chance,  
Of courtesies that he received himself  
In Muscovy, and left this pledge of it—  
Not likely yet, it seems, to be redeem'd.

*Clo. (aside).* Oh, wondrous chance—or wondrous  
Providence !

The sword that I myself in Muscovy,  
When these white hairs were black, for keepsake left  
Of obligation for a like return

To him who saved me wounded as I lay  
Fighting against his country ; took me home ;  
Tended me like a brother till recover'd,  
Perchance to fight against him once again—  
And now my sword put back into my hand  
By his—if not his son—still, as so seeming,  
By me, as first *devour* of gratitude,  
To seem believing, till the wearer's self  
See fit to drop the ill-dissembling mask.

*(Aloud)* Well, a strange turn of fortune has arrested  
The sharp and sudden penalty that else  
Had visited your rashness or mischance :  
In part, your tender youth too—pardon me,  
And touch not where your sword is not to answer—  
Commends you to my care ; not your life only,  
Else by this misadventure forfeited ;  
But ev'n your errand, which, by happy chance,  
Chimes with the very business I am on,  
And calls me to the very point you aim at.

*Ros.* The capital ?

*Clo.* Ay, the capital ; and ev'n  
That capital of capitals, the Court :

Where you may plead, and, I may promise, win  
Pardon for this, you say unwilling, trespass,  
And prosecute what else you have at heart,  
With me to help you forward all I can ;  
Provided all in loyalty to those  
To whom by natural allegiance  
I first am bound to.

*Ros.* As you make, I take  
Your offer : with like promise on my side  
Of loyalty to you and those you serve,  
Under like reservation for regards  
Nearer and dearer still.

*Clo.* Enough, enough ;  
Your hand ; a bargain on both sides. Meanwhile,  
Here shall you rest to-night. The break of day  
Shall see us both together on the way.

*Ros.* Thus then what I for misadventure blamed,  
Directly draws me where my wishes aim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Palace at Warsaw.*

*Enter on one side ASTOLFO, Duke of Muscovy, with  
his train : and, on the other, the PRINCESS  
ESTRELLA, with hers.*

*Astolfo.* My royal cousin, if so near in blood,  
Till this auspicious meeting scarcely known,  
Till all that beauty promised in the bud  
Is now to its consummate blossom blown,  
Well met at last ; and may—

*Estrella.* Enough, my Lord,  
Of compliment devised for you by some  
Court tailor ; and, believe me, still too short  
To cover the designful heart below.

*Ast.* Nay, but indeed, fair cousin—

*Est.* Ay, let Deed

Measure your words, indeed your flowers of speech

Ill with your iron equipage atone ;

Irony indeed, and wordy compliment.

*Ast.* Indeed, indeed, you wrong me, royal cousin,

And false as royal, misinterpreting

What, even for the end you think I aim at,

If false to you, were fatal to myself.

*Est.* Why, what else means the glittering steel, my  
Lord,

That bristles in the rear of these fine words ?

What can it mean, but, failing to cajole,

To fight or force me from my just pretension ?

*Ast.* Nay, might I not ask ev'n the same of you,

The nodding helmets of whose men at arms

Out-crest the plumage of your lady court ?

*Est.* But to defend what yours would force from  
me.

*Ast.* Might not I, lady, say the same of mine ?

But not to come to battle, ev'n of words,

With a fair lady, and my kinswoman ;

And as averse to stand before your face,

Defenceless, and condemn'd in your disgrace,

Till the good king be here to clear it all—

Will you vouchsafe to hear me ?

*Est.* As you will.

*Ast.* You know that, when about to leave this  
world,

Our royal grandsire, King Alfonso, left

Three children ; one a son, Basilio,

Who wears—long may he wear!—the crown of  
Poland ;

And daughters twain : of whom the elder was

Your mother, Clorileña, now some while

Exalted to a more than mortal throne ;  
And Recisunda, mine, the younger sister,  
Who, married to the Prince of Muscovy,  
Gave me the light which may she live to see  
Herself for many, many years to come.  
Meanwhile, good King Basilio, as you know,  
Deep in abstruser studies than this world,  
And busier with the stars than lady's eyes,  
Has never by a second marriage yet  
Replaced, as Poland ask'd of him, the heir  
An early marriage brought and took away ;  
His young queen dying with the son she bore  
him :

And in such alienation grown so old  
As leaves no other hope of heir to Poland  
Than his two sisters' children ; you, fair cousin,  
And me ; for whom the Commons of the realm  
Divide themselves into two several factions ;  
Whether for you, the elder sister's child ;  
Or me, born of the younger, but, they say,  
My natural prerogative of man  
Outweighing your priority of birth.  
Which discord growing loud and dangerous,  
Our uncle, King Basilio, doubly sage  
In prophesying and providing for  
The future, as to deal with it when come,  
Bids us here meet to-day in solemn council  
Our several pretensions to compose.  
And, but the martial out-burst that proclaims  
His coming, makes all further parley vain,  
Unless my bosom, by which only wise  
I prophesy, now wrongly prophesies,  
By such a happy compact as I dare  
But glance at till the Royal Sage declare.

*Trumpets, etc. Enter KING BASILIO with  
his Council.*

*All.* The King! God save the King!

*Estrella.* } Oh, Royal Sir!—

*Astolfo.* } (*Kneeling*) God save your Majesty!—

*King.* Rise, both of you,

Rise to my arms, Astolfo and Estrella ;  
As my two sisters' children always mine,  
Now more than ever, since myself and Poland  
Solely to you for our succession look'd.  
And now give ear, you and your several factions,  
And you, the Peers and Princes of this realm,  
While I reveal the purport of this meeting  
In words whose necessary length I trust  
No unsuccessful issue shall excuse.  
You and the world who have surnamed me 'Sage'  
Know that I owe that title, if my due,  
To my long meditation on the book  
Which ever lying open overhead—  
The book of heaven, I mean—so few have read ;  
Whose golden letters on whose sapphire leaf,  
Distinguishing the page of day and night,  
And all the revolution of the year ;  
So with the turning volume where they lie  
Still changing their prophetic syllables,  
They register the destinies of men :  
Until with eyes that, dim with years indeed,  
Are quicker to pursue the stars than rule them,  
I get the start of Time, and from his hand  
The wand of tardy revelation draw.  
Oh, had the self-same heaven upon his page  
Inscribed my death ere I should read my life.  
And, by fore-casting of my own mischance,



Play not the victim but the suicide  
In my own tragedy !—But you shall hear.  
You know how once, as kings must for their people,  
And only once, as wise men for themselves,  
I woo'd and wedded : know too that my Queen  
In childing died : but not, as you believe,  
With her, the son she died in giving life to.  
For, as the hour of birth was on the stroke,  
Her brain conceiving with her womb, she dream'd  
A serpent tore her entrail. And too surely  
(For evil omen seldom speaks in vain)  
The man-child breaking from that living tomb  
That makes our birth the antitype of death,  
Man-grateful, for the life she gave him paid  
By killing her : and with such circumstance  
As suited such unnatural tragedy ;  
He coming into light, if light it were,  
That darken'd at his very horoscope,  
When heaven's two champions—sun and moon I  
mean—

Suffused in blood upon each other fell  
In such a raging duel of eclipse  
As hath not terrified the universe  
Since that which wept in blood the death of Christ :  
When the dead walk'd, the waters turn'd to blood,  
Earth and her cities totter'd, and the world  
Seem'd shaken to its last paralysis.  
In such a paroxysm of dissolution  
That son of mine was born ; by that first act  
Heading the monstrous catalogue of crime,  
I found fore-written in his horoscope ;  
As great a monster in man's history  
As was in nature his nativity ;  
~~So savage, bloody, terrible, and impious,~~  
Who, should he live, would tear his country's entrails,

As by his birth his mother's ; with which crime  
Beginning, he should clench the dreadful tale  
By trampling on his father's silver head.  
All which fore-reading, and his act of birth  
Fate's warrant that I read his life aright ;  
To save his country from his mother's fate,  
I gave abroad that he had died with her  
His being slew ; with midnight secrecy  
I had him carried to a lonely tower  
Hewn from the mountain-barriers of the realm,  
And under strict anathema of death  
Guarded from men's inquisitive approach,  
Save from the trusty few one needs must trust ;  
Who while his fasten'd body they provide  
With salutary garb and nourishment,  
Instruct his soul in what no soul may miss  
Of holy faith, and in such other lore  
As may solace his life-imprisonment,  
And tame perhaps the Savage prophesied  
Toward such a trial as I aim at now,  
And now demand your special hearing to.  
What in this fearful business I have done,  
Judge whether lightly or maliciously,—  
I, with my own and only flesh and blood,  
And proper lineal inheritor !  
I swear, had his foretold atrocities  
Touch'd me alone, I had not saved myself  
At such a cost to him ; but as a king,—  
A Christian king,—I say, advisedly,  
Who would devote his people to a tyrant  
Worse than Caligula fore-chronicled ?  
But even this not without grave mis-giving,  
Lest by some chance mis-reading of the stars,  
Or mis-direction of what rightly read,  
I wrong my son of his prerogative,

And Poland of her rightful sovereign.  
For, sure and certain prophets as the stars,  
Although they err not, he who reads them may ;  
Or rightly reading—seeing there is One <sup>God</sup>  
Who governs them, as, under Him, they us,  
We are not sure if the rough diagram  
They draw in heaven and we interpret here,  
Be sure of operation, if the Will  
Supreme, that sometimes for some special end  
The course of providential nature breaks  
By miracle, may not of these same stars  
Cancel his own first draft, or overrule  
What else fore-written all else overrules.  
As, for example, ~~should the~~ Will Almighty  
Permit the Free-will of particular man  
To break the meshes of else strangling fate—  
Which Free-will, fearful of foretold abuse,  
I have myself from my own son for-closed  
From ever possible self-extrication ;  
A terrible responsibility,  
Not to the conscience to be reconciled  
Unless opposing almost certain evil  
Against so slight contingency of good.  
Well—thus perplex'd, I have resolved at last  
To bring the thing to trial : whereunto  
Here have I summon'd you, my Peers, and you  
Whom I more dearly look to, failing him,  
As witnesses to that which I propose ;  
And thus propose the doing it. Clotaldo,  
Who guards my son with old fidelity,  
Shall bring him hither from his tower by night  
Lockt in a sleep so fast as by my art  
I rivet to within a link of death,  
But yet from death so far, that next day's dawn  
Shall wake him up upon the royal bed,

Complete in consciousness and faculty,  
When with all princely pomp and retinue  
My loyal Peers with due obeisance  
Shall hail him Segismund, the Prince of Poland.  
Then if with any show of human kindness  
He fling discredit, not upon the stars,  
But upon me, their misinterpreter,  
With all apology mistaken age  
Can make to youth it never meant to harm,  
To my son's forehead will I shift the crown  
I long have wish'd upon a younger brow ;  
And in religious humiliation,  
For what of worn-out age remains to me,  
Entreat my pardon both of Heaven and him,  
For tempting destinies beyond my reach.  
But if, as I misdoubt, at his first step  
The hoof of the predicted savage shows ;  
Before predicted mischief can be done,  
The self-same sleep that loosed him from the chain  
Shall re-consign him, not to loose again.  
Then shall I, having lost that heir direct,  
Look solely to my sisters' children twain  
Each of a claim so equal as divides  
The voice of Poland to their several sides,  
But, as I trust, to be entwined ere long  
Into one single wreath so fair and strong  
As shall at once all difference atone,  
And cease the realm's division with their own.  
Cousins and Princes, Peers and Councillors,  
Such is the purport of this invitation,  
And such is my design. Whose furtherance  
If not as Sovereign, if not as Scer,  
Yet one whom these white locks, if nothing else,  
To patient acquiescence consecrate,  
I now demand and even supplicate.

*Ast.* Such news, and from such lips, may well  
suspend

The tongue to loyal answer most attuned ;  
But if to me as spokesman of my faction  
Your Highness looks for answer ; I reply  
For one and all—Let Segismund, whom now  
We first hear tell of as your living heir,  
Appear, and but in your sufficient eye  
Approve himself worthy to be your son,  
Then we will hail him Poland's rightful heir.  
What says my cousin ?

*Est.* Ay, with all my heart.

But if my youth and sex upbraid me not  
That I should dare ask of so wise a king—

*King.* Ask, ask, fair cousin ! Nothing, I am sure,  
Not well consider'd ; nay, if 'twere, yet nothing  
But pardonable from such lips as those.

*Est.* Then, with your pardon, Sir—if Segismund,  
My cousin, whom I shall rejoice to hail  
As Prince of Poland too, as you propose,  
Be to a trial coming upon which  
More, as I think, than life itself depends,  
Why, Sir, with sleep-disorder'd senses brought  
To this uncertain contest with his stars ?

*King.* Well ask'd indeed ! As wisely be it  
answer'd !—

*Because* it is uncertain, see you not ?  
For as I think I can discern between  
The sudden flaws of a sleep-startled man,  
And of the savage thing we have to dread ;  
If but bewilder'd, dazzled, and uncouth,  
As might the sanest and the civilest  
In circumstance so strange—nay, more than that,  
If moved to any out-break short of blood,  
All shall be well with him ; and how much more,

If 'mid the magic turmoil of the change,  
He shall so calm a resolution show  
As scarce to reel beneath so great a blow !  
But if with savage passion uncontroll'd  
He lay about him like the brute foretold,  
And must as suddenly be caged again ;  
Then what redoubled anguish and despair,  
From that brief flash of blissful liberty  
Remitted—and for ever—to his chain !  
Which so much less, if on the stage of glory  
Enter'd and exited through such a door  
Of sleep as makes a dream of all between.

*Est.* Oh kindly answer, Sir, to question that  
To charitable courtesy less wise  
Might call for pardon rather ! I shall now  
Gladly, what, uninstructed, loyally  
I should have waited.

*Ast.* Your Highness doubts not me,  
Nor how my heart follows my cousin's lips,  
Whatever way the doubtful balance fall,  
Still loyal to your bidding.

*Omnes.* So say all.

*King.* I hoped, and did expect, of all no less—  
And sure no sovereign ever needed more  
From all who owe him love or loyalty.  
For what a strait of time I stand upon,  
When to this issue not alone I bring  
My son your Prince, but ev'n myself your King :  
And, whichever way for him it turn,  
Of less than little honour to myself.  
For if this coming trial justify  
My thus withholding from my son his right,  
Is not the judge himself justified in  
The father's shame ? And if the judge proved  
wrong,

My son withholding from his right thus long,  
Shame and remorse to judge and father both :  
Unless remorse and shame together drown'd  
In having what I flung for worthless found.  
But come—already weary with your travel,  
And ill refresh'd by this strange history,  
Until the hours that draw the sun from heaven  
Unite us at the customary board,  
Each to his several chamber : you to rest ;  
I to contrive with old Clotaldo best  
The method of a stranger thing than old  
Time has as yet among his records told.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Throne-room in the Palace.*  
*Music within.*

*Enter KING and CLOTALDO, meeting  
a Lord in waiting.*

*King.* You, for a moment beckon'd from your  
office,  
Tell me thus far how goes it. In due time  
The potion left him ?

*Lord.* At the very hour  
To which your Highness temper'd it. Yet not  
So wholly but some lingering mist still hung  
About his dawning senses—which to clear,  
We fill'd and handed him a morning drink  
With sleep's specific antidote suffused ;  
And while with princely raiment we invested  
What nature surely modell'd for a Prince—  
All but the sword—as you directed—

*King.* Ay—

*Lord.* If not too loudly, yet emphatically  
Still with the title of a Prince address'd him.

*King.* How bore he that?

*Lord.* With all the rest, my liege,  
I will not say so like one in a dream  
As one himself misdoubting that he dream'd.

*King.* So far so well, Clotaldo, either way,  
And best of all if tow'rd the worse I dread.  
But yet no violence?—

*Lord.* At most, impatience;  
Wearied perhaps with importunities  
We yet were bound to offer.

*King.* Oh, Clotaldo!  
Though thus far well, yet would myself had drunk  
The potion he revives from! such suspense  
Crowds all the pulses of life's residue  
Into the present moment; and, I think,  
Whichever way the trembling scale may turn,  
Will leave the crown of Poland for some one  
To wait no longer than the setting sun!

*Clo.* Courage, my liege! The curtain is undrawn,  
And each must play his part out manfully,  
Leaving the rest to heaven.

*King.* Whose written words  
If I should misinterpret or transgress!  
But as you say—

(*To the Lord, who exit.*) You, back to him at  
once;  
Clotaldo, you, when he is somewhat used  
To the new world of which they call him Prince,  
Where place and face, and all, is strange to him,  
With your known features and familiar garb  
Shall then, as chorus to the scene, accost him,  
And by such earnest of that old and too



Familiar world, assure him of the new.  
 Last in the strange procession, I myself  
 Will by one full and last development  
 Complete the plot for that catastrophe  
 That he must put to all ; God grant it be  
 The crown of Poland on his brows !—Hark ! hark !—  
 Was that his voice within ?—Now louder—Oh,  
 Clotaldo, what ! so soon begun to roar !—  
 Again ! above the music— But betide  
 What may, until the moment, we must hide.

[*Exeunt KING and CLOTALDO.*

*Segismund (within).* Forbear ! I stifle with your  
 perfume ! cease

Your crazy salutations ! peace, I say—  
 Begone, or let me go, ere I go mad  
 With all this babble, mummery, and glare,  
 For I am growing dangerous—Air ! room ! air !—

[*He rushes in. Music ceases.*

Oh but to save the reeling brain from wreck  
With its bewilder'd senses !—

[*He covers his eyes for a while.*

What ! Ev'n now

That Babel left behind me, but my eyes  
 Pursued by the same glamour, that—unless  
 Alike bewitch'd too—the confederate sense  
 Vouches for palpable : bright-shining floors  
 That ring hard answer back to the stamp'd heel,  
 And shoot up airy columns marble-cold,  
 That, as they climb, break into golden leaf  
 And capital, till they embrace aloft  
 In clustering flower and fruitage over walls  
 Hung with such purple curtain as the West  
 Fringes with such a gold ; or over-laid  
 With sanguine-glowing semblances of men,  
 Each in his all but living action busied,

Or from the wall they look from, with fix'd eyes  
Pursuing me ; and one most strange of all  
That, as I pass'd the crystal on the wall,  
Look'd from it—left it—and as I return,  
Returns, and looks me face to face again—  
Unless some false reflection of my brain,  
The outward semblance of myself—Myself?  
How know that tawdry shadow for myself, *g*  
But that it moves as I move ; lifts his hand  
With mine ; each motion echoing so close  
The immediate suggestion of the will  
In which myself I recognize—Myself!—  
What, this fantastic Segismund the same  
Who last night, as for all his nights before,  
Lay down to sleep in wolf-skin on the ground  
In a black turret which the wolf howl'd round,  
And woke again upon a golden bed,  
Round which as clouds about a rising sun,  
In scarce less glittering caparison, *Covering*  
Gather'd gay shapes that, underneath a breeze  
Of music, handed him upon their knees  
The wine of heaven in a cup of gold,  
And still in soft melodious under-song  
Hailing me Prince of Poland !—'Segismund,'  
They said, 'Our Prince! The Prince of Poland!'  
and  
Again, 'Oh, welcome, welcome, to his own,  
'Our own Prince Segismund—'

Oh, but a blast—

One blast of the rough mountain air ! one look  
At the grim features—(*He goes to the window*)  
What they disvizzor'd also ! shatter'd chaos  
Cast into stately shape and masonry,  
Between whose channel'd and perspective sides  
Compact with rooted towers, and flourishing

To heaven with gilded pinnacle and spire,  
Flows the live current ever to and fro  
With open aspect and free step!—Clotaldo!  
Clotaldo!—calling as one scarce dares call  
For him who suddenly might break the spell  
One fears to walk without him—Why, that I,  
With unencumber'd step as any there,  
Go stumbling through my glory—feeling for  
That iron leading-string—ay, for myself—  
For that fast-anchor'd self of yesterday,  
Of yesterday, and all my life before,  
Ere drifted clean from self-identity  
Upon the fluctuation of to-day's  
Mad whirling circumstance!—And, fool, why not?  
If reason, sense, and self-identity  
Obliterated from a worn-out brain,  
Art thou not maddest striving to be sane,  
And catching at that Self of yesterday  
That, like a leper's rags, best flung away!  
Or if not mad, then dreaming—dreaming?—well—  
Dreaming then—Or, if self to self be true,  
Not mock'd by that, but as poor souls have been  
By those who wrong'd them, to give wrong new  
relish?

Or have those stars indeed they told me of  
As masters of my wretched life of old,  
Into some happier constellation roll'd,  
And brought my better fortune out on earth  
Clear as themselves in heaven!—Prince Segismund  
They call'd me—and at will I shook them off—  
Will they return again at my command  
Again to call me so?—Within there! You!  
Segismund calls—Prince Segismund—

*(He has seated himself on the throne.  
Enter CHAMBERLAIN, with lords in waiting.)*

*Chamb.* I rejoice  
That unadvised of any but the voice  
Of royal instinct in the blood, your Highness  
Has ta'en the chair that you were born to fill.

*Seg.* The chair?

*Chamb.* The royal throne of Poland, Sir,  
Which may your Royal Highness keep as long  
As he that now rules from it shall have ruled  
When heaven has call'd him to itself.

*Seg.* When he?—

*Chamb.* Your royal father, King Basilio, Sir.

*Seg.* My royal father—King Basilio.  
You see I answer but as Echo does,  
Not knowing what she listens or repeats.  
This is my throne—this is my palace—Oh,  
But this out of the window?—

*Chamb.* Warsaw, Sir,  
Your capital—

*Seg.* And all the moving people?

*Chamb.* Your subjects and your vassals like  
ourselves.

*Seg.* Ay, ay—my subjects—in my capital—  
Warsaw—and I am Prince of it—You see  
It needs much iteration to strike sense  
Into the human echo.

*Chamb.* Left awhile  
In the quick brain, the word will quickly to  
Full meaning blow.

*Seg.* You think so?

*Chamb.* And meanwhile  
Lest our obsequiousness, which means no worse

Than customary honour to the Prince  
We most rejoice to welcome, trouble you,  
Should we retire again? or stand apart?  
Or would your Highness have the music play  
Again, which meditation, as they say,  
So often loves to float upon?

*Seg.* The music?

No—yes—perhaps the trumpet—(*Aside*) Yet if that  
Brought back the troop!

*A Lord.* The trumpet! There again  
How trumpet-like spoke out the blood of Poland!

*Chamb.* Before the morning is far up, your High-  
ness

Will have the trumpet marshalling your soldiers  
Under the Palace windows.

*Seg.* Ah, my soldiers—  
My soldiers—not black-vizor'd?—

*Chamb.* Sir?

*Seg.* No matter.  
But—one thing—for a moment—in your ear—  
Do you know one Clotaldo?

*Chamb.* Oh, my Lord,  
He and myself together, I may say,  
Although in different vocations,  
Have silver'd in your royal father's service;  
And, as I trust, with both of us a few  
White hairs to fall in yours.

*Seg.* Well said, well said!  
Basilio, my father—well—Clotaldo—  
Is he your kinsman too?

*Chamb.* Oh, my good Lord,  
A General simply in your Highness' service,  
Than whom your Highness has no trustier.

*Seg.* Ay, so you said before, I think. And you  
With that white wand of yours—

Why, now I think on't, I have read of such  
A silver-hair'd magician with a wand,  
Who in a moment, with a wave of it,  
Turn'd rags to jewels, clowns to emperors,  
By some benigner magic than the stars  
Spirited poor good people out of hand  
From all their woes ; in some enchanted sleep  
Carried them off on cloud or dragon-back  
Over the mountains, over the wide Deep,  
And set them down to wake in Fairyland.

*Chamb.* Oh, my good Lord, you laugh at me—  
and I

Right glad to make you laugh at such a price :  
You know me no enchanter : if I were,  
I and my wand as much as your Highness',  
As now your chamberlain—

*Seg.* My chamberlain ?—

And these that follow you ?—

*Chamb.* On you, my Lord,

Your Highness' lords in waiting.

*Seg.* Lords in waiting.

Well, I have now learn'd to repeat, I think,  
If only but by rote—This is my palace,  
And this my throne—which unadvised—And that  
Out of the window there my Capital ;  
And all the people moving up and down  
My subjects and my vassals like yourselves,  
My chamberlain—and lords in waiting—and  
Clotaldo—and Clotaldo ?—

You are an aged, and seem a reverend man—

You do not—though his fellow-officer—

You do not mean to mock me ?

*Chamb.* Oh, my Lord !

*Seg.* Well then—If no magician, as you say,  
Yet setting me a riddle, that my brain,

With all its senses whirling, cannot solve,  
Yourself or one of these with you must answer—  
How I—that only last night fell asleep  
Not knowing that the very soil of earth  
I lay down—chain'd—to sleep upon was Poland—  
Awake to find myself the Lord of it,  
With Lords, and Generals, and Chamberlains,  
And ev'n my very Gaoler, for my vassals !

*Enter suddenly CLOTALDO.*

*Clotaldo.* Stand all aside  
That I m<sup>a</sup>y put into his hand the clue  
To lead him out of this amazement. Sir,  
Vouchsafe your Highness from my bended knee  
Receive my homage first.

*Seg.* Clotaldo ! What,  
At last—his old self—undisguised where all  
Is masquerade—to end it !—You kneeling too !  
What ! have the stars you told me long ago  
Laid that old work upon you, added this,  
That, having chain'd your prisoner so long,  
You loose his body now to slay his wits,  
Dragging him—how I know not—whither scarce  
I understand—dressing him up in all  
This frippery, with your dumb familiars  
Disvizard'd, and their lips unlock'd to lie,  
Calling him Prince and King, and, madman-like,  
Setting a crown of straw upon his head ?

*Clo.* Would but your Highness, as indeed I now  
Must call you—and upon his bended knee  
Never bent Subject more devotedly—  
However all about you, and perhaps  
You to yourself incomprehensiblest,  
But rest in the assurance of your own

Sane waking senses, by these witnesses  
Attested, till the story of it all,  
Of which I bring a chapter, be reveal'd,  
Assured of all you see and hear as neither  
Madness nor mockery—

*Seg.* What then?

*Clo.* All it seems :

This palace with its royal garniture ;  
This capital of which it is the eye,  
With all its temples, marts, and arsenals ;  
This realm of which this city is the head,  
With all its cities, villages, and tilth,  
Its armies, fleets, and commerce ; all your own ;  
And all the living souls that make them up,  
From those who now, and those who shall, salute you,  
Down to the poorest peasant of the realm,  
Your subjects—Who, though now their mighty voice  
Sleeps in the general body unapprized,  
Wait but a word from those about you now  
To hail you Prince of Poland, Segismund.

*Seg.* All this is so?

*Clo.* As sure as anything

Is, or can be.

*Seg.* You swear it on the faith'

You taught me—elsewhere?—

*Clo.* (*kissing the hilt of his sword*). Swear it upon  
this

Symbol, and champion of the holy faith  
I wear it to defend.

*Seg.* (*to himself*). My eyes have not deceived me,  
nor my ears,

With this transfiguration, nor the strain  
Of royal welcome that arose and blew,  
Breathed from no lying lips, along with it.  
For here Clotaldo comes, his own old self,



Who, if not Lie and phantom with the rest—  
 (*Aloud*) Well then, all this is thus.  
 For have not these fine people told me so,  
 And you, Clotaldo, sworn it? And the Why  
 And Wherefore are to follow by and bye!  
 And yet—and yet—why wait for that which you  
 Who take your oath on it can answer—and  
 Indeed it presses hard upon my brain—  
 What I was asking of these gentlemen  
 When you came in upon us; how it is  
 That I—the Segismund you know so long—  
 No longer than the sun that rose to-day  
 Rose—and from what you know—  
 Rose to be Prince of Poland?

*Clo.* So to be  
 Acknowledged and entreated, Sir.

*Seg.* So be  
 Acknowledged and entreated—  
 Well—But if now by all, by some at least  
 So known—if not entreated—heretofore—  
 Though not by you—For, now I think again,  
 Of what should be your attestation worth,  
 You that of all my questionable subjects  
 Who knowing what, yet left me where, I was,  
 You least of all, Clotaldo, till the dawn  
 Of this first day that told it to myself?

*Clo.* Oh, let your Highness draw the line across  
 Fore-written sorrow, and in this new dawn  
 Bury that long sad night.

*Seg.* Not ev'n the Dead,  
 Call'd to the resurrection of the blest,  
 Shall so directly drop all memory  
 Of woes and wrongs foregone!

*Clo.* But not resent—  
 Purged by the trial of that sorrow past

For full fruition of their present bliss.

*Seg.* But leaving with the Judge what, till this earth  
Be cancell'd in the burning heavens, He leaves  
His earthly delegates to execute,  
Of retribution in reward to them  
And woe to those who wrong'd them—Not as you,  
Not you, Clotaldo, knowing not—And yet  
Ev'n to the guiltiest wretch in all the realm,  
Of any treason guilty short of that,  
Stern usage—but assuredly not knowing,  
Not knowing 'twas your sovereign lord, Clotaldo,  
You used so sternly.

*Clo.* Ay, sir ; with the same  
Devotion and fidelity that now  
Does homage to him for my sovereign.

*Seg.* Fidelity that held his Prince in chains !

*Clo.* Fidelity more fast than had it loosed him—

*Seg.* Ev'n from the very dawn of consciousness  
Down at the bottom of the barren rocks,  
Where scarce a ray of sunshine found him out.  
In which the poorest beggar of my realm  
At least to human-full proportion grows—  
Me ! Me—whose station was the kingdom's top  
To flourish in, reaching my head to heaven,  
And with my branches overshadowing  
The meaner growth below !

*Clo.* Still with the same  
Fidelity—

*Seg.* To me !—

*Clo.* Ay, sir, to you,  
Through that divine allegiance upon which  
All Order and Authority is based ;  
Which to revolt against—

*Seg.* Were to revolt  
Against the stars, belike !

*Clo.* And him who reads them ;  
And by that right, and by the sovereignty  
He wears as you shall wear it after him ;  
Ay, one to whom yourself—  
Yourself, ev'n more than any subject here,  
Are bound by yet another and more strong  
Allegiance—King Basilio—your Father—

*Seg.* Basilio—King—my father !—

*Clo.* Oh, my Lord,  
Let me beseech you on my bended knee,  
For your own sake—for Poland's—and for his,  
Who, looking up for counsel to the skies,  
Did what he did under authority  
To which the kings of earth themselves are sub-  
ject,

And whose behest not only he that suffers,  
But he that executes, not comprehends,  
But only He that orders it—

*Seg.* The King—  
My father !—Either I am mad already,  
Or that way driving fast—or I should know  
That fathers do not use their children so,  
Or men were loosed from all allegiance  
To fathers, kings, and heaven that order'd all.  
But, mad or not, my hour is come, and I  
Will have my reckoning—Either you lie,  
Under the skirt of sinless majesty  
Shrouding your treason ; or if *that* indeed,  
Guilty itself, take refuge in the stars  
That cannot hear the charge, or disavow—  
You, 'whether doer or deviser, who  
Come first to hand, shall pay the penalty  
By the same hand you owe it to—

*(Seizing CLOTALDO'S sword and about to strike him.)*

*Enter ROSAURA suddenly.*

*Rosaura.* Fie, my Lord—fear,  
What! a young hand raised against silver hair!—  
(*She retreats through the crowd.*)

*Seg.* Stay! stay! What come and vanish'd as  
before—

I scarce remember how—but—

*Voices within.* Room for Astolfo, Duke of  
Muscovy!

*Enter ASTOLFO.*

*Astolfo.* Welcome, thrice welcome, the auspicious  
day,

When from the mountain where he darkling lay,  
The Polish sun into the firmament  
Sprung all the brighter for his late ascent,  
And in meridian glory—

*Seg.* Where is he?

Why must I ask this twice?—

*A Lord.* The Page, my Lord?

I wonder at his boldness—

*Seg.* But I tell you

He came with Angel written in his face  
As now it is, when all was black as hell  
About, and none of you who now—he came,  
And Angel-like flung me a shining sword  
To cut my way through darkness; and again  
Angel-like wrests it from me in behalf  
Of one—whom I will spare for sparing him:  
But he must come and plead with that same voice  
That pray'd for me—in vain.

*Chamb.*

He is gone for,

And shall attend your pleasure, sir. Meanwhile,  
Will not your Highness, as in courtesy,  
Return your royal cousin's greeting?

*Seg.*

Whose?

*Chamb.* Astolfo, Duke of Muscovy, my Lord,  
Saluted, and with gallant compliment  
Welcomed you to your royal title.

*Seg. (to Astolfo).*

Oh—

You knew of this then?

*Ast.*

Knew of what, my Lord?

*Seg.* That I was Prince of Poland all the while,  
And you my subject?

*Ast.*

Pardon me, my Lord,

But some few hours ago myself I learn'd  
Your dignity; but, knowing it, no more  
Than when I knew it not, your subject.

*Seg.*

What then?

*Ast.* Your Highness' chamberlain ev'n now has  
told you;

Astolfo, Duke of Muscovy,  
Your father's sister's son; your cousin, sir:  
And who as such, and in his own right Prince,  
Expects from you the courtesy he shows.

*Chamb.* His Highness is as yet unused to Court,  
And to the ceremonious interchange  
Of compliment, especially to those  
Who draw their blood from the same royal fountain.

*Seg.* Where is the lad? I weary of all this—  
Prince, cousins, chamberlains, and compliments—  
Where are my soldiers? Blow the trumpet, and  
With one sharp blast scatter these butterflies  
And bring the men of iron to my side,  
With whom a king feels like a king indeed!

*Voices within.* Within there! room for the Princess  
Estrella!

*Enter ESTRELLA with Ladies.*

*Estrella.* Welcome, my Lord, right welcome to  
the throne

That much too long has waited for your coming :  
And, in the general voice of Poland, hear  
A kinswoman and cousin's no less sincere.

*Seg.* Ay, this is welcome welcome-worth indeed,  
And cousin cousin-worth ! Oh, I have thus  
Over the threshold of the mountain seen,  
Leading a bevy of fair stars, the moon  
Enter the court of heaven—My kinswoman !  
My cousin ! But my subject ?—

*Est.* If you please  
To count your cousin for your subject, sir,  
You shall not find her a disloyal.

*Seg.* Oh,  
But there are twin stars in that heavenly face,  
That now I know for having over-ruled  
Those evil ones that darken'd all my past,  
And brought me forth from that captivity  
To be the slave of her who set me free.

*Est.* Indeed, my Lord, these eyes have no such  
power  
Over the past or present : but perhaps  
They brighten at your welcome to supply  
The little that a lady's speech commends ;  
And in the hope that, let whichever be  
The other's subject, we may both be friends.

*Seg.* Your hand to that—But why does this warm  
hand  
Shoot a cold shudder through me ?

*Est.* In revenge  
For likening me to that cold moon, perhaps.

*Seg.* Oh, but the lip whose music tells me so  
Breathes of a warmer planet, and that lip  
Shall remedy the treason of the hand !

(*He catches to embrace her.*)

*Est.* Release me, sir !

*Chamb.* And pardon me, my Lord,  
This lady is a Princess absolute,  
As Prince he is who just saluted you,  
And claims her by affiance.

*Seg.* Hence, old fool.  
For ever thrusting that white stick of yours  
Between me and my pleasure !

*Ast.* This cause is mine.  
Forbear, sir—

*Seg.* What, sir mouth-piece, you again ?

*Ast.* My Lord, I waive your insult to myself  
In recognition of the dignity  
You yet are new to, and that greater still  
You look in time to wear. But for this lady—  
Whom, if my cousin now, I hope to claim  
Henceforth by yet a nearer, dearer name—

*Seg.* And what care I ? She is my cousin too :  
And if you be a Prince—well, am not I ?  
Lord of the very soil you stand upon ?  
By that, and by that right beside of blood  
That like a fiery fountain hitherto  
Pent in the rock leaps toward her at her touch,  
Mine, before all the cousins in Muscovy !  
You call me Prince of Poland, and yourselves  
My subjects—traitors therefore to this hour,  
Who let me perish all my youth away  
Chain'd there among the mountains ; till, forsooth,  
Terrified at your treachery foregone,  
You spirit me up here, I know not how,  
Popinjay-like invest me like yourselves,

Choke me with scent and music that I loathe,  
 And, worse than all the music and the scent,  
 With false, long-winded, fulsome compliment,  
 That 'Oh, you are my subjects!' and in word  
 Reiterating still obedience,  
 Thwart me in deed at every step I take :  
 When just about to wreak a just revenge  
 Upon that old arch-traitor of you all,  
 Filch from my vengeance him I hate ; and him  
 I loved—the first and only face—till this—  
 I cared to look on in your ugly court—  
 And now when palpably I grasp at last  
 What hitherto but shadow'd in my dreams—  
 Affiances and interferences,  
 The first who dares to meddle with me more—  
 Princes and chamberlains and counsellors,  
 Touch her who dares !—

*Ast.*

That dare I—

*Seg.* (*seizing him by the throat*).

You dare !

*Chamb.* My Lord !—

*A Lord.*

His strength's a lion's—

*Voices within.*

The King ! The King !—

*Enter KING.*

*A Lord.* And on a sudden how he stands at gaze,  
 As might a wolf just fasten'd on his prey,  
 Glaring at a suddenly encounter'd lion.

*King.* And I that hither flew with open arms  
 To fold them round my son, must now return  
 To press them to an empty heart again !

(*He sits on the throne.*)

*Seg.* That is the King ?—My father ?—

(*After a long pause.*)

I have heard

That sometimes some blind instinct has been known



To draw to mutual recognition those  
Of the same blood, beyond all memory  
Divided, or ev'n never met before.  
I know not how this is—perhaps in brutes  
That live by kindlier instincts—but I know  
That looking now upon that head whose crown  
Pronounces him a sovereign king, I feel  
No setting of the current in my blood  
Tow'rd him as sire. How is't with you, old man,  
Tow'rd him they call your son?—

*King.* Alas! Alas!

*Seg.* Your sorrow, then?

*King.* Beholding what I do.

*Seg.* Ay, but how know this sorrow, that has grown  
And moulded to this present shape of man,  
As of your own creation?

*King.* Ev'n from birth.

*Seg.* But from that hour to this, near, as I think,  
Some twenty such renewals of the year  
As trace themselves upon the barren rocks,  
I never saw you, nor you me—unless,  
Unless, indeed, through one of those dark masks  
Through which a son might fail to recognize  
The best of fathers.

*King.* Be that as you will:

But, now we see each other face to face,  
Know me as you I know; which did I not,  
By whatsoever signs, assuredly  
You were not here to prove it at my risk.

*Seg.* You are my father.

And is it true then, as Clotaldo swears,  
'Twas you that from the dawning birth of one  
Yourself brought into being,—you, I say,  
Who stole his very birthright; not alone  
That secondary and peculiar right

Of sovereignty, but even that prime  
Inheritance that all men share alike,  
And chain'd him—chain'd him!—like a wild beast's  
" whelp,

Among as savage mountains, to this hour?  
Answer if this be thus.

*King.* Oh, Segismund,  
In all that I have done that seems to you,  
And, without further hearing, fairly seems,  
Unnatural and cruel—'twas not I,  
But One who writes His order in the sky  
I dared not misinterpret nor neglect,  
Who knows with what reluctance—

*Seg.* Oh, those stars,  
Those stars, that too far up from human blame  
To clear themselves, or careless of the charge,  
Still bear upon their shining shoulders all  
The guilt men shift upon them!

*King.* Nay, but think:  
Not only on the common score of kind,  
But that peculiar count of sovereignty—  
If not behind the beast in brain as heart,  
How should I thus deal with my innocent child,  
Doubly desired, and doubly dear when come,  
As that sweet second-self that all desire,  
And princes more than all, to root themselves  
By that succession in their people's hearts,  
Unless at that superior Will, to which  
Not kings alone, but sovereign nature bows?

*Seg.* And what had those same stars to tell of  
me  
That should compel a father and a king  
So much against that double instinct?

*King.* That,  
Which I have brought you hither, at my peril,

Against their written warning, to disprove,  
By justice, mercy, human kindness.

*Seg.* And therefore made yourself their instrument  
To make your son the savage and the brute  
They only prophesied?—Are you not afraid,  
Lest, irrespective as such creatures are  
Of such relationship, the brute you made  
Revenge the man you marr'd—like sire, like son.  
To do by you as you by me have done?  
*King.* You never had a savage heart from me;  
I may appeal to Poland.

*Seg.* Then from whom?  
If pure in fountain, poison'd by yourself  
When scarce begun to flow.—To make a man  
Not, as I see, degraded from the mould  
I came from, nor compared to those about,  
And then to throw your own flesh to the dogs!—  
Why not at once, I say, if terrified  
At the prophetic omens of my birth,  
Have drown'd or stifled me, as they do whelps  
Too costly or too dangerous to keep?

*King.* That, living, you might learn to live, and  
rule  
Yourself and Poland.

*Seg.* By the means you took  
To spoil for either?

*King.* Nay, but, Segismund!  
You know not—cannot know—happily wanting  
The sad experience on which knowledge grows,  
How the too early consciousness of power  
Spoils the best blood; nor whether for your long-  
Constrain'd disheritance (which, but for me,  
Remember, and for my relenting love  
Bursting the bond of fate, had been eternal)  
You have not now a full indemnity;

Wearing the blossom of your youth unspent  
In the voluptuous sunshine of a court,  
That often, by too early blossoming,  
Too soon deflowers the rose of royalty.

*Seg.* Ay, but what some precocious warmth may  
spill,

May not an early frost as surely kill?

*King.* But, Segismund, my son, whose quick  
discourse

Proves I have not extinguish'd and destroy'd  
The Man you charge me with extinguishing,  
However it condemn me for the fault  
Of keeping a good light so long eclipsed,  
Reflect! This is the moment upon which  
Those stars, whose eyes, although we see them not,  
By day as well as night are on us still,  
Hang watching up in the meridian heaven  
Which way the balance turns; and if to you—  
As by your dealing God decide it may,  
To my confusion!—let me answer it  
Unto yourself alone, who shall at once  
Approve yourself to be your father's judge,  
And sovereign of Poland in his stead,  
By justice, mercy, self-sobriety,  
And all the reasonable attributes  
Without which, impotent to rule himself,  
Others one cannot, and one must not rule;  
But which if you but show the blossom of—  
All that is past we shall but look upon  
As the first out-fling of a generous nature  
Rioting in first liberty; and if  
This blossom do but promise such a flower  
As promises in turn its kindly fruit:  
Forthwith upon your brows the royal crown,  
That now weighs heavy on my aged brows,

I will devolve ; and while I pass away  
Into some cloister, with my Maker there  
To make my peace in penitence and prayer,  
Happily settle the disorder'd realm  
That now cries loudly for a lineal heir.

*Seg.* And so—

When the crown falters on your shaking head,  
And slips the sceptre from your palsied hand,  
And Poland for her rightful heir cries out ;  
When not only your stol'n monopoly  
Fails you of earthly power, but 'cross the grave  
The judgment-trumpet of another world  
Calls you to count for your abuse of this ;  
Then, oh then, terrified by the double danger,  
You drag me from my den—  
Boast not of giving up at last the power  
You can no longer hold, and never rightly  
Held, but in fee for him you robb'd it from ;  
And be assured your Savage, once let loose,  
Will not be caged again so quickly ; not  
By threat or adulation to be tamed,  
Till he have had his quarrel out with those  
Who made him what he is.

*King.*

Beware ! Beware !

Subdue the kindled Tiger in your eye,  
Nor dream that it was sheer necessity  
Made me thus far relax the bond of fate,  
And, with far more of terror than of hope  
Threaten myself, my people, and the State.  
Know that, if old, I yet have vigour left  
To wield the sword as well as wear the crown ;  
And if my more immediate issue fail,  
Not wanting scions of collateral blood, -  
Whose wholesome growth shall more than compensate  
For all the loss of a distorted stem.

*Seg.* That will I straightway bring to trial—Oh,  
After a revelation such as this,  
The Last Day shall have little left to show  
Of righted wrong and villainy requited !  
Nay, Judgment now beginning upon earth,  
Myself, methinks, in right of all my wrongs  
Appointed heaven's avenging minister,  
Accuser, judge, and executioner,  
Sword in hand, cite the guilty—First, as worst,  
The usurper of his son's inheritance ;  
Him and his old accomplice, time and crime  
Inveterate, and unable to repay  
The golden years of life they stole away.  
What, does he yet maintain his state, and keep  
The throne he should be judged from ? Down with  
him,  
That I may trample on the false white head  
So long has worn my crown ! Where are my soldiers ?  
Of all my subjects and my vassals here  
Not one to do my bidding ? Hark ! A trumpet !  
The trumpet—

*(He pauses as the trumpet sounds as in ACT I.,  
and masked Soldiers gradually fill in behind  
the Throne.)*

*King (rising before his throne).* Ay, indeed, the  
trumpet blows

A memorable note, to summon those  
Who, if forthwith you fall not at the feet  
Of him whose head you threaten with the dust,  
Forthwith shall draw the curtain of the Past  
About you ; and this momentary gleam  
Of glory that you think to hold life-fast,  
So coming, so shall vanish, as a dream.

*Seg.* He prophesies ; the old man prophesies ;  
And, at his trumpet's summons, from the tower

The leash-bound shadows loosen'd after me  
 My rising glory reach and over-lour—  
 But, reach not I my height, he shall not hold,  
 But with me back to his own darkness !

*(He dashes toward the throne and is enclosed  
 by the soldiers.)*

Traitors !

Hold off ! Unhand me !—Am not I your king ?  
 And you would strangle him !—  
 But I am breaking with an inward Fire  
 Shall scorch you off, and wrap me on the wings  
 Of conflagration from a kindled pyre  
 Of lying prophecies and prophet-kings  
 Above the extinguish'd stars—Reach me the sword  
 He flung me—Fill me such a bowl of wine  
 As that you woke the day with—

*King.*

And shall close,—

But of the vintage that Clotaldo knows.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Tower, etc., as in ACT I. SCENE I.*

SEGISMUND, *as at first*, and CLOTALDO.

*Clotaldo.* Princes and princesses, and counsellors  
 Fluster'd to right and left—my life made at—  
 But that was nothing—  
 Even the white-hair'd, venerable King  
 Seized on—Indeed, you made wild work of it ;  
 And so discover'd in your outward action,  
 Flinging your arms about you in your sleep,  
 Grinding your teeth—and, as I now remember,

Woke mouthing out judgment and execution,  
On those about you.

*Seg.* Ay, I did indeed.

*Clo.* Ev'n now your eyes stare wild ; your hair  
stands up—

Your pulses throb and flutter, reeling still  
Under the storm of such a dream—

*Seg.* A dream !

That seem'd as swearable reality  
As what I wake in now.

*Clo.* Ay—wondrous how  
Imagination in a sleeping brain  
Out of the uncontingent senses draws  
Sensations strong as from the real touch ;  
That we not only laugh aloud, and drench  
With tears our pillow ; but in the agony  
Of some imaginary conflict, fight  
And struggle—ev'n as you did ; some, 'tis thought,  
Under the dreamt-of stroke of death have died.

*Seg.* And what so very strange too—In that world  
Where place as well as people all was strange,  
Ev'n I almost as strange unto myself,  
You only, you, Clotaldo—you, as much  
And palpably yourself as now you are,  
Came in this very garb you ever wore,  
By such a token of the past, you said,  
To assure me of that seeming present.

*Clo.* Ay ?

*Seg.* Ay ; and even told me of the very stars  
You tell me here of—how in spite of them, I  
I was enlarged to all that glory.

*Clo.* Ay,  
By the false spirits' nice contrivance thus  
A little truth oft leavens all the false,  
The better to delude us.



*Seg.* For you know  
'Tis nothing but a dream?

*Clo.* Nay, you yourself  
Know best how lately you awoke from that  
You know you went to sleep on?—  
Why, have you never dreamt the like before?

*Seg.* Never, to such reality.

*Clo.* Such dreams  
Are oftentimes the sleeping exhalations  
Of that ambition that lies smouldering  
Under the ashes of the lowest fortune;  
By which, when reason slumbers, or has lost  
The reins of sensible comparison,  
We fly at something higher than we are—  
Scarce ever dive to lower—to be kings,  
Or conquerors, crown'd with laurel or with gold,  
Nay, mounting heaven itself on eagle wings.  
Which, by the way, now that I think of it,  
May furnish us the key to this high flight—  
That royal Eagle we were watching, and  
Talking of as you went to sleep last night.

*Seg.* Last night? Last night?

*Clo.* Ay, do you not remember  
Envyng his immunity of flight,  
As, rising from his throne of rock, he sail'd  
Above the mountains far into the West,  
That burn'd about him, while with poising wings  
He darkled in it as a burning brand  
Is seen to smoulder in the fire it feeds?

*Seg.* Last night—last night—Oh, what a day was  
that  
Between that last night and this sad To-day!

*Clo.* And yet, perhaps,  
Only some few dark moments, into which  
Imagination, once lit up within

And unconditional of time and space,  
Can pour infinities.

*Seg.* And I remember  
How the old man they call'd the King, who wore  
The crown of gold about his silver hair,  
And a mysterious girdle round his waist,  
Just when my rage was roaring at its height,  
And after which it all was dark again,  
Bid me beware lest all should be a dream.

*Clo.* Ay—there another specialty of dreams,  
That once the dreamer 'gins to dream he dreams,  
His foot is on the very verge of waking.

*Seg.* Would it had been upon the verge of death  
That knows no waking—

Lifting me up to glory, to fall back,  
Stunn'd, crippled—wretcher'd than ev'n before.

*Clo.* Yet not so glorious, Segismund, if you  
Your visionary honour wore so ill  
As to work murder and revenge on those  
Who meant you well.

*Seg.* Who meant me !—me ! their Prince  
Chain'd like a felon—

*Clo.* Stay, stay—Not so fast,  
You dream'd the Prince, remember.

*Seg.* Then in dream  
Revenge'd it only.

*Clo.* True. But as they say  
Dreams are rough copies of the waking soul  
Yet uncorrected of the higher Will,  
So that men sometimes in their dreams confess  
An unsuspected, or forgotten, self  
One must beware to check—ay, if one may,  
Stifle ere born, such passion in ourselves  
As makes, we see, such havoc with our sleep,  
And ill reacts upon the waking day.



Ay, ev'n the Reason's self that dates with them,  
Should be in essence or intensity  
Hereafter so transcended, and awoke  
To a perceptive subtlety so keen  
As to confess themselves befooled before,  
In all that now they will avouch for most?  
One man—like this—but only so much longer  
As life is longer than a summer's day,  
Believed himself a king upon his throne,  
And play'd at hazard with his fellows' lives,  
Who cheaply dream'd away their lives to him.  
The sailor dream'd of tossing on the flood :  
The soldier of his laurels grown in blood :  
The lover of the beauty that he knew  
Must yet dissolve to dusty residue :  
The merchant and the miser of his bags  
Of finger'd gold ; the beggar of his rags :  
And all this stage of earth on which we seem  
Such busy actors, and the parts we play'd,  
Substantial as the shadow of a shade,  
And Dreaming but a dream within a dream !

*Fife.* Was it not said, sir,  
By some philosopher as yet unborn,  
That any chimney-sweep who for twelve hours  
Dreams himself king is happy as the king  
Who dreams himself twelve hours a chimney-  
sweep?

*Clo.* A theme indeed for wiser heads than yours  
To moralize upon—How came you here?—

*Fife.* Not of my own will, I assure you, sir.  
No matter for myself : but I would know  
About my mistress—I mean, master—

*Clo.* Oh,  
Now I remember—Well, your master-mistress  
Is well, and deftly on its errand speeds,

As you shall—if you can but hold your tongue.  
Can you?

*Fife.* I'd rather be at home again.

*Clo.* Where you shall be the quicker if while here  
You can keep silence.

*Fife.* I may whistle, then?  
Which by the virtue of my name I do,  
And also as a reasonable test  
Of waking sanity—

*Clo.* Well, whistle then;  
And for another reason you forgot,  
That while you whistle, you can chatter not.  
Only remember—if you quit this pass—

*Fife.* (His rhymes are out, or he had call'd it  
spot)—

*Clo.* A bullet brings you to.  
I must forthwith to court to tell the King  
The issue of this lamentable day,  
That buries all his hope in night. (*To Fife.*) Fare-  
well.

Remember.

*Fife.* But a moment—but a word!  
When shall I see my mis—mas—

*Clo.* Be content:  
All in good time; and then, and not before,  
Never to miss your master any more. [*Exit.*]

*Fife.* Such talk of dreaming—dreaming—I begin  
To doubt if I be dreaming I am Fife,  
Who with a lad who call'd herself a boy  
Because—I doubt there's some confusion here—  
He wore no petticoat, came on a time  
Riding from Muscovy on half a horse,  
Who must have dreamt she was a horse entire,  
To cant me off upon my hinder face  
Under this tower, wall-eyed and musket-tongued,

With sentinels a-pacing up and down,  
Crying All's well when all is far from well,  
All the day long, and all the night, until  
I dream—if what is dreaming be not waking—  
Of bells a-tolling and processions rolling  
With candles, crosses, banners, San-benitos,  
Of which I wear the flamy-finingest,  
Through streets and places throng'd with fiery faces,  
To some back platform—  
Oh, I shall take a fire into my hand  
With thinking of my own dear Muscovy—  
Only just over that Sierra there,  
By which we tumbled headlong into—No-land.  
Now, if without a bullet after me,  
I could but get a peep of my old home—  
Perhaps of my own mule to take me there—  
All's still—perhaps the gentlemen within  
Are dreaming it is night behind their masks—  
God send 'em a good nightmare!—Now then—  
Hark!  
Voices—and up the rocks—and armed men  
Climbing like cats—Puss in the corner then.

[*He hides.*]

*Enter SOLDIERS cautiously up the rocks.*

*Captain.* This is the frontier pass, at any rate,  
Where Poland ends and Muscovy begins.

*Soldier.* We must be close upon the tower, I know,  
That half way up the mountain lies ensconced.

*Capt.* How know you that?

*Sol.* He told me so—the Page  
Who put us on the scent.

*Sol. 2.* And, as I think,  
Will soon be here to run it down with us.

*Capt.* Meantime, our horses on these ugly rocks  
Useless, and worse than useless with their clatter—  
Leave them behind, with one or two in charge,  
And softly, softly, softly.

*Soldiers.*

— There it is !  
— There what ?—  
— The tower—the fortress—  
— That the tower !—  
— That mouse-trap ! We could pitch it down  
the rocks

With our own hands.

— The rocks it hangs among  
Dwarf its proportions and conceal its strength ;  
Larger and stronger than you think.

— No matter ;  
No place for Poland's Prince to be shut up in.  
At it at once !

*Capt.* No—no—I tell you wait—  
Till those within give signal. For as yet  
We know not who side with us, and the fort  
Is strong in man and musket.

*Sol.* Shame to wait  
For odds with such a cause at stake.

*Capt.* Because  
Of such a cause at stake we wait for odds—  
For if not won at once, for ever lost :  
For any long resistance on their part  
Would bring Basilio's force to succour them  
Ere we had rescued him we come to rescue.  
So softly, softly, softly, still—

*A Soldier (discovering Fife).* Hilloa !

*Soldiers.*

— Hilloa! Here's some one skulking—  
 — Seize and gag him!  
 — Stab him at once, say I: the only way  
 To make all sure.  
 — Hold, every man of you!  
 And down upon your knees!—Why, 'tis the  
 Prince!  
 — The Prince!—  
 — Oh, I should know him anywhere,  
 And anyhow disguised.  
 — But the Prince is chain'd.  
 — And of a loftier presence—  
 — 'Tis he, I tell you;  
 Only bewilder'd as he was before.  
 God save your Royal Highness! On our knees  
 Beseech you answer us!

*Fife.*

Just as you please.

Well—'tis this country's custom, I suppose,  
 To take a poor man every now and then  
 And set him on the throne; just for the fun  
 Of tumbling him again into the dirt.  
 And now my turn is come. 'Tis very pretty.

*Sol.* His wits have been distemper'd with their  
 drugs.

But do you ask him, Captain.

*Capt.*

On my knees,  
 And in the name of all who kneel with me,  
 I do beseech your Highness answer to  
 Your royal title.

*Fife.*

Still, just as you please.

In my own poor opinion of myself—  
 But that may all be dreaming, which it seems



Is very much the fashion in this country—  
 No Polish prince at all, but a poor lad  
 From Muscovy ; where only help me back,  
 I promise never to contest the crown  
 Of Poland with whatever gentleman  
 You fancy to set up.

*Soldiers.*

{	—	From Muscovy ?
	— A spy then—	
	—	Of Astolfo's—
	—	Spy ! a spy !—
	— Hang him at once !	

*Fife.* No, pray don't dream of that !

*Sol.* How dared you then set yourself up for our  
 Prince Segismund ?

*Fife.* I set up !—I like that—  
 When 'twas yourselves be-siegesmundered me.

*Capt.* No matter—Look !—The signal from the  
 tower.

Prince Segismund !

*Sol. (from the tower).* Prince Segismund !

*Capt.* All's well.

Clotaldo safe secured ?—

*Sol. (from the tower).* No—by ill luck,  
 Instead of coming in, as we had look'd for,  
 He sprang on horse at once, and off at gallop.

*Capt.* To Court, no doubt—a blunder that—And  
 yet

Perchance a blunder that may work as well  
 As better forethought. Having no suspicion  
 So will he carry none where his not going  
 Were of itself suspicious. But of those  
 Within, who side with us ?

*Sol.* Oh, one and all  
To the last man, persuaded or compell'd.

*Capt.* Enough : whatever be to be retrieved  
No moment to be lost. For though Clotaldo  
Have no revolt to tell of in the tower,  
The capital will soon awake to ours,  
And the King's force come blazing after us.  
Where is the Prince ?

*Sol.* Within ; so fast asleep  
We woke him not ev'n striking off the chain  
We had so cursedly holp bind him with,  
Not knowing what we did ; but too ashamed  
Not to undo ourselves what we had done.

*Capt.* No matter, nor by whosoever hands,  
Provided done. Come ; we will bring him forth  
Out of that stony darkness here abroad,  
Where air and sunshine sooner shall disperse  
The sleepy fume which they have drugg'd him with.

*(They enter the tower, and thence bring out  
SEGISMUND asleep on a pallet, and set him  
in the middle of the stage.)*

*Capt.* Still, still so dead asleep, the very noise  
And motion that we make in carrying him  
Stirs not a leaf in all the living tree.

*Soldiers.*

If living—But if by some inward blow  
For ever and irrevocably fell'd  
By what strikes deeper to the root than sleep?  
—He's dead! He's dead! They've kill'd him—  
— No—he breathes—  
And the heart beats—and now he breathes again  
Deeply, as one about to shake away  
The load of sleep.

*Capt.* Come, let us all kneel round,  
 And with a blast of warlike instruments,  
 And acclamation of all loyal hearts,  
 Rouse and restore him to his royal right,  
 From which no royal wrong shall drive him more.

*(They all kneel round his bed: trumpets, drums, etc.)*

*Soldiers.* { Segismund! Segismund! Prince Segismund!  
 King Segismund! Down with Basilio!  
 Down with Astolfo! Segismund our King! etc.

*Soldier 1.* He stares upon us wildly. He cannot speak.

*Soldier 2.* I said so—driv'n him mad.

— 3. Speak to him, Captain.

*Capt.* Oh Royal Segismund, our Prince and King,  
 Look on us—listen to us—answer us,  
 Your faithful soldiery and subjects, now  
 About you kneeling, but on fire to rise  
 And cleave a passage through your enemies,  
 Until we seat you on your lawful throne.  
 For though your father, King Basilio,  
 Now King of Poland, jealous of the stars  
 That prophesy his setting with your rise,  
 Here holds you ignominiously eclipsed,  
 And would Astolfo, Duke of Muscovy,  
 Mount to the throne of Poland after him;  
 So will not we, your loyal soldiery  
 And subjects; neither those of us now first  
 Apprised of your existence and your right:  
 Nor those that hitherto deluded by  
 Allegiance false, their vizors now fling down,  
 And craving pardon on their knees with us  
 For that unconscious disloyalty,

Offer with us the service of their blood ;  
 Not only we and they ; but at our heels  
 The heart, if not the bulk, of Poland follows  
 To join their voices and their arms with ours,  
 In vindicating with our lives our own  
 Prince Segismund to Poland and her throne.

*Soldiers.* { Segismund, Segismund, Prince Segis-  
                   mund !  
                   Our own King Segismund, etc.

(*They all rise.*)

*Seg.* Again? So soon?—What, not yet done with me?  
 The sun is little higher up, I think,  
 Than when I last lay down,  
 To bury in the depth of your own sea  
 You that infest its shallows.

*Capt.*

Sir !

*Seg.*

And now,

Not in a palace, not in the fine clothes  
 We all were in ; but here, in the old place,  
 And in our old accoutrement—  
 Only your vizors off, and lips unlock'd  
 To mock me with that idle title—

*Capt.*

Nay,

Indeed no idle title, but your own,  
 Then, now, and now for ever. For, behold,  
 Ev'n as I speak, the mountain passes fill  
 And bristle with the advancing soldiery  
 That glitters in your rising glory, sir ;  
 And, at our signal, echo to our cry,  
 'Segismund, King of Poland !' etc.

(*Shouts, trumpets, etc.*)

*Seg.*

Oh, how cheap

The muster of a countless host of shadows,  
 As impotent to do with as to keep !  
 All this they said before—to softer music.

*Capt.* Soft music, sir, to what indeed were shadows,  
That, following the sunshine of a Court,  
Shall back be brought with it—if shadows still,  
Yet to substantial reckoning.

*Seg.* They shall?  
The white-hair'd and white-wanded chamberlain,  
So busy with his wand too—the old King  
That I was somewhat hard on—he had been  
Hard upon me—and the fine feather'd Prince  
Who crow'd so loud—my cousin,—and another,  
Another cousin, we will not bear hard on—  
And—But Clotaldo?

*Capt.* Fled, my Lord, but close  
Pursued; and then—

*Seg.* Then, as he fled before,  
And after he had sworn it on his knees,  
Came back to take me—where I am!—No more,  
No more of this! Away with you! Begone!  
Whether but visions of ambitious night  
That morning ought to scatter, or grown out  
Of night's proportions you invade the day  
To scare me from my little wits yet left,  
Begone! I know I must be near awake,  
Knowing I dream; or, if not at my voice,  
Then vanish at the clapping of my hands,  
Or take this foolish fellow for your sport:  
Dressing me up in visionary glories,  
Which the first air of waking consciousness  
Scatters as fast as from the almander<sup>1</sup>—  
That, waking one fine morning in full flower,  
One rougher insurrection of the breeze  
Of all her sudden honour disadorns

<sup>1</sup> Almander, or almandre, Chaucer's word for *almond-tree*,  
Rom. Rose, 1363.

To the last blossom, and she stands again  
The winter-naked scare-crow that she was !

*Capt.* I know not what to do, nor what to say,  
With all this dreaming ; I begin to doubt  
They have driv'n him mad indeed, and he and we  
Are lost together.

*A Soldier (to Captain).* Stay, stay ; I remember—  
Hark in your ear a moment. (*Whispers.*)

*Capt.* So—so—so ?—  
Oh, now indeed I do not wonder, sir,  
Your senses dazzle under practices  
Which treason, shrinking from its own device,  
Would now persuade you ~~only~~ was a dream ;  
But waking was as absolute as this  
You wake in now, as some who saw you then,  
Prince as you were and are, can testify :  
Not only saw, but under false allegiance  
Laid hands upon—

*Soldier 1.* I, to my shame !

*Soldier 2.* And I !

*Capt.* Who, to wipe out that shame, have been  
the first

To stir and lead us—Hark ! (*Shouts, trumpets, etc.*)

*A Soldier.* Our forces, sir,  
Challenging King Basilio's, now in sight,  
And bearing down upon us.

*Capt.* Sir, you hear ;  
A little hesitation and delay,  
And all is lost—your own right, and the lives  
Of those who now maintain it at that cost ;  
With you all saved and won ; without, all lost.  
That former recognition of your right  
Grant but a dream, if you will have it so ;  
Great things forecast themselves by shadows great ;  
Or will you have it, this like that dream too, (

People, and place, and time itself, all dream—  
Yet, being in't, and as the shadows come  
Quicker and thicker than you can escape,  
Adopt your visionary soldiery,  
Who, having struck a solid chain away,  
Now put an airy sword into your hand,  
And harnessing you piece-meal till you stand  
Amidst us all complete in glittering,  
If unsubstantial, steel—

*Rosaura (without).* The Prince! The Prince!

*Capt.* Who calls for him?

*Sol.* The Page who spurr'd us hither,  
And now, dismounted from a foaming horse—

*Enter ROSAURA.*

*Rosaura.* Where is—but where I need no further  
ask

Where the majestic presence, all in arms,  
Mutely proclaims and vindicates himself.

*Fife.* My darling Lady-lord—

*Ros.* My own good Fife,  
Keep to my side—and silence!—Oh, my Lord,  
For the third time behold me here where first  
You saw me, by a happy misadventure  
Losing my own way here to find it out  
For you to follow with these loyal men,  
Adding the moment of my little cause  
To yours; which, so much mightier as it is,  
By a strange chance runs hand in hand with mine;  
The self-same foe who now pretends your right,  
Withholding mine—that, of itself alone,  
I know the royal blood that runs in you  
Would vindicate, regardless of your own:  
The right of injured innocence; and, more,

*Con-union to lock*  
 Spite of this epicene attire, a woman's ;  
 And of a noble stock I will not name  
 Till I, who brought it, have retrieved the shame.  
 Whom Duke Astolfo, Prince of Muscovy,  
 With all the solemn vows of wedlock won,  
 And would have wedded, as I do believe,  
 Had not the cry of Poland for a Prince  
 Call'd him from Muscovy to join the prize  
 Of Poland with the fair Estrella's eyes.  
 I, following him hither, as you saw,  
 Was cast upon these rocks ; arrested by  
 Clotaldo : who, for an old debt of love  
 He owes my family, with all his might  
 Served, and had served me further, till my cause  
 Clash'd with his duty to his sovereign,  
 Which, as became a loyal subject, sir,  
 (And never sovereign had a loyaller,)  
 Was still his first. He carried me to Court,  
 Where, for the second time, I cross'd your path ;  
 Where, as I watch'd my opportunity,  
 Suddenly broke this public passion out ;  
 Which, drowning private into public wrong,  
 Yet swiftness sweeps it to revenge along.

*Seg.* Oh God, if this be dreaming, charge it not  
 To burst the channel of enclosing sleep  
 And drown the waking reason ! Not to dream  
 Only what dreamt shall once or twice again  
 Return to buzz about the sleeping brain  
 Till shaken off for ever—  
 But reassailing one so quick, so thick—  
 The very figure and the circumstance  
 Of sense-confess'd reality foregone  
 In so-call'd dream so palpably repeated,  
 The copy so like the original,  
 We know not which is which ; and dream so-call'd



Itself inweaving so inextricably  
Into the tissue of acknowledged truth ;  
The very figures that empeople it  
Returning to assert themselves no phantoms  
In something so much like meridian day,  
And in the very place that not my worst  
And veriest disenchanter shall deny  
For the too well-remember'd theatre  
Of my long tragedy—Strike up the drums !  
If this be Truth, and all of us awake,  
Indeed a famous quarrel is at stake :  
If but a Vision I will see it out,  
And, drive the Dream, I can but join the rout.

*Capt.* And in good time, sir, for a palpable  
Touchstone of truth and rightful vengeance too,  
Here is Clotaldo taken.

*Soldiers.* In with him !  
In with the traitor ! *(Clotaldo brought in.)*

*Seg.* Ay, Clotaldo, indeed—  
Himself—in his old habit—his old self—  
What ! back again, Clotaldo, for a while  
To swear me this for truth, and afterwards  
All for a dreaming lie ?

*Clo.* Awake or dreaming,  
Down with that sword, and down these traitors theirs,  
Drawn in rebellion 'gainst their Sovereign.

*Seg. (about to strike).* Traitor ! 'Traitor yourself !—  
But soft—soft—soft !—  
You told me, not so very long ago,  
Awake or dreaming—I forget—my brain  
Is not so clear about it—but I know  
One test you gave me to discern between,  
Which mad and dreaming people cannot master ;  
Or if the dreamer could, so best secure  
A comfortable waking—Was't not so ?—

(*To Rosaura*). Needs not your intercession now,  
you see,

As in the dream before—

Clotaldo, rough old nurse and tutor too

That only traitor wert, to me if true—

Give him his sword ; set him on a fresh horse ;

Conduct him safely through my rebel force ;

And so God speed him to his sovereign's side !

Give me your hand ; and whether all awake

Or all a-dreaming, ride, Clotaldo, ride—

Dream-swift—for fear we dreams should overtake.

(*A Battle may be supposed to take place ; after which*)

SCENE II.—*A wooded pass near the field of battle :  
drums, trumpets, firing, etc. Cries of 'God  
save Basilio ! Segismund,' etc.*

*Enter FIFE, running.*

*Fife.* God save them both, and save them all ! say  
I !—

Oh—what hot work !—Whichever way one turns

The whistling bullet at one's ears—I've drifted

Far from my mad young—master—whom I saw

Tossing upon the very crest of battle,

Beside the Prince—God save her first of all !

With all my heart I say and pray—and so

Commend her to His keeping—bang !—bang !—  
bang !—

And for myself—scarce worth His thinking of—

I'll see what I can do to save myself

Behind this rock, until the storm blows over.

(*Skirmishes, shouts, firing, etc. After some time enter*  
KING BASILIO, ASTOLFO, and CLOTALDO.)

*King.* The day is lost !

*Ast.* Do not despair—the rebels—

*King.* Alas ! ~~the vanquish'd only are the rebels.~~

*Clotaldo.* Ev'n if this battle lost us, 'tis but one  
Gain'd on their side, if you not lost in it ;  
Another moment and too late : at once  
Take horse, and to the capital, my liege,  
Where in some safe and holy sanctuary  
Save Poland in your person.

*Ast.* Be persuaded :  
You know your son : have tasted of his temper ;  
At his first onset threatening unprovoked  
The crime predicted for his last and worst.  
How whetted now with such a taste of blood,  
And thus far conquest !

*King.* Ay, and how he fought !  
Oh how he fought, Astolfo ; ranks of men  
Falling as swathes of grass before the mower ;  
I could but pause to gaze at him, although,  
Like the pale horseman of the Apocalypse,  
Each moment brought him nearer—Yet I say,  
I could but pause and gaze on him, and pray  
Poland had such a warrior for her king.

*Ast.* The cry of triumph on the other side  
Gains ground upon us here—there's but a moment  
For you, my liege, to do, for me to speak,  
Who back must to the field, and what man may,  
Do, to retrieve the fortune of the day. (*Firing.*)

*Fife (falling forward, shot).* Oh, Lord, have  
mercy on me.

*King.* What a shriek—

Oh, some poor creature wounded in a cause  
Perhaps not worth the loss of one poor life !—  
So young too—and no soldier—

*Fife.*

A poor lad,

Who choosing play at hide and seek with death,  
Just hid where death just came to look for him ;  
For there's no place, I think, can keep him out,  
Once he's his eye upon you. All grows dark—  
You glitter finely too—Well—we are dreaming—  
But when the bullet's off—Heaven save the mark !  
So tell my mister—mastress— *(Dies.)*

*King.* Oh God ! How this poor creature's  
ignorance

Confounds our so-call'd wisdom ! Even now  
When death has stopt his lips, the wound through  
which

His soul went out, still with its bloody tongue  
Preaching how vain our struggle against fate !

*(Voices within.)* After them ! After them ! This  
way ! This way !

The day is ours—Down with Basilio, etc.

*Ast. Fly, sir—*

*King.* And slave-like flying not out-ride  
The fate which better like a King abide !

*Enter SEGISMUND, ROSAURA, SOLDIERS, etc.*

*Segismund.* Where is the King ?

*King (prostrating himself).* Behold him,—by this  
late

Anticipation of resistless fate,  
Thus underneath your feet his golden crown,  
And the white head that wears it, laying down,  
His fond resistance hope to expiate.

*Segismund.* Princes and warriors of Poland—you

That stare on this unnatural sight aghast,  
Listen to one who, Heaven-inspired to do  
What in its secret wisdom Heaven forecast,  
By that same Heaven instructed prophet-wise  
To justify the present in the past.  
What in the sapphire volume of the skies  
Is writ by God's own finger misleads none,  
But him whose vain and misinstructed eyes,  
They mock with misinterpretation,  
Or who, mistaking what he rightly read,  
Ill commentary makes, or misapplies  
Thinking to shirk or thwart it. Which has done  
The wisdom of this venerable head ;  
Who, well provided with the secret key  
To that gold alphabet, himself made me,  
Himself, I say, the savage he fore-read  
Fate somehow should be charged with ; nipp'd the  
growth  
Of better nature in constraint and sloth,  
That only bring to bear the seed of wrong  
And turn'd the stream to fury whose out-burst  
Had kept his lawful channel uncoerced,  
And fertilized the land he flow'd along.  
Then like to some unskilful duellist,  
Who having over-reach'd himself pushing too hard  
His foe, or but a moment off his guard—  
What odds, when Fate is one's antagonist !—  
Nay, more, this royal father, self-dismay'd  
At having Fate against himself array'd,  
Upon himself the very sword he knew  
Should wound him, down upon his bosom drew,  
That might well handled, well have wrought ; or,  
kept  
Undrawn, have harmless in the scabbard slept.  
But Fate shall not by human force be broke,

Nor foil'd by human feint ; the Secret learn'd  
Against the scholar by that master turn'd  
Who to himself reserves the master-stroke.  
Witness whereof this venerable Age,  
Thrice crown'd as Sire, and Sovereign, and Sage,  
Down to the very dust dishonour'd by  
The very means he tempted to defy  
The irresistible. And shall not I,  
Till now the mere dumb instrument that wrought  
The battle Fate has with my father fought,  
Now the mere mouth-piece of its victory—  
Oh, shall not I, the champion's sword laid down,  
Be yet more shamed to wear the teacher's gown,  
And, blushing at the part I had to play,  
Down where that honour'd head I was to lay  
By this more just submission of my own,  
The treason Fate has forced on me atone?

*King.* Oh, Segismund, in whom I see indeed,  
Out of the ashes of my self-extinction  
A better self revive ; if not beneath  
Your feet, beneath your better wisdom bow'd,  
The Sovereignty of Poland I resign,  
With this its golden symbol ; which if thus  
Saved with its silver head inviolate,  
Shall nevermore be subject to decline ;  
But when the head that it alights on now  
Falls honour'd by the very foe that must,  
As all things mortal, lay it in the dust,  
Shall star-like shift to his successor's brow.

*Shouts, trumpets, etc.* God save King Segismund !

*Seg.*

For what remains—

As for my own, so for my people's peace,  
Astolfo's and Estrella's plighted hands  
I disunite, and taking hers to mine,  
His to one yet more dearly his resign.

*Shouts, etc.* God save Estrella, Queen of Poland !

*Seg.* (to Clotaldo). You

That with unflinching duty to your King,  
Till countermanded by the mightier Power,  
Have held your Prince a captive in the tower,  
Henceforth as strictly guard him on the throne  
No less my people's keeper than my own.<sup>1</sup>

You stare upon me all, amazed to hear  
The word of civil justice from such lips  
As never yet seem'd tuned to such discourse.  
But listen—In that same enchanted tower,  
Not long ago I learn'd it from a dream  
Expounded by this ancient prophet here ;  
And which he told me, should it come again,  
How I should bear myself beneath it ; not  
As then with angry passion all on fire,  
Arguing and making a distemper'd soul ;  
But ev'n with justice, mercy, self-control,  
As if the dream I walk'd in were no dream,  
And conscience one day to account for it.  
A dream it was in which I thought myself,  
And you that hail'd me now then hail'd me King,  
In a brave palace that was all my own,  
Within, and all without it, mine ; until,

<sup>1</sup> In Calderon's drama, the Soldier who liberates Segismund meets with even worse recompence than in the version below. I suppose some such saving clause against prosperous treason was necessary in the days of Philip IV., if not later.

*Capt.* And what for him, my liege, who made you free  
To honour him who held you prisoner ?

*Seg.* By such self-proclamation self-betray'd  
Less to your Prince's service or your King's  
Loyal, than to the recompence it brings ;  
The tower he leaves I make you keeper of  
For life—and, mark you, not to leave alive ;  
For treason may, but not the traitor, thrive.

Drunk with excess of majesty and pride,  
Methought I tower'd so high and swell'd so wide,  
That of myself I burst the glittering bubble,  
That my ambition had about me blown,  
And all again was darkness. Such a dream  
As this in which I may be walking now ;  
Dispensing solemn justice to you shadows,  
Who make believe to listen ; but anon,  
With all your glittering arms and equipage,  
King, princes, captains, warriors, plume and steel,  
Ay, ev'n with all your airy theatre,  
May flit into the air you seem to rend  
With acclamation, leaving me to wake  
In the dark tower ; or dreaming that I wake  
From this that waking is ; or this and that  
Both waking or both dreaming ; such a doubt  
Confounds and clouds our mortal life about.  
And, whether wake or dreaming, this I know,  
How dream-wise human glories come and go ;  
Whose momentary tenure not to break,  
Walking as one who knows he soon may wake  
So fairly carry the full cup, so well  
Disorder'd insolence and passion quell,  
That there be nothing after to upbraid  
Dreamer or doer in the part he play'd,  
Whether To-morrow's dawn shall break the spell,  
Or the Last Trumpet of the eternal Day,  
When Dreaming with the Night shall pass away.  
[Exeun

THE END





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